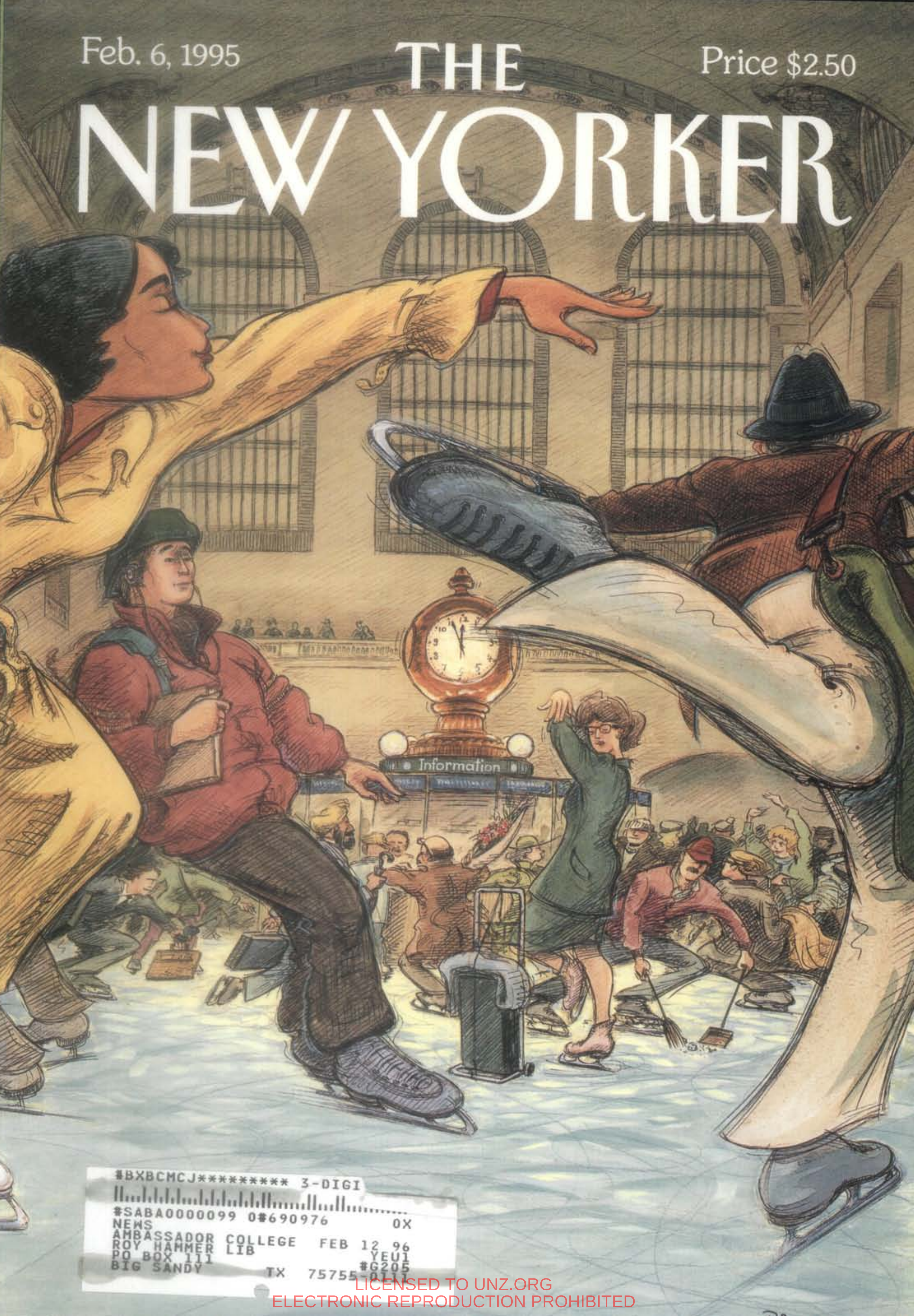
Feb. 6, 1995

THE NEW YORKER

Price $2.50



#BXBCMCJ********* 3-DIGI
#SABA0000099 0#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE FEB 12 96
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #G205
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

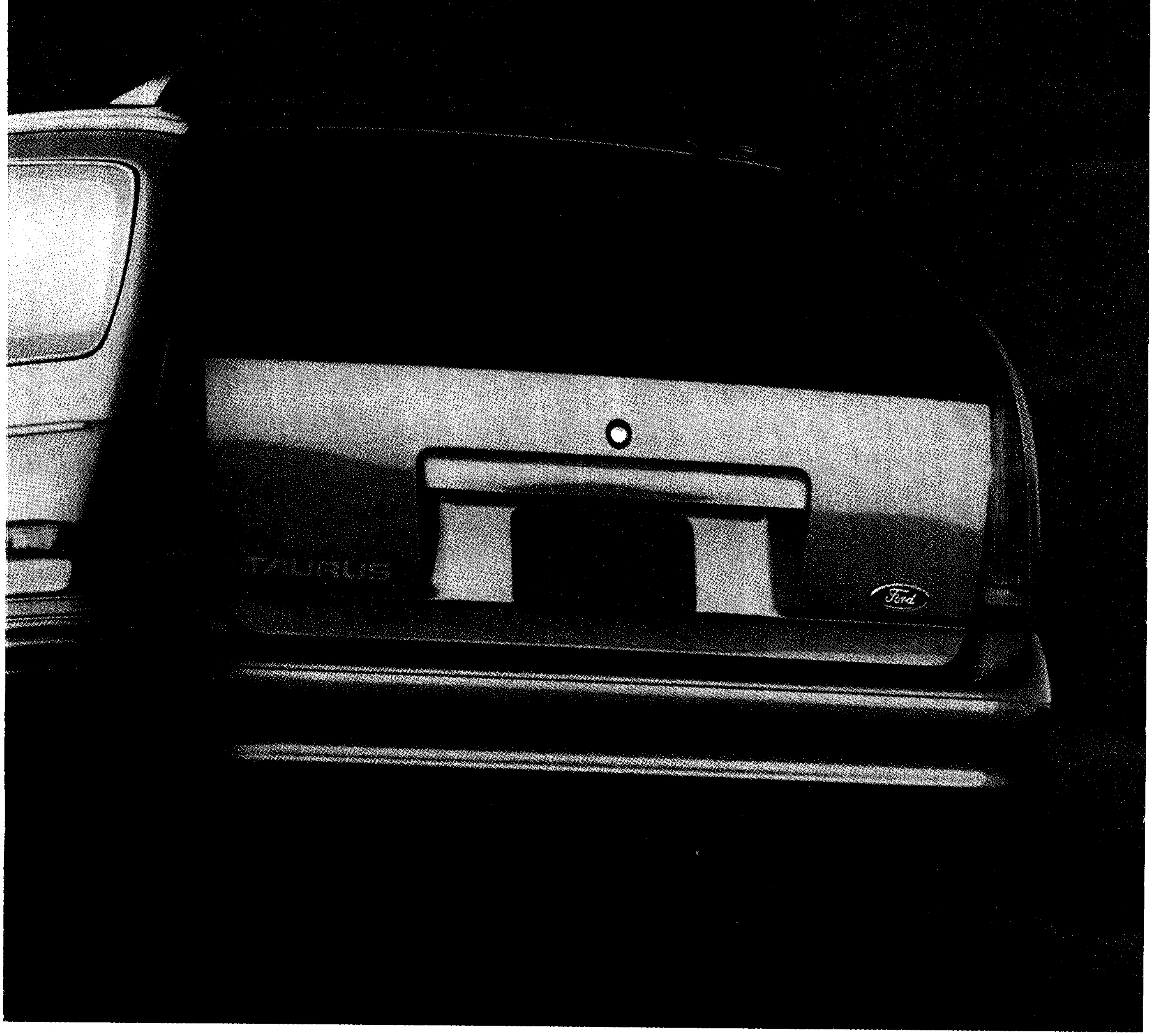
FORD TAURUS
AMERICA'S BEST-SELLING CAR. AGAIN.

Admit it. You never thought you'd be driving a wagon. But that was before you saw Taurus Wagon. It has everything Taurus Sedan has to offer: quality, outstanding safety features and terrific handling. It has the sleek lines and curved angles of the famed Taurus Sedan, but offers more. More room for your whole family and all the things they can't leave home without.

A SENSE OF SECURITY.

Taurus Wagon also gives you something else for your family... a sense of security. It has all the safety features you require: standard dual air bags* and the options of anti-lock brakes and remote

EVERYTHING YOU LIKE ABOUT TAURUS SEDAN. AND THEN SOME.



keyless entry. When it comes to value, Taurus Wagon is a better value than its leading competition.** And as for driving enjoyment, Taurus Wagon doesn't forget where it came from. The sedan-like handling and V-6 engine can almost make you wish your errands took a little longer.

FORD'S ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE.†

Help is only a toll-free call away if you or your family should have a flat tire, get locked out or simply run out of gas.

Taurus Wagon. We took America's favorite sedan and made a wagon out of it. And a wagon driver out of you.

*Always wear your safety belt.
**Based on MSRP comparison of base models.
†3 years/36,000 miles. See dealer for details.

HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD LATELY?

Ford

Nineteenth Century Jewelry

JAMES II GALLERIES, LTD.
Established 1966
11 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
TELEPHONE (212) 355-7040 FAX (212) 593-0341

Swiss chocolates, French champagne, American roses, Continental breakfast & European luxury.

You'll be a world class Valentine when you stay at Swissôtel. You'll receive an American rose at check-in. French champagne and Swiss chocolates in your deluxe oversized room. Continental breakfast in bed. And late checkout. It's all waiting for you and your Valentine. Atlanta: $165; Boston: $149; Chicago: $189; and New York: $225.

For information and reservations, please call toll free 1-800-63 SWISS.

swissôtel

A Swissair Company

ZÜRICH • BASEL • MONTREUX • DÜSSELDORF • AMSTERDAM • ISTANBUL
CAIRO • BANGKOK • PHUKET • RIVER KWAI • BEIJING • SEOUL
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Rate valid 2/10/95-2/20/95, subject to availability and taxes.

THE NEW YORKER

FEBRUARY 6, 1995

COMMENT The Intellectual Free Lunch . . . . *Michael Kinsley* 4
Everyone has an opinion, but some people shouldn't.

IN THE MAIL 6

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 8

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
Rupert Murdoch's China interest; Rose Kennedy at the ball; two lives of Diane Arbus; Norman Podhoretz moves on; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Annals of Law Blaming Faye? . . . . *Jeffrey Toobin* 32
O. J. Simpson's team knows that putting the onus on the victim won't work—but targeting her friends might.

States of Mind Reading Japan . . . . *David Remnick* 38
Nobel laureate Kenzaburo Oe, the last of Japan's postwar political writers, is abandoning fiction—for a personal reason.

Profile The C.E.O. Cop . . . . *James Lardner* 45
Can the police commissioner clean up the force and keep the rank and file behind him? William Bratton thinks so.

A REPORTER AT LARGE The Life of the Party . . . . *Jane Kramer* 58
For the past forty years, New Yorkers on the artistic or intellectual left looking for a reason to celebrate have found it at Roz Roose's Upper West Side salon.

SHOWCASE Bernard-Henri Lévy . . . . *Richard Avedon, Paul Berman* 70

SKETCHBOOK The Milan men's collections . . . . *Michael Roberts* 75

FICTION "Music for Torching" . . . . *A. M. Homes* 78

THE CRITICS

Books Hazel Rowley's "Christina Stead" . . . . *Claudia Roth Pierpont* 85
Fernando Savater's "Amador" . . . . *Deborah Garrison* 89
Recommended Reading 91
The Current Cinema Two films by Jean-Luc Godard . . . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 92
Musical Events "Harvey Milk" . . . . *Paul Griffiths* 96

POEMS

"Translated" . . . . *Celia Gilbert* 64
"Substance" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 73

SHOUTS & MURMURS On Location . . . . *David Freeman* 98

COVER *Grand Central Rink, by George Riemann*

DRAWINGS *Henry Martin, Joseph Farris, Sam Gross, William Hamilton, Lee Lorenz, Edward Koren, Robert Mankoff, Robert Weber, Roz Chast, Leo Cullum, Donald Reilly*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for four combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last two weeks of February, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXX, No. 48, February 6, 1995. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $36.00; two years, $60.00. In Canada, one year, $77.00 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $85.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

of London Fog Industries, Inc. ©1995.

weather or not
LONDON FOG

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

Special Winter Savings In the Tropical Latitudes

With elegant, all-suite, award winning Seabourn Cruise Line. Save up to $1,500 per person with Seabourn's "SHARE" Program.* Bring family or friends and everybody saves.

SUN FILLED CRUISES

THE CARIBBEAN
(5-12 Days) Nov.-Feb.
From $4,350
per person double occupancy

THE AMAZON
(14 & 16 Days) Nov.-Mar.
*Shore Excursions Included on Amazon Sailings
From $10,275
per person double occupancy

THE PANAMA CANAL
(12 & 13 days) January
From $10,220
per person double occupancy

Call your travel agent for details.
For our free brochure call
(415)391-7444

(Tell our operator you saw this advertisement in the New Yorker. The publisher will appreciate that.)

THE FINE PRINT
Included in the price of your cruise are free economy roundtrip air travel, one night pre-cruise deluxe hotel accommodations and transfers. Port charges and handling fees are extra and range between $105 and $185 per person. *Seabourn "SHARE" Program—Experience Seabourn with friends or family. Book two or more suites on the same eligible sailing and receive the designated per person savings for each suite occupied. Subject to availability; some conditions apply.

"AN ANOMALY IN AN ERA OF MARKETING HYPE"
Seabourn Cruise Line provides exactly what it promises: a matchless cruise experience that focuses on pampering, poshness and privacy."
Jane Levere, THE BOSTON GLOBE
MARCH 20, 1994

SEABOURN
CRUISE LINE

Ships of Norwegian Registry

COMMENT

THE INTELLECTUAL FREE LUNCH

Everybody's entitled to an opinion, right? Wrong.

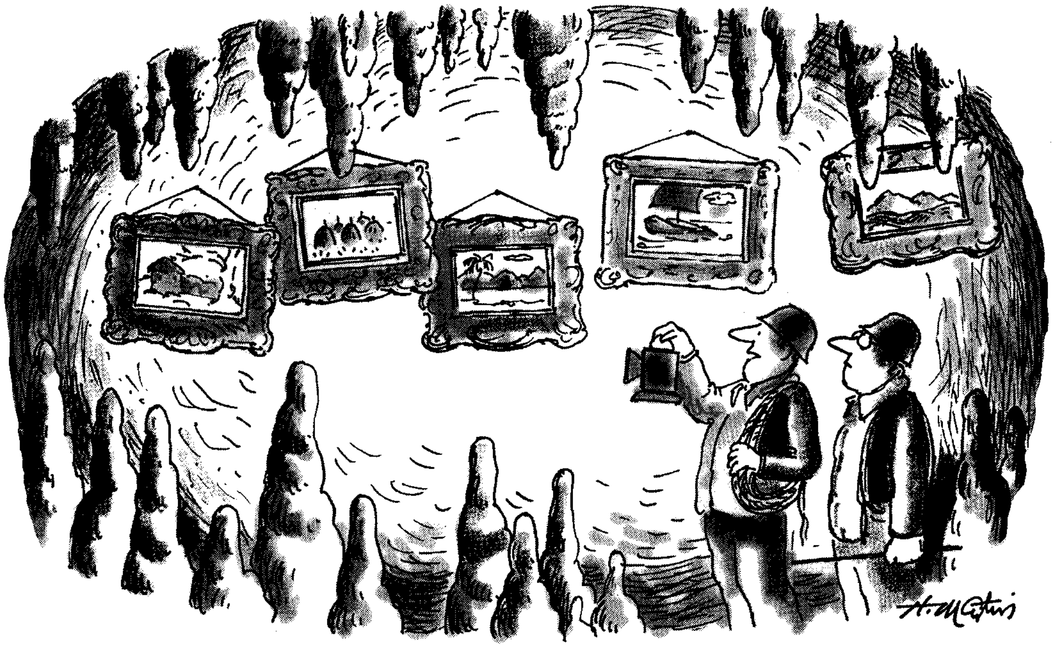
THE weekend before President Clinton's State of the Union Address, the *Wall Street Journal* assembled a focus group of middle-class white males—the demographic group *du jour*—to plumb the depth of their proverbial anger. The results were highly satisfactory. These guys are mad as hell. They're mad at welfare, they're mad at special-interest lobbyists. "But perhaps the subject that produces the most agreement among the group," the *Journal* reports, "is the view that Washington should stop sending money abroad and instead zero in on the domestic front."

A poll released last week by the Program on International Policy Attitudes at the University of Maryland contains similar findings. According to this survey, seventy-five per cent of Americans believe that the United States spends "too much" on foreign aid, and sixty-four per cent want foreign-aid spending cut. Apparently, a cavalier eleven per cent of Americans think it's fine to spend "too much" on foreign aid. But there is no denying the poll's larger finding that big majorities say they think the tab is too high.

Respondents were also asked, though, how big a share of the federal budget currently goes to foreign aid. The median answer was fifteen per cent; the average answer was eighteen per cent. The correct answer is less than one per cent: the United States government spends about fourteen billion dollars a year on foreign aid (including military assistance), out of a total budget of a trillion and a half. To a question about how much foreign-aid spending would be "appropriate," the median answer was five per cent of the budget. A question about how much would be "too little" produced a median answer of three per cent—more than three times the current level of foreign-aid spending.

To the International Policy folks at the University of Maryland, these results demonstrate "strong support for maintaining foreign aid at current spending levels or higher." That's just their liberal-internationalist spin, of course. You might say with equal justice that the results demonstrate a national wish to see foreign aid cut by two-thirds. It's true that after the pollsters humiliated their subjects with the correct answer to the question about how much (or, rather,

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/managing editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Julie A. McGowan, advertising director; Cindy Schreibman, creative services director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; MediaAmerica, Ltd., 10 Old Brewery Mews, London, England NW31PZ; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; The Media Company: 5 Piedmont Center, Suite 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR: 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; 585 Ingrid Street, Laval, Quebec H7P 3P7; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #09-324 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1994 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.



"This cave is a very important art find, but it dates back only to the Impressionists."

• •

how little) the United States spends on foreign aid, only thirty-five per cent of the respondents had the fortitude to say they still wanted to see it cut. But what people will say after being corrected by an authority figure with a clipboard hardly constitutes "strong support."

This poll is less interesting for what it shows about foreign aid than for what it shows about American democracy. It's not just that Americans are scandalously ignorant. It's that they seem to believe they have a democratic right to their ignorance. All over the country—at dinner tables, in focus groups, on call-in radio shows, and, no doubt, occasionally on the floor of Congress—citizens are expressing outrage about how much we spend on foreign aid, without having the faintest idea what that amount is. This is not, surely, a question of being misinformed. No one—not even Rush Limbaugh—is out there spreading the falsehood that we spend fifteen per cent of the federal budget (two hundred and twenty-five billion dollars) on foreign aid. People are forming and expressing passionate views about foreign aid on the basis of no information at all. Or perhaps they think that the amount being spent on foreign aid is a matter of opinion, like everything else.

Populism, in its latest manifestation, celebrates ignorant opinion and undifferentiated rage. As long as you're mad as hell and aren't going to take it anymore, no one will inquire very closely into what, exactly, "it" is and whether you really ought to feel that way. Pandering politicians are partly to blame, to be sure. So is the development christened "hyperdemocracy" by last week's *Time:* the way the communications revolution is eroding representative government by providing instant feedback between voters' whims and politicians' actions. But ubiquitous opinion polls are part of the problem, too.

The typical opinion poll about, say, foreign aid doesn't trouble to ask whether the respondent knows the first thing about the topic being opined upon, and no conventional poll disqualifies an answer on the ground of mere total ignorance. The premise of opinion polling is that people are, and of right ought to be, omni-opinionated—that they should have views on all subjects at all times—and that all such views are equally valid. It's always remarkable how few people say they "aren't sure" about or "don't know" the answer to some pollster's question. ("Never thought about it," "Couldn't care less," and "Let me get back to you on that after I've done some reading" aren't even options.) So, given the prominence of polls in our political culture, it's no surprise that people have come to believe that their opinions on the issues of the day need not be fettered by either facts or reflection.

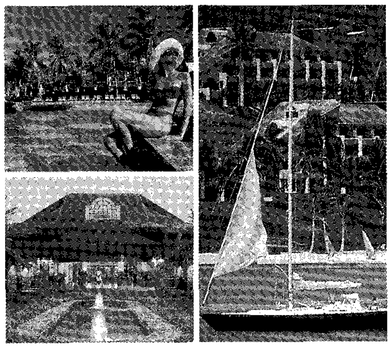
Add opinions to the list of symptoms of the free-lunch disease that blights American politics. First, in the early nineteen-eighties, came the fiscal free lunch: taxes can be cut without cutting middle-class government benefits. Then, with the end of the Cold War, came the foreign-policy free lunch: America can strut as the world's superpower without putting blood or treasure at risk. Now there's the intellectual free lunch: I'm entitled to vociferous opinions on any subject, without having to know, or even think, about it.

All this may sound horribly snooty. But it isn't. It is not the argument that Walter Lippmann made in "Public Opinion," where he advocated relying on élite "bureaus" of wise men to make crucial policy decisions. Lippmann's belief was that modern life had rendered public policy too complex for the average voter. But there is nothing especially complex about the factual question of how much the country spends on foreign aid. It may be too heavy a burden of civic responsibility to expect every citizen—what with work and family and life outside politics—to carry this number around in his or her head. But it is not asking too much to expect a citizen to recognize that he or she needs to know that number, at least roughly, in order to have a valid opinion about whether it is too large or too small. Americans are capable of making informed, reflective decisions on policy questions. But they often seem to be under the impression that they needn't bother.

We need a new form of democratic piety. It shows respect, not contempt, for "the people" to hold them to something approaching the intellectual standard you would apply to yourself or a friend. By contrast, it is contemptuous, not respectful, to excuse "the people" from all demands of intellectual rigor or honesty on the ground that their judgments are wise by definition. We honor our friends by challenging them when we think they're wrong. It shows that we take them seriously. Believers in democracy owe "the people" no less.

—MICHAEL KINSLEY

A Caribbean holiday that's unsurpassed.



This beautiful beachfront resort is tucked away in the lush tropical hillsides of St. Thomas. The resort features two oversized pool areas, a sandy white beach, complimentary watersports, casual and gourmet dining, tennis, beach parties and more.

Call your travel agent or 1-800-Hotels-1.

STOUFFER RENAISSANCE®
GRAND BEACH RESORT
ST. THOMAS, U.S.V.I.

Ask about our Renaissance Vacation Packages.

patagonia® kids

Photo: Rell Sunn ©Patagonia, Inc. 1995

For a FREE catalog, please call:
1-800-336-9090
Dept. 31268K

IN THE MAIL

UNREPRESENTATIVE DEMOCRACY

Hendrik Hertzberg, in the Comment of January 9th, identifies a "grotesquerie" in which "a simple majority of senators can represent just sixteen per cent of the people." Mr. Hertzberg implies that this problem, which in his opinion is at best resistant to action and at worst undemocratic, arose because of the Framers' "necessarily limited practical experience with democratic governance." The fact is, however, that the Framers knew exactly what they were doing. A Senate apportioned by states rather than by population was one of the prices paid by the large states to the small states in order to get the latter to give up their sovereignty and become part of the United States of America. The fact that the large states have got larger and the grotesquerie has got worse is not a flaw in the Framers' design but, rather, a vindication of it. As one who lives in the sticks (and would have guessed that a grotesquerie was a French cooking utensil), I can only be grateful.

JONATHAN S. SPRINGER
Exeter, N.H.

Mr. Hertzberg notes a "consensus in the industry" that the Democrats' problem last November was Bill Clinton. But a lacklustre President seems only part of the reason that the Democrats came up short. Since about 1972, national party Democrats have purveyed a vision of an increasingly fractured America, with political interests defined by lowest common denominators: race, ethnicity, gender, sexual orientation, trade-union status. In reality, as individual voters we are usually a combination of interests and sentiments, and by accepting lowest-common-denominator status for the voter, Democrats have denied themselves an appreciation of the living paradoxes we can become inside the voting booth. Pity. In the nineteen-sixties, the Democrats' vision was truly national: racial discrimination became not a "Negro" issue or a Southern problem but, rather, a critical American challenge in which we all had a stake. Today, the Messrs. Gephardt and Bonior sound more like lobbyists for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. than like congressional leaders, and citizens are asked to identify with strands in the rainbow or to vote according to their genitals. Not surprisingly, such a condescending view of the electorate engendered the blinding arrogance of the latter-day Democratic congressional leadership. It is disingenuous, self-serving, and ominous for congressional Democrats to lay the blame for their defeat solely on two years of Bill Clinton, notwithstanding his inadequacies.

IGNACIO MARTÍNEZ-YBOR
Miami, Fla.

BLACK INTELLECTUALS

Michael Bérubé's attempt to analogize the new black intellectuals and the post-Second World War Jewish "New York intellectuals" (Books, January 9th) omits fundamental differences between these two groups. The postwar New York Jewish intellectuals, like Lionel Trilling, Clement Greenberg, Sidney Hook, Leslie Fiedler, and Irving Howe, were transformed Marxists, who, having witnessed the horror of totalitarianism, used much of their intellectual might to destroy the vestiges of Communist influence in American politics and culture, and to affirm the virtues of American democracy. Most of these nominally Jewish intellectuals aspired to speak broadly about all topics as integrated Americans in a cosmopolitan intellectual environment. In these intellectuals, America's gain was the Jewish community's loss.

As Mr. Bérubé's article makes clear, the new black intellectuals, like Cornel West, Derrick Bell, and Bell Hooks, speak almost exclusively about black issues, and particularly the black underclass. In this sense, the new black intellectuals should be seen less as "public intellectuals" than as black intellectuals who speak publicly. Unlike the New York intellectuals who repudiated Communism, most of the black intellectuals who are discussed by Mr. Bérubé continue to cling to one or another form of radicalism. Most of the new black intellectuals, to one degree or another, see American life as irretrievably racist and attack American political, cultural, and social institutions accordingly. In these intellectuals, what many in the black community are interpreting as their gain may ultimately be seen as America's loss.

SETH FORMAN
Commack, N.Y.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

In his engaging and informative article about Stephen Wiltshire (A Neurologist's Notebook, January 9th) Oliver Sacks observes, as part of his description of how different Stephen, who's autistic, is from "normal" people, that "we do not know, finally, how Stephen thinks, how he constructs the world, how he is able to draw and sing." But that observation does not set Stephen apart from the rest of us: the nature of all human consciousness is an abiding mystery. We do not know how any of us think or create; we do not even know whether the world each of us observes is something found or something created; and we do not know, therefore, the nature or the extent of the neurological damage that would be necessary to deprive us of the precious ability to think and create. Stephen and others like him, instead of causing us to ponder how things went wrong with them, should cause us to reflect on the extent of our ignorance about human consciousness and on the terrible fragility of the state we call normal.

BARRY BROWN
London, Ont.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

Fortress

Angel®

The London Symphony Orchestra
performs the music of
Sting

TOWER RECORDS

TOUCHTUNES™

To Order Fortress
1 (800) ASK TOWER

To Hear Fortress
1 (800) 5 ANGEL 5 898

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
5	6	7	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

Shylock's Return

ALTHOUGH the figure of Shylock has long cast a troubling shadow on the English stage, the Holocaust complicated productions of "The Merchant of Venice" even further. The English scholar and critic John Gross, in his authoritative 1992 "Shylock: A Legend and Its Legacy" (available in paperback from Simon & Schuster), argues that it's "absurd" to draw a line of anti-Semitic descent from Shakespeare to Hitler. But he agrees that in the aftermath of Auschwitz, "The Merchant of Venice" "can never seem quite the same again."

To show the way the climate has changed, Gross analyzes benchmark productions of recent years. The "Merchant" with which Joseph Papp inaugurated Shakespeare in the Park in 1962 was fairly tame—only a few Ku Klux Klan-like costumes indicated much historical consciousness. By contrast, Jonathan Miller's 1970 production, a late-Victorian version in which Laurence Olivier's half-assimilated Shylock longed for social acceptance, shook up London audiences quite a bit. A 1987 Royal Shakespeare Company staging widened the play into a consideration of racism in general; hostilities were conducted in an epidemic of expectoration. Spittle flew, too, in Peter Hall's 1989 version, with Dustin Hoffman, though the interpretation was more conventional. Whether the new staging at the Public Theatre (opening February 5) will take its place in the line of postwar political "Merchant"s remains to be seen. The Shylock is Ron Leibman, who in "Angels in America" played Roy Cohn—a Jew almost as troubling onstage as his Shakespearean predecessor.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Beauty's Daughter—A one-woman show by the New York-born poet-actress Dael Orlandersmith. Previews through Feb. 4. Opens Feb. 5 at 3. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

Boy Meets Boy—The New York City Gay Men's Chorus presents a revival of the 1975 Bill Solly-Donald Ward musical. Opens Feb. 1 at 8 and runs through Feb. 19. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

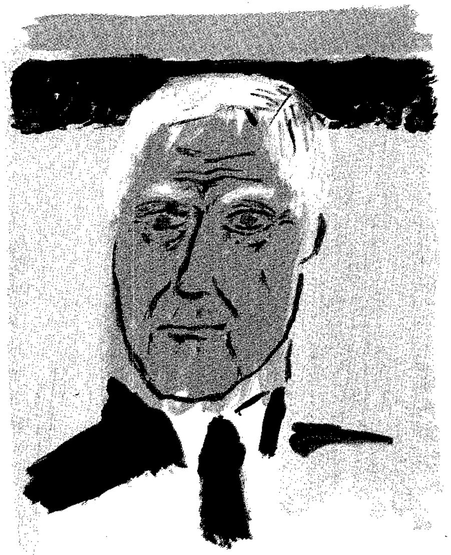
Henry VI—Theatre for a New Audience has divided (and edited) Shakespeare's trilogy into two parts, "The Contention" and "The Civil War," which will run in repertory. Both are currently in previews. Barry Kyle is the director. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Holiday Heart—Cheryl L. West's play, which was seen at the Syracuse Stage a year ago, comes to Manhattan Theatre Club. In it, an unusual guardian angel (Keith Randolph Smith) helps a girl (Afi McClendon) cope with growing up in the inner city. Tazewell Thompson is the director. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

I Sent a Letter to My Love—A musical by Melissa Manchester and Jeffrey Sweet, based on the 1975 novel by Bernice Rubens. In previews. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

Iphigenia and Other Daughters—Ellen McLaughlin, the angel in "Angels in America," is the author of this version of the Iphigenia and Elektra stories. In previews. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

The Merchant of Venice—Ron Leibman is Shylock, in a production of Shakespeare's comedy directed by Barry Edelstein. Previews run through the matinée on Feb. 5; opens that evening at 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)



A Horton Foote season, continued: "The Young Man from Atlanta."

Missing Persons—A new play by Craig Lucas, which grew out of his 1981 one-act of the same name. The cast includes Camryn Manheim, John Cameron Mitchell, and Mary Beth Peil. Opens Feb. 1 at 8 and runs through Feb. 25. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242.)

The Molière Comedies—Brian Bedford stars in a double bill of works by the seventeenth-century French dramatist: "The Imaginary Cuckold" and "The School for Husbands." Two previews on Feb. 1. Opens Feb. 2 at 7. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Oedipus at Colonus—The Pearl Theatre Company offers Sophocles' play, in a translation by Theodore Howard Banks. Robert Hock has the lead. Previews begin Feb. 3. (Pearl, 80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802.)

The Truth Teller—Circle Rep's second play of the season is this comedy by Joyce Carol Oates, which Gloria Muzio directed. In previews. (Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St. 239-6200.)

Uncle Vanya—Tom Courtenay has the title role in Chekhov's play. The cast also includes Amanda Donohoe, James Fox, Werner Klemperer, and Elizabeth Franz. Previews begin Feb. 3. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

After-Play—A comedy by Anne Meara, in which four old chums get together and spill some secrets. With Barbara Barrie and Rue McClanahan, among others. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Body Shop—In Walter Marks' new musical, a Hollywood director visits a small-town strip joint and disrupts the lives of the club's employees. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391.)

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company's version of the opera, with Everett Quinton in the title role. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey and **The Truman Capote Talk Show**—Two one-man shows written by, and starring, the Welsh actor Bob Kingdom, and directed by Anthony Hopkins and Kevin Knight, respectively. The pieces are performed in repertory, and they're both laced with alcohol-enhanced humor. "Dylan Thomas" has the poetry, but "Truman Capote" is the chattier, more enjoyable affair. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 307-4100. Both close Feb. 11.)

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—The audience is part of the group of mourners in this comedy by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack, which is set in a Jewish mortuary. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

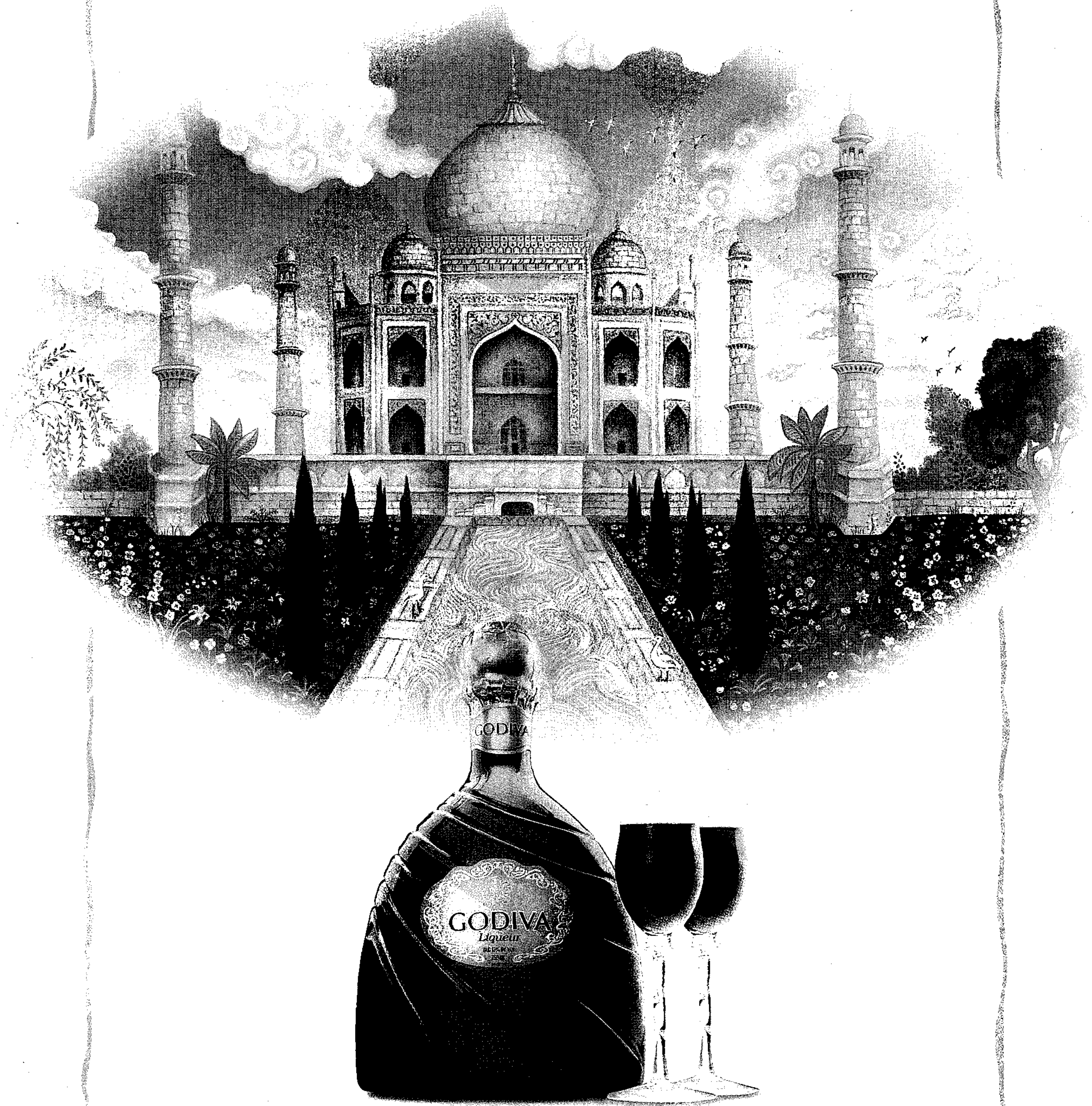
The Hairy Ape—The Wooster Group presents a workshop production of Eugene O'Neill's 1922 play, with Willem Dafoe, Kate Valk, and others. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes Feb. 19.)

Hapgood—Tom Stoppard's 1988 play, which looks at the world of espionage through the lens of particle physics (or is it the other way around?), is a kind of dramatization of Heisenbergian uncertainty. The production is as mesmerizing as the play is bewildering; Stockard Channing, Josef Sommer, and David Strathairn, under the direction of

The History of Chocolate
India, 1631

AS AN EXPRESSION OF LOVE, MUMTAZ MAHAL INTRODUCED HER HUSBAND, SHAH JAHAN, TO A LUSCIOUS CHOCOLATE DRINK.

IN RETURN, THE SHAH BUILT HER THE TAJ MAHAL. WHICH LEFT HIS OTHER 2 WIVES A BIT MIFFED.



GODIVA LIQUEUR. LET IT INSPIRE YOU.

TO SEND A TOKEN OF YOUR LOVE THIS VALENTINE'S DAY, CALL 1-800-238-4373.

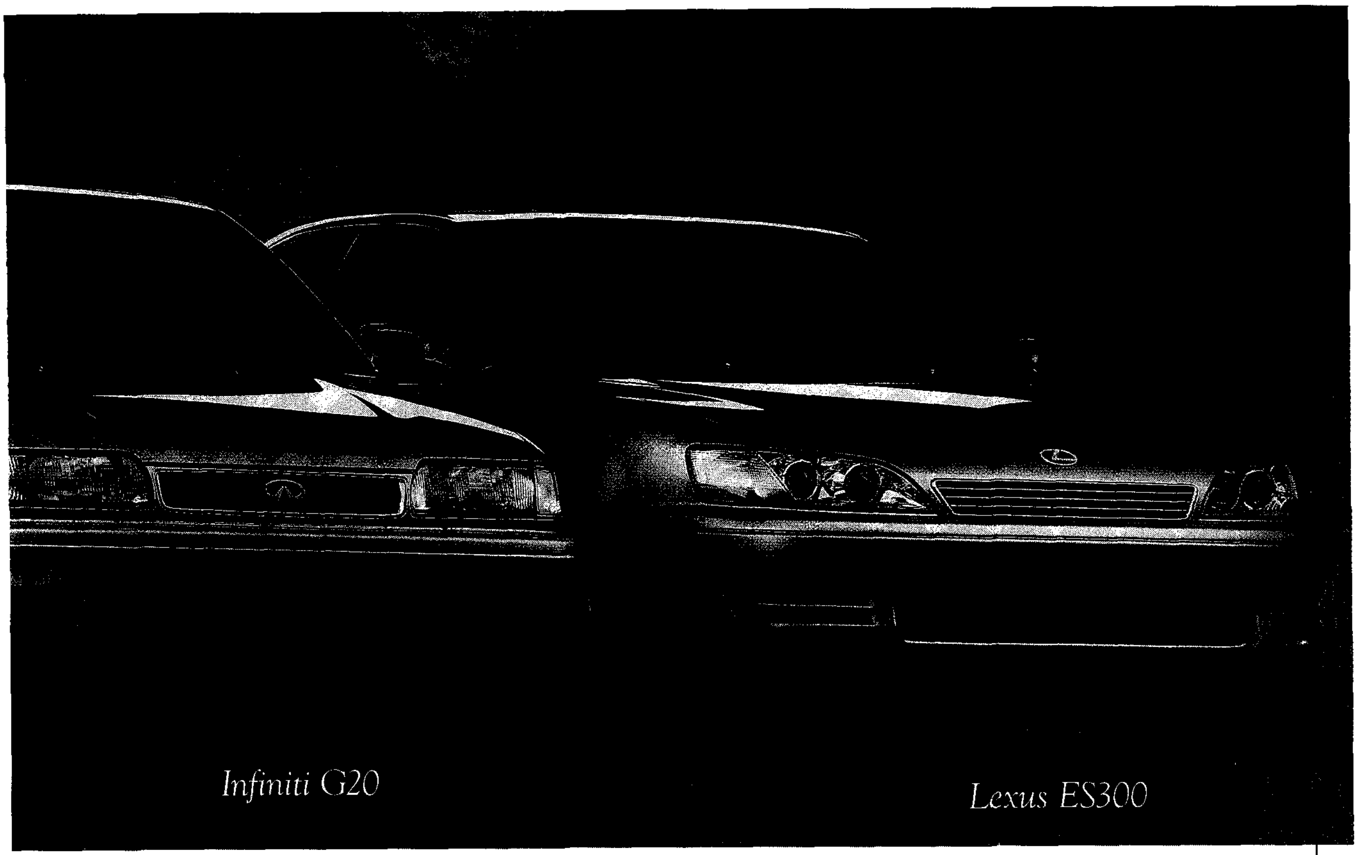
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

©1995 Godiva™ Liqueur Co., Baltimore, MD • Alc. 17% by Vol. GODIVA and the Design of the Woman on Horseback are trademarks of Godiva Chocolatier, Inc. or N.V. Godiva Belgium S.A. used under license.

Chrysler Concorde

We kicked their le

Recently, some luxury car makers have seen their leather seats tanned a second time In recent rankings of retained value, Chrysler Concorde topped not only some of th more common contenders, but indeed, some of the more distinguished entries amon luxury sedans. To name names, Lexus ES300 and Infiniti G20. After one yea Chrysler Concorde outshone both these models in retained value.* An Concorde is priced hundreds, even thousands, of dollars less to begin with.



her-trimmed seats.

ɔowerful V6 engine gives a smooth, spirited performance. Anti-lock brakes and
lual front air bags[†] are standard. And Concorde packages all its luxuries into the
paciousness of cab-forward design. So if you're looking for a car that's a kick
o drive and offers value far down the road,
ook at Concorde. For more information, call
-800-4-A-CHRYSLER.

Chrysler Concorde

form follows function

**Trade-in value expressed as a percentage of new '93 model year MSRPs. Source: NADA Used Car Guide; most recent month calculated: September 1994. †Always wear your seat belt.*

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Jack O'Brien, give confident, watchable performances that nevertheless don't bring you closer to the heart of the matter. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Feb. 19.)

Have You Spoken to Any Jews Lately?—A comedy by Bruce Jay Friedman. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Feb. 5.)

The House of Yes—On Thanksgiving Day, an incestuous brother and sister (she's named Jackie-O) reënact the assassination of President Kennedy as an erotic ritual. Playwright Wendy MacLeod's "suburban Jacobean" portrait of the underside of Camelot ties—yet again—the nation's loss of innocence to that fateful day in Dallas, and thrashes the already black-and-blue American family. (SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. 334-0962. Closes Feb. 12.)

I've Got the Shakes—The characters in Richard Foreman's latest piece of metaphysical mischief are the kind of oddballs that the March Hare might welcome at one of his tea parties; the costumes are clownish curiosities, and the set looks like a Mardi Gras float cluttered with flea-market finds. In the center of it all, Jan Leslie Harding gives a remarkably composed performance as Madeline X, a somewhat bewildered teacher who hopes to enlighten a place called Ignorance. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—The company's unnuanced production of Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard" runs in repertory with the American première of Italian playwright Eduardo De Filippo's "Napoli Milionaria" (1945), in a translation by Tori Haring-Smith. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Jelly Roll!—The snakily elegant Vernel Bagneris plays Jelly Roll Morton, in a wonderful show that traces the musician's transformation from New Orleans dandy into jazz legend. Morten Gunnar Larsen provides the thrilling piano accompaniment. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 265-1086.)

Lesbian Bathhouse—A romantic comedy written and directed by Helen Eisenbach. (WOW Café, 59 E. 4th St. 460-8067. Closes Feb. 4.)

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's beautifully written new drama about eight gay men has moved from Manhattan Theatre Club to Broadway. Anthony Heald replaces Stephen Spinella, but the rest of the cast, including Stephen Bogardus, John Glover, and the wonderful Nathan Lane, remains with the show. (11/14/94) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—In the second coming of writer-director Dan Goggin's hit, five talented actresses take the veil and perform a revue to raise money for their convent. There's dancing, singing, boozing, and bingo, but none of it saves the show from the clutches of cliché. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

One Woman Shoe—The brother-and-sister writing team of David and Amy Sedaris bill themselves as the Talent Family, and it's a rare case of truth in advertising. In their hilariously absurd new show, three women who embody all possible facets of cluelessness are told by their social-services caseworker (played to Franklin Pangbornian perfection by David Rakoff) that they must put on one-woman shows in order to keep their benefit checks coming. The five cast members are all funny in a number of roles, but Ms. Sedaris, with her chipmunk's overbite and her remarkably plastic face, is extraordinary—she burns her way into your memory with a comic branding iron. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Feb. 18.)

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play is not much more than a moody knockabout, but it does offer an enticing conceit: a Belfast boy (Paul Ronan) works the night-club circuit as a Jimmy Cagney impersonator until the Troubles turn his gangster fantasies into real-life drama. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Show Boat—Harold Prince's bighearted production of the 1927 Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein II musical is epic-size, full of life and full of vision. With John McMartin and Elaine Stritch as the patriarch and the matriarch of the floating theatre, and Lonette McKee, whose moving rendition of "Bill" is the show's most intimate moment. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

The Sugar Bean Sisters—In a humble house in the swamplands of Florida, three women pine for deliverance, financial and spiritual. Serial killers, flying cats, extraterrestrials, and a Mormon in a white suit are just some of the oddly familiar topics of conversation in Nathan Sanders' tabloid-Gothic comedy. Directed by Evan Yionoulis. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes Feb. 5.)

Sunset Boulevard—Glenn Close takes the monumental role of Norma Desmond and makes it something all her own, in Andrew Lloyd Webber's homage to Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett's 1950 fable of Hollywood corruption and dementia. Also with George Hearn, Alan Campbell, and Alice Ripley; directed by Trevor Nunn. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

That's Life!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Vita & Virginia—Eileen Atkins' Virginia Woolf shares the stage with Vanessa Redgrave's Vita Sackville-West in a play that Atkins put together from the letters that the women exchanged during their eighteen-year friendship. Redgrave is imposing and glamorous, but the brilliance of Woolf's writing stacks the theatrical deck in Atkins' favor, and she gives a quietly sensational, riveting performance. Zoe Caldwell directed. (12/12/94) (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

Wordfire Festival '95—One-person shows in repertory, by Susan Miller ("My Left Breast"), Patricia Scanlon ("Just Beneath My Skin"), and Emmett Foster ("One Mormon Show"). Presented by the Watermark Theatre. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. Closes Feb. 20. For reservations, call 966-9290.)

You Should Be So Lucky—A long and largely unrewarding comedy in which Charles Busch appears, out of drag, as a shrinking-violet electrologist who comes into his own via an unlikely benefactor (Stephen Pearlman). Nell Campbell plays his sister, and Julie Halston is a veritable force of nature as a Scarsdale matron. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

The Young Man from Atlanta—The Signature Theatre Company continues its season-long look at the plays of Horton Foote with this première, directed by Peter Masterson. Ralph Waite, Frances Foster, and Carlin Glynn are in the cast. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200.)

LONG RUNS

ALL IN THE TIMING: John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **AN INSPECTOR CALLS:** Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JACKIE MASON: POLITICALLY INCORRECT:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Ma-

SALMAN RUSHDIE

"Poignant and intimate...boisterously inventive...gently provocative."
—*The New York Times Book Review* (front page review)

EAST, WEST

"His superb first collection of stories" —*Esquire*

NOW AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE PANTHEON
Also available as a Random House AudioBook

jestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. . . . **THREE TALL WOMEN:** Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

FAILING KANSAS—A multimedia operatic work with a score and libretto by Mikel Rouse, performed solo by Mr. Rouse. The piece was inspired by Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Feb. 2-4 at 8.)

CONEY ISLAND CIRCUS SIDESHOW—The Glass Eater, the Erotic Fire Dancer, the Human Pincushion, and their cohorts have taken up winter residence at HERE, a downtown performance space. (145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Fridays at 10:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Feb. 1 at 8: "Harlequinade" and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 8: "Square Dance," an unnamed ballet (première), and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "Chiaroscuro," "Duo Concertant," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2: "Firebird," "In G Major," and the new ballet. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 8: "Serenade," "The Four Temperaments," and "Fearful Symmetries." . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 1: "Raymonda Variations," "Chiaroscuro," "Duo Concertant," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 7: "Harlequinade" and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 8: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Fearful Symmetries." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 26.)

LIBRE-ÉCHANGE—Three weeks of free-trade dance, by choreographers from our fellow NAFTA countries. Feb. 2-5 at 8:30: Canadians Sari Eckler and Heidi Latsky, in solo works, and together in "Half-Hidden / Have Hit," which blends boxing combinations with the swaying movements of Jewish ritual prayer. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 3: The winter's first installment of DraftWork is devoted to three Mexican choreographers who put a political spin on dances about their land and its customs. DraftWork is an ongoing series of free, informal programs—simple lights, few sets or costumes—in which choreographers show works in progress, then entertain questions. The diverse audience usually includes neophytes and connoisseurs, neighborhood seniors, and, in some cases, nosy members of the choreographer's family. Beer and other refreshments are served, and the discussions often keep going even after the popcorn is gone. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194.)

LLORY WILSON'S TALLULAH DANCE COMPANY—In "lush méchanique," the six-member company charts the mood swings of early twentieth-century industrialism. Silent-film-style bathing beauties and Second World War-era Riveting Rosies are framed by an automated set, by Beliz Brother, that moves around the dancers like a machine. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 1-4 at 8 and Feb. 5 at 3.)

STEPHEN PETRONIO COMPANY—In two programs that draw from the repertory of the company's first ten years. The mid-career retrospective will include "Walk-In" (1986), "MiddleSex Gorge" (1990), and the new work "Lareigne." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Feb. 1-4 at 8 and Feb. 5 at 2 and 7:30.)

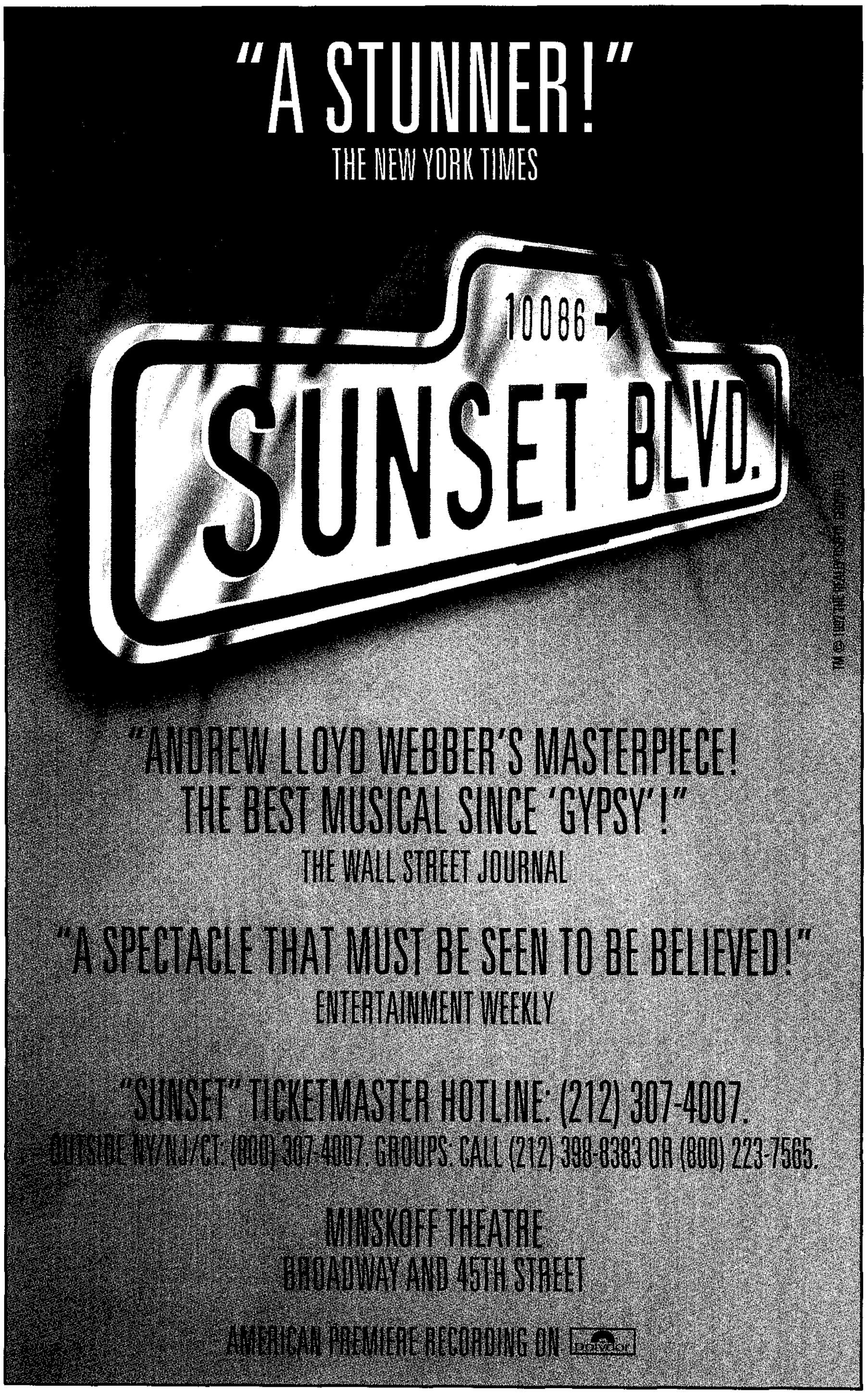
"THE SHINING"—Audience members—there's room for only ten a show—are led by the hand through a cardboard-box labyrinth, as dancers hurtle by in an anarchy of movement. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. For reservations, which are required, call 1-718 784-2084. Feb. 2-3 at 8 and Feb. 4-5 at 7 and 9:15. Through Feb. 26.)

NIGHT LIFE

Moroccan Roll

WHEN Peter Gabriel introduced Hassan Hakmoun to the mud-caked hordes at Woodstock last summer, he called the Moroccan singer, dancer, and sintir player one of his favorite artists in the world. Despite the recommendation, the rowdy crowd of Green Day fans seemed ill-equipped to handle a set of North African trance music. But when Hakmoun and his band, Zahar, hit the stage with a flourish of percussion and otherworldly microtonal singing, the audience settled down fast.

Ever since the thirty-one-year-old musician emigrated to the States in 1987, he has been cultivating a hybrid of hip-hop, funk, and rap that gives Zahar a sound like Parliament-Funkadelic gone Marrakech. When Hakmoun appears live with his band, his shamanic energy and the deep, mysterious sound of his sintir—a three-stringed, camel-skin-covered bass that sounds like a detuned hammer dulcimer—have an almost evangelical fervor. On February 4, you can catch the dreadlocked whirlwind


"A STUNNER!"
THE NEW YORK TIMES
10086
SUNSET BLVD.
"ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER'S MASTERPIECE! THE BEST MUSICAL SINCE 'GYPSY'!"
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
"A SPECTACLE THAT MUST BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED!"
ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY
"SUNSET" TICKETMASTER HOTLINE: (212) 307-4007.
OUTSIDE NY/NJ/CT: (800) 307-4007. GROUPS: CALL (212) 398-8383 OR (800) 223-7565.
MINSKOFF THEATRE
BROADWAY AND 45TH STREET
AMERICAN PREMIERE RECORDING ON POLYDOR

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

in a more restrained mode at the New School's Tishman Auditorium (66 West Twelfth Street), where he'll be performing Arab and Berber popular songs with a small ensemble. Many of the pieces draw upon mystic ceremonies that date back more than three hundred years, but Hakmoun is a qualified interpreter: he's been performing these songs since he was seven years old. "This music is for healing," he says. "It's like medicine, and it's in my blood."

CONCERTS

Billy Taylor Trio—The ever smooth Taylor is joined by trumpeter Clark Terry. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Feb. 2 at 7.)

Steve LaSpina Quintet / Ben Allison Ensemble—Two fine bassists step out with their own groups. LaSpina has done commendable work with Marian McPartland, while Allison is a promising player who knows jazz history. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Feb. 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 995-1552.)

Fred Hersch—Hersch has received a lot of press as one of the first jazz musicians to come out as H.I.V.-positive and to actively campaign against AIDS, but the pianist's supple Bill Evans-infused romanticism has been drawing attention for years, as has his work with Joe Henderson, Charlie Haden, and Jane Ira Bloom. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 3 at 8.)

Glen Velez and Handance—In a program titled "Percussion Journey." (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Feb. 3 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Hassan Hakmoun Ensemble—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Feb. 4 at 8. For information about tickets, call 545-7536.

Pauline Oliveros and Jackson MacLow—The composer and the poet, in the improvisational series PartSongs. (Greenwich House Music School. Feb. 5 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

"New Sounds Live"—The series presents Newband in music by Harry Partch and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Feb. 2 at 8.)

A. Leroy—The composer plays the spinet in a program called "Last Forever." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 6 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Hip-hop, jazz, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club. **THIN LIZARD DAWN** plays on Feb. 2, followed by **PROFESSOR SPOON,** on Feb. 3.

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night. Feb. 3 belongs to **JOANIE MADDEN,** the flute-and-whistle virtuoso from the band Cherish the Ladies.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. Blues legend **TAJ MAHAL** has the floor on Feb. 1. Feb. 2: Spoken word with **EXENE CERVENKA** and **LYDIA LUNCH.** Feb. 6: **ED PALERMO** and his sixteen-piece big band play the music of Frank Zappa.

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (429-8392)—Feb. 2: **SINCOLA.** Feb. 4: One of the original raw and noisy New Wave bands, the **FLESHTONES.** Back in 1981 they made their first full-length record, "Roman Gods," and it's now revered as a garage-rock classic. With the Ass Ponys.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving. Feb. 3-4: A weekend with the pointy-haired glam-rockers **D GENERATION.** . . . ¶ Next door, at CB's Gallery, Feb. 3 belongs to the **NEW ORIGINALS.**

Cleopatra Supper Club, 327 W. 44th St. (262-1111)—Live music, belly dancing, and an honest-to-God whirling dervish, every Wednesday through Sunday.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Feb. 6: A Bob Marley birthday celebration, with performances by the **MIGHTY DIAMONDS, SUGAR MINOTT, SISTER CAROL,** and **WORL-A-GIRLS.** . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. **GENERAL LEVY** is in the house on Feb. 2. Feb. 5: **DANGEROUS TOYS.** Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—An unassuming basement restaurant-bar, where you can drink cheap and catch live music nightly. Feb. 7: Singer-songwriter **JEWEL.** Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side blues. **SLAPMEAT JOHNSON AND THE TITANS** swing by on Feb. 3, followed by **BO DIDDLEY, JR.,** on Feb. 4.

Match, 160 Mercer St. (343-0020)—This tragically hip SoHo *boîte* is the place to be every Sunday night, thanks to the **SHORTY JACKSON LEGACY BLUES BAND.** Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. Feb. 3: **THE FRIGGS.**

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Beyond the long bar, you'll find an exposed-brick room and a stage packed with some very hip rock acts. Feb. 3: **KEVIN SALEM.** Salem has played guitar for Freedy Johnston and Yo La Tengo, and his own record, "Soma City," a collection of forlorn folk-rock gems, is a certified critics' favorite. **MAGNA POP** drops by on Feb. 6.

Metropolis, 31 Union Sq. W. (675-2300)—Doo-wop is alive again on Feb. 3-5, when the **PERSUASIONS** come to town. Tuesdays are given over to the **GEORGE GEE ORCHESTRA,** a seventeen-piece swing band.

Monkey Bar, 60 E. 54th St. (838-2600)—Beyond the monkey murals, there's a bright see-and-be-seen dining arena that's perfect for committing high-profile indiscretions in a strapless gown. But the place to be is the dark and crowded bar up front, by the grand piano, where the bar stools look like plump olives. You perch on the pimiento. Dining.

Nell's, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to throbbing funk and techno-pop.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** plays on Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, a cha-cha. Feb. 3: From Puerto Rico, **TITO ROJAS.** Feb. 4: **RAY CASTRO & CLASICO.** Dining.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week it's another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and the occasional whirling mosh pit.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. Feb. 8: Reggae star **YELLOWMAN.** Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s presents Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies funk and R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius. Thursday nights belong to Giant Step, a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—This spacious and agreeable club offers a consistent lineup of blues greats. Feb. 3: Local funk merchant **MILO Z.** The hip-hop diva known as **JOI** performs on Feb. 4.

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Feb. 2: **TOO SKINNEE J'S.** Feb. 5: The cocktail-hour sounds of **BLACK VELVET FLAG.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **NANCY LA MOTT** wraps up a month-long engagement on Feb. 4. **JOHN PIZZARELLI** settles in on Feb. 7. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. **AHMAD JAMAL** finishes up a six-night run on Feb. 5. Instead of mellowing with time, Jamal keeps getting more eccentric. A charming minimalist back in the fifties, the pianist has metamorphosed into a verbose extrovert who has his own game plan of stop-and-start rhythms, mood-swing digressions, and catch-me-if-you-can shenanigans with his sidemen. What holds all this perversely fascinating stuff together is technique. With the ROY HARGROVE quintet. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Through Feb. 4: piano and bass with GEORGE CABLES and SANTI DEBRIANO. Dining.

CAJUN, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and—holy hotcakes, Batman!—the amazing EARTHA KITT. Kitt is still a fierce and funny performer with a feral grip on her audience. She inhabits her songs: when she sings "I Wanna Be Evil," you don't doubt for a second that she could spit tacks. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, the suave and sybaritic KURT WIETING is in attendance.

RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

Songs from our own hit parade.

BETTER MAN
(Pearl Jam, "Vitalogy").

TAKE A BOW
(Madonna, "Bedtime Stories").

SEX KILLS
(Joni Mitchell, "Turbulent Indigo").

CIGARETTES & ALCOHOL
(Oasis, "Definitely Maybe").

SELF ESTEEM (Offspring, "Smash").

NEW GENERATION
(The London Suede, "dog man star").

IT'S GOOD TO BE KING
(Tom Petty, "Wildflowers").

BUDDY HOLLY (Weezer, "Weezer").

WHEN I COME AROUND (Green Day, "Dookie").

CAN'T EVEN TELL
(Soul Asylum, " 'Clerks': Music
from the Motion Picture").

ROADS (Portishead, "Dummy").

BAD REPUTATION
(Freedy Johnston, "This Perfect World").

GIRL, YOU'LL BE A WOMAN SOON
(Urge Overkill, "Music from the Motion
Picture 'Pulp Fiction' ").

HERE COMES THE HOTSTEPPER
(Ini Kamoze, " 'Prêt-à-Porter': Music
from the Motion Picture").

SUNSET CITY (Magnetic Fields,
"The Charm of the Highway Strip").

LAKE OF FIRE
(Nirvana, "MTV Unplugged in New York").

MIGHTY JOE MOON
(Grant Lee Buffalo, "Mighty Joe Moon").

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Drummer JOE MORELLO continues through Feb. 5. Monday nights belong to guitarist-inventor LES PAUL.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. Feb. 2: The TOM VARNER quintet. The MINGUS BIG BAND still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotches, and jazz seven nights a week. Wednesdays through Saturdays, DONALD JOHNSTON is the featured pianist; on weekends he performs with a trio. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. Actor, author, and *chanteur* MICHAEL MORIARTY appears every Sunday in February. Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Unrelenting rabble-rouser JOHN ZORN, in on Feb. 1, has musically deconstructed Japanese porn-film soundtracks, the hallowed scores of Ornette Coleman and Ennio Morricone, and klezmer. This time around he performs a new "game piece" called Zu Feng. Feb. 6: JOE GALLANT & ILLUMINATI. Bassist-composer Gallant and his sixteen-piece ensemble create a challenging noirish landscape that has elements of chamber music, jazz, rock, opera, and improv.

LE MADELEINE, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great GENE BERTONCINI lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA, a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. The MANHATTAN RHYTHM KINGS shuffle out on Feb. 4. The incomparable ROSEMARY CLOONEY takes over on Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

SMALLS, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—A new contender in New York's ever-changing jazz topography, this aptly named club features young and up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

S.O.B.'S, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Feb. 6: EDDIE PALMIERI. His fervent hard-bop and salsa-inflected rhythms don't always translate onstage, where the cigar-chomping pianist tends to grandstand, but when the pieces do fall together, it's a smoker. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. Through Feb. 5: the BOB BERG quartet. Berg, like a slew of other well-equipped, successful, and anachronistic saxophonists, finds his muse in fusion. A taste for bombastic drumming and uncomfortable tempos is a must if you want to enjoy one of his performances. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter MILES EVANS is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in its Chestnut Room. JIMMY SCOTT is in the midst of a two-week stand. With good reason, the singer has dropped the "Little" that used to front his name—there's nothing diminutive about his talent. With his quirky way of looking from one side of the room to the other, he seems to be conducting a discussion when he sings. Even on songs you've heard dozens of times before, Scott makes you listen for the next lyric as if it were a password to love and happiness. Seize the opportunity to see a man who counts Madonna and Ray Charles among his admirers. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA is currently celebrating its twenty-ninth anniversary.

VISIONES, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. Feb. 1-4: The ARTHUR BLYTHE quartet. Blythe may yet become the alto-saxophone superstar he's been threatening to become for the past twenty years—at this point a mid-life kick in the pants à la Joe Henderson wouldn't hurt—but he still sounds like no one else: nervy note choices, an unmistakable keening tone, and punctiliously ordered improvisations. He's a stately avant-gardist.

Magical Asia Awaits
Your Discovery

Singapore
&
Bangkok

6 Nights from
$1450.00*

Your Asian vacation begins on the tropical island of Singapore, where you can experience all the mysteries of the East without sacrificing the luxuries of the West.

Singapore's extraordinary location at the crossroads of Asia serves as a convenient gateway to your next stop: the exotic city of Bangkok.

Step into magical Bangkok, where glittering palaces and sacred temples will delight your eyes. Discover colorful floating markets, exciting night bazaars and a world of gracious people that will make your trip truly memorable.

Call your travel agent for details.

For a free brochure call
1-800-742-5742.

Asian Affair Holidays
SINGAPORE AIRLINES

Singapore
The most surprising tropical island on Earth

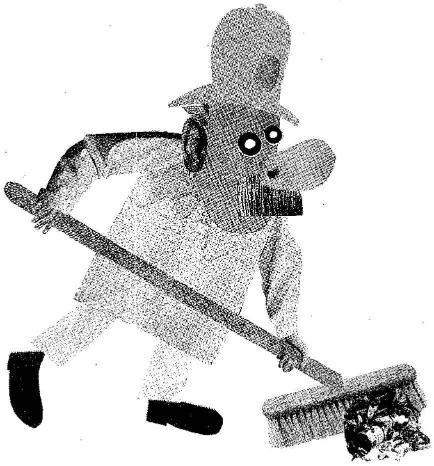
*Rate is per person, double occupancy, based on departure from Los Angeles or San Francisco. Package includes round-trip airfare on Singapore Airlines, choice of hotels, daily American breakfast, sightseeing and private car transfers to and from airports in Asia. Package from New York: $1620.

ART

Rearrangements

Too much art and not enough space—what's a museum to do? The Whitney Museum of American Art has addressed this continuing headache by taking various works in the permanent collection out of storage and assembling them according to loosely conceived themes. Last year, for instance, the museum was widely criticized for "In a Classical Vein," which attempted to demonstrate a classical spirit of order and proportion in, say, Abstract Expressionism and minimalism—movements not generally associated with either characteristic.

The Whitney's current installation ("From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting"; through February 26) avoids such descriptive rubrics. The curators have favored the blue-chip avant-garde abstractionism of the sixties, mounting impressive installations of dry-as-bones stripe paintings by Agnes Martin and crisp metallic sculptures by Donald Judd. The preponderance of sixties names suggests a nostalgia for a time when the direction of advanced art was more focussed than it is today. On the other hand, a highly personalized, even confessional photography—the ravaged bohemias of Nan Goldin and Mark Morrisroe—sets the tone for the contemporary work. We can't help wondering: does this part of the show offer a hint of what we can expect to see at the Biennial this spring?



"Garbage!," at the New York Public Library.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin." A selection of the powerful primitive paintings by this self-taught black artist from Pennsylvania (1888-1946). Works by Jacob Lawrence, Bill Traylor, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and Arnold Friedman are also on view. Starts Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Some eighty examples of the creative confluence of Eastern and Western styles are on view in "Orientalism: Visions of the East in Western Dress." From eighteenth-century court gowns to sequinned flapper's shifts to the recent inspirations of Issey Miyake and Romeo Gigli, luxury and fantasy are the leitmotivs. Through March 19. . . . ¶ "The French Renaissance in Prints from the Bibliothèque Nationale de France." Through March 19. . . . ¶ "Greek Gold." Forget embarrassment—this is a *humiliation* of riches, as splendid an exhibition of Classical jewelry as we're ever likely to see. Choice items from the Met and the British Museum have been augmented with lovely pieces from the northern coast of the Black Sea—a rare loan from the Hermitage. The workmanship throughout is so delicate that you may want to bring a magnifying glass. Through March 26. . . . ¶ "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300-1450." Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through Feb. 26. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Kandinsky: Compositions" gathers seven of the surviving "Composition" paintings, a body of work executed between 1910 and 1939. Also on view are numerous studies in oil, watercolor, ink, and pencil. Through April 25. . . . ¶ Nancy Rubins' new installation, "MOMA and Airplane Parts," is a suspended accumulation of torn and bent engine casings, fuselages, and wings. Through March 14. . . . ¶ "Max Beckmann Prints" includes lithographs, drypoints, and woodcuts from throughout the German Expressionist's career. . . . ¶ Recent photographic acquisitions are on view, including works by Rudy Burckhardt, Hans Bellmer, Jan Groover, Gilles Peress, and Mariana Yampolsky. Through April 11. . . . ¶ Portraits by Franz Gertsch, Chuck Close, Deborah Kass, Dennis Adams, and Tony Bevan, among others, can be found in "Semblances.". . .¶ "Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series," a sixty-panel work from 1941, depicts black migration from the South to the North in the period between the two World Wars. (A concurrent show of Lawrence's work is at Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ "An Eccentric Orbit: Video Art in Australia." (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Selections from the permanent collection. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—Fifty-six paintings by Antoni Tàpies in a restrospective of the Catalan artist's career. Through April 23. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8. . . . ¶ A concurrent show of paintings by Tàpies is at Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St., through March 4.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Painting." Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ "Franz Kline: Black & White, 1950-61." Through March 12. . . . ¶ "Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through March 12. . . . ¶ "Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through March 15. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Thomas Cole: Landscape into History." Cole (1801-1848), the English-born founder of the Hudson River school, started out as an ardent Romantic, painting arcadian visions of New World wilderness. In his maturity, pessimism emerged. His masterwork, an allegorical series called "The Course of Empire"—five paintings that prophesy the decline of the American republic under the menacing sway of greed and militarism—anticipates the opulent narrative pictures of the late Victorians. Through April 2. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway—"Discreet Objects." Maureen Connor, a pioneer of clothing art, shows how her vision evolved—from the tentative satire of "Little Lambs Eat Ivy" (1977), a construction of starchy smocked girl's dresses, to the savage bitterness of her recent work, such as a series of cast-iron industrial bottle racks, which resemble medieval instruments of torture, with black lace lingerie twisted around them. The work is tough, unlovable, and altogether admirable. Through Feb. 11. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Indian and Southeast Asian Art," a display of rare paintings, ceramics, and bronzes from the Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection. Through March 26. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—The new Year of the Pig is celebrated in "Animals of the Zodiac," a group of fifty paintings, cutouts, sculptures, and textiles also featuring the Mouse, Ox, Tiger, Rabbit, Dragon, Snake, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Rooster, and Dog. Through March 4. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Books, catalogues, signs, and stationery, mostly from the fifties and sixties, by the graphic designer Elaine Lustig Cohen. Starts Feb. 7. . . . ¶ "Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace" surveys the development of equipment designed to manage paper, numbers, time, and information. Through March 19. . . . ¶ "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism in the Applied Arts 1880-1930." Selected ceramics, magazine covers, and glassware, among other objects, detail a period of increasing industrialization in Europe. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings from a Private Collection" includes many examples of the overwhelmingly horizontal compositions that have come to epitomize our ideas about the English landscape, as well as several more tumultuous pictures that bring to mind the Romantic sublime of Turner. Among the other treasures is a quartet of cloud studies from 1821-22. The small scale of these works invites close contemplation. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St.—"Try This On: A History of Clothing, Gender, and Power," a display of artifacts from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including a 1972 Miss America lunchbox, a G.I. Joe doll refitted with Barbie's voice, and several styles of bathing suits. Through Feb. 18. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"In Praise of Aldus Manutius: A Quincentenary Exhibition." A large group of books from the house of the master printer who introduced roman and italic type, and the radical idea of portable printed books. (See Above and Beyond.) Through April 9. . . . ¶ "The Collector's Eye," a tribute to the trustee and benefactor Julia Parker Wightman, who died last summer. Culled from the thousands of objects she has given to the library, this display includes a Flemish Book of Hours, from 1440, the finest extant copy of Galileo's "Dialogo" (1632), and a group of eighteenth-century miniature children's books. Through April 2. . . . ¶ Several letters from the hand of Frederick Douglass are on view. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Documents of the city's poor by the nation's first photojournalist, alongside work on similar themes by Martine Barrat, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, Jeffrey Henson Scales, and Fred R. Conrad. . . . ¶ The area from Union Square to Madison Square, between Broadway and Sixth Ave., was known to the late Victorians as Ladies Mile, and "Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainment" revels in clothes, accessories, dolls, and memorabilia from that time and place. . . . ¶ From the 1790 handmade variety to mass-produced "Peanuts" sentiments, valentines have long been messengers of love in this bleak month. Five dozen examples of valentine cards, tokens, and decorative arts are on view. Through Feb. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Fifty large-scale photographs by Andres Serrano. Examples from all of his thematic series since 1983—including "Bodily Fluids," "Ejaculations," "Immersions" (whence came the notorious "Piss Christ"), "Morgue," and the new "Gun" series—are here. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Garbage! The History and Politics of Trash in New York City." A show that lets you stroll through our fair city's horse-skinning, fat-rendering, and bone-boiling factories, and through cattle yards, hog pens, and manure yards. Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, prints, maps, sculptures, and artifacts are on view, serving to bring the streets to your nose. Through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ "e.e. cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." (Open Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Forty-seven paintings and works on paper by Emma Amos. Through March 19. . . . ¶ "Sam Gilliam: Recent Monoprints." Through May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following lists lead off with new shows.)

Philip Pearlstein—Huge new paintings of nude figures in interior settings. Opens Feb. 7. Through March 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

"California in the 60s"—Sculptures and paintings produced by artists of the Bay Area Funk scene, including Robert Arneson, Manuel Neri, Robert Hudson, Joan Brown, Peter Saul, William Wiley, and Roy DeForest. Opens Feb. 1. Through Feb. 28. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

•

Carl Andre—"Sand-Lime Instar," a re-creation of the famous "Equivalents I-VIII" of 1966: eight two-tiered stacks of a hundred and twenty sand-lime bricks each. Through Feb. 11. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

John Bellany—Recent allegorical Expressionist works by a Scottish painter. Through Feb. 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rudy Burckhardt—Realistic paintings that, with a touch of the naïve, depict the Maine woods around the artist's home. Through Feb. 18. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

William Christenberry—Representative and dreamlike images of rural Southern architecture pervade the drawings, photographs, and sculptures of this Hale County, Alabama, native. Through Feb. 11. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

Earl Cunningham (1893-1977) / **Grandma Moses** (1860-1961)—A pairing of work by two folk painters who were stylistic soulmates but whose careers and creative visions could not have been more different. Through March 18. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert De Niro (1922-93)—Paintings from the seventies and eighties. Through March 4. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St.)

Louise Fishman—Thickly impastoed magazine-size paintings. Through Feb. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Roni Horn / Nayland Blake—Watercolors of literary quotations and references on dense black backgrounds. / Two "video objects," in which small groups of video equipment playing tape loops function as sculpture, and a pair of straightforward video works, "Negative Bunny" and "Ghost Bunny." Through March 11. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jacob Lawrence—A retrospective of forty paintings, including several from the series "Struggle: From the History of the American People," and eight new works. Through Feb. 25. (Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ The artist's sixty-panel work, "Migration Series," from 1941, is on view at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Hélio Oiticica (1937-80) / **Giulio Paolini**—The Brazilian artist's laboriously titled "Block Experiments—In Cosmococa—Program in Progress, CC5 Hendrix War," conceived in 1973 in collaboration with the filmmaker Neville D'Almeida, is an audiovisual paean to Jimi Hendrix and a forthright celebration of the joys of cocaine. Hammocks have been strung up in the darkened gallery to provide comfortable spots for illicit reverie. / Elegant but rather diffuse installations and photocollages by a leading member of the Italian Arte Povera movement. Once again Paolini shows an interest in the illusions of perspective. Unfortunately, he's a stubborn obscurantist, and those who tend to scoff at Conceptual art won't be convinced by this show. Through Feb. 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio (1916-90)—A collection of the painter and sculptor's wildly colorful assemblages of such disparate elements as glass eyes, animal horns, mirrors, trinkets, and old labels. Through Feb. 11. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Thirty-three watercolor portraits, interiors, and Maine and Hamptons landscapes, in the artist's familiar, easygoing representational style. Through March 4. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St.)

SEARLE

Our
Long
Lightweight
Reversible
Shearling

Call For Our Shearling Catalog

860 Madison at 70 St. (212) 772-2225
609 Madison at 58 St. (212) 753-9021
All Stores Open Sundays

1124 Madison at 84 St. (212) 988-7318
1051 Third at 62 St. (212) 838-5990
1035 Madison at 79 St. (212) 717-4022

ART–Cont'd

Don Van Vliet—Thickly impastoed paintings in strong colors on white backgrounds by the man once known as Captain Beefheart. Through March 18. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Neil Welliver—Large landscape paintings of the Maine woods. Through Feb. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bettina Werner—Heavily textured paintings in a medium composed of salt, resin, and pigment. Through Feb. 25. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Donald Judd (1928-94)—Sculptures made between 1963 and 1990. Opens Feb. 2. Through Feb. 25. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Luciano Fabro—A new marble installation by an Arte Povera luminary. Opens Feb. 1. Through March 1. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Jutta Koether—A series of paintings titled "Frontage." The first show in the gallery's new space. Opens Feb. 4. Through March 12. (Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Elsa Rady / Tristano di Robilant—New wall works in which groups of porcelain forms are bolted to aluminum shelves. / Large-scale geometric plaster sculptures. Opens Feb. 4. Through March 11. (Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St.)

•

Skip Arnold / Sigrid Hackenberg—A work in which the artist sits on display, nude, in an acrylic vitrine. (Viewing times are from 11 to 2 and from 4 to 6.) / Half-speed video projections of details of the artist's body. Through Feb. 4. (Merians, 76 Greene St.)

Richard Artschwager—An elegant exclamation point of perfectly turned aluminum hovering over a basin of polished gray granite. Scarcely a yard high, the piece nonetheless asserts stature and seriousness—a Washington Monument for wee folk. Through Feb. 25. (Kent, 67 Prince St.)

Joseph Beuys—Prints and multiples drawn from the gallery's private collection: "How to Explain Painting to a Dead Hare," a photograph of the artist, with his head painted gold, holding the contorted remains of a hare; photographs of drawings that were scratched into the sand on a beach at low tide, accompanied by a vial of the sand; Baron Von Gloeden's leering postcards of Greek boys, "improved" with revolutionary mottoes scrawled across them; one example from a limited edition of twenty-five little boxes containing the bones of twenty-five herrings the artist ate. Yes, he's precious. But what an infrequent pleasure it is to be puzzled by an artist whose intellect and humor make his work worth puzzling over. Through Feb. 11. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Self-portrait by Baron Adolf de Meyer (I.C.P. Midtown).

Mary Ellen Carroll—Six deconstructionist works, some of which use doubling to achieve Duchampian effects. In "Truth Is Created," photographs of three objects (a sign, a Bible, and a fly) hang on a wall, while the objects depicted hang in the same spot on the other side of the wall. But the focus of the show is "A Modest Proposal/A Modist Prepozel"—eight military blankets from the Second World War, upon which the artist has embroidered the text of Swift's satire, using phonetic spellings. The effect is more visual than political. Through Feb. 11. (Tz'Art, 28 Wooster St.)

Tatsuo Miyajima—The artist has transformed a large room in this gallery into an arena for thirty small battery-operated cars that sport red or green LED counters, each of which ticks off the numbers one to nine at a different rate. The cars motor around the dark gallery bouncing off each other and an ankle-high barrier, producing a hypnotic sea of randomness. Through Feb. 11. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Carl Ostendarp—Flat fields of pukey, hospital-ward colors punctuated (literally) with question marks, exclamation points, and what seem to be the body parts of cartoon characters. Call it Pop minimalism. The two great movements of the sixties coalesce uneasily, and the work sometimes seems to flaunt its vapidity. Still, it has a fully formed style, expressed with economy, and now that Ostendarp has done it, it seems inevitable. Through Feb. 4. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Antoni Tàpies—A show of recent works by the Catalan painter, which coincides with a retrospective at the Guggenheim SoHo. Through March 4. (Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St.)

Bill Traylor (1854-1947)—Works in poster paint and pencil on cardboard by a self-taught artist who did not start painting until his eighties. Through Feb. 25. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

David Wojnarowicz (1954-92)—Paintings, works on paper, photographs, and photo-collages. Through Feb. 28. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway.)

OTHER VENUES

"Common Ground/Uncommon Vision"—A broad selection of American folk art from the Michael and Julie Hall Collection, including paintings, sculptures, drawings, and religious carvings, along with toys, walking sticks, and other functional objects. (In conjuction with the Queens Museum, where another group of works will go on view Feb. 3.) Through April 14. (Paine-Webber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. Open Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.)

Zaha Hadid / "Cycles of Expression"—An installation documenting the deconstructivist architect's various projects with models, drawings, paintings, and photographs. Twenty-five fanciful bi-, tri-, quadra-, and multicycles, all designed by students from the Southern California Institute of Architecture. Through Feb. 15. (Main Waiting Room, Grand Central Terminal. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 7.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

(Auction houses display their wares several days before most sales and welcome the merely curious along with the potential bidder. Call the numbers listed for viewing schedules.)

Sotheby's—In the first of five wine auctions it will hold in New York this year, Sotheby's joins with Sherry-Lehmann to offer holdings from private American cellars, conveniently timed for those who depleted their own stores on Super Bowl Sunday. Among the notable lots are numerous cases of 1961 first-growth Bordeaux, a profusion of Pétrus (including such remarkable vintages as 1945, 1947, and 1959), exceptional single bottles of Romanée-Conti '45 (from the last vintage before the historic domaine was uprooted and replanted) and, for a generously aged dessert, Château d'Yquem 1847. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000. Feb. 4, with sessions at 9:30 and 2.)

Books and Paper Memorabilia—Feb. 1 at 1: Fine books and prints, with small lots of photography, frames, and chess memorabilia. (Metropolitan Arts and Antiques Pavilion, 110 W. 19th St. 463-0200.) . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 10:30: Autographs, letters, inscribed books, historical photographs, and other collectibles of documentary interest. (Swann Galleries, 104 E. 25th St. 254-4710.)

Threads of History—A show of antique textiles and fashions. (Metropolitan Arts and Antiques Pavilion. Feb. 3, from noon to 8; Feb. 4, from 10 to 5; and Feb. 5, from 11 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—Thirty of the Mexican fantasist's platinum/palladium-print and silver-print nudes, made between 1938 and 1991. Opens Feb. 1. Through March 25. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Nan Goldin—The artist's "Ballad of Sexual Dependency," a forty-five-minute color-slide-with-soundtrack presentation, will be screened three times a day, at 1, 3, and 5. Also on view are new medium-format pictures taken in Tokyo, Berlin, Salzburg, and New York, and twelve large-scale works. Opens Feb. 5. Through April 16. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Genevieve Naylor (1915-89)—A retrospective of the photojournalist and fashion photographer's career, including work she did for the A.P., *Harper's Bazaar*, *McCall's*, and *Look*. Opens Feb. 3. Through March 18. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

David Seidner—Front and back views of classically posed nudes against black backgrounds. Opens Feb. 7. Through March 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

•

Diane Arbus (1923-71)—Images shot inside Times Square movie houses between 1956 and 1958. Through Feb. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lorna Bieber—This artist appropriates images, which she then alters and reconstructs, using everything from crayons to photocopiers. In making these new large-scale, unframed works, Bieber started with anonymous photos of suburban interiors and exteriors taken in the forties and fifties. Through Feb. 18. (Saul, 560 Broadway.)

Debbie Fleming Caffery—Recent black-and-white photographs taken in Mexico. Through Feb. 25. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

Baron Adolf de Meyer (1869-1946) / **Toni Frissell** (1907-88)—A hundred and twenty vintage magazine and travel prints from throughout his career. / A large retrospective of black-and-white photographs by an artist who had tours of duty with *Vogue*, *Harper's Ba-*

zaar, and the Women's Army Corps. Through Feb. 12. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Susan Derges / Edward Maxey—Two series of color photograms showing the development of frogs from tadpole to adult. / Black-and-white abstract images of the American flag. Through Feb. 25. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

Arno Fischer / "White"—Documentary-style photos of West and East Berlin, made in the fifties. / A group show that presents many gradations of the word's meaning, in works by Friedlander, Eggleston, Hosoe, Levinthal, Frank, Sugimoto, and others. Through Feb. 25. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Andreas Gursky—Post-industrial landscapes and spaces: a view of a cow pasture from an autobahn overpass; a diptych of the Hong Kong stock exchange; an endless, almost abstract office ceiling. Through Feb. 25. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

William Klein—"In and Out of Fashion" is a suggestive exhibit rather than a sweeping, satisfying overview. But there's so much going on in Klein's best work that even a show restricted to a single aspect of it gives you a sense of his versatility: you see the satirist, the Surrealist, the editor, and the postmodernist—to name just a few of the Kleins on view. Through Feb. 26. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Danny Lyon—A large-scale exhibition representing many phases of a diverse career, from photographs of the civil-rights movement taken when he was a Magnum photographer, to his trademark shots of bikers, hot-rodders, and hippies, to intimate photomontages of his family. The most powerful images are those done in Texas prisons in 1967-68; one chilling assemblage unites a mug shot of a cop-killer, his death sentence, and a pathetic, childish painting by the condemned man. Through Feb. 25. (Lowinsky, 578 Broadway.)

László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Photograms, montages, and straight (although not straight-perspective) photographs by the protean Constructivist. Through March 11. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Cindy Sherman—Works that combine the familiar props—fake body parts, masks, mannequins—with such new techniques (for her) as multiple exposures and alternative developing processes. Through Feb. 18. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Leni Sonnenfeld—A selection of the photojournalist's vast collection of images of Jewish life in the twentieth century: communities in Germany between 1933 and 1939; refugee camps in New York and elsewhere; and the influx of different groups during the establishment of the state of Israel. Through Feb. 28. (Yeshiva University Museum, Amsterdam Ave. at 185th St. Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Hiroshi Sugimoto—New work in which the artist returns to photographing dioramas. These still-lifes are peopled with various prehistoric, political, royal, and notorious figures. Through Feb. 4. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Minor White (1908-76)—Selections from throughout the career of this artist, a co-founder of *Aperture*. Through Feb. 25. (292 Gallery, 120 Wooster St.)

"Masterpieces of Soviet Photography: 1917-35"—A Constructivist group of works by Alexander Rodchenko, Dmitri Debabov, Georgei Zelma, Arkadi Shaikhet, and others. Through Feb. 25. (Schickler, 52 E. 76th St.)

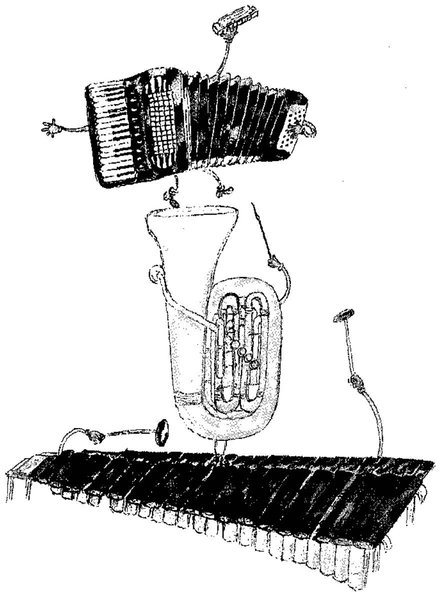
"Let's Go to the Movies"—Many things cinematic, among them a woman next to a Clark Gable marquee, by Walker Evans, a couple embracing in a theatre, by Weegee, and an empty theatre, by Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through Feb. 25. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum of the City of New York, and the New Museum.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Fifteen Minutes of Fame

There are basically two ways for a composer to get a work into the active concert repertoire: by writing something so striking that prominent musicians embrace it, or by writing music for performers whose instruments are underserved and who therefore welcome whatever comes their way. There's no rule that says the two routes can't overlap, but they almost never do.


Out-of-the-ordinary soloists, with the Little Orchestra Society.

VICTORIA ROBERTS

On February 2, at Alice Tully Hall, the Little Orchestra Society will present half a dozen concertos, or concerto-like works, whose prospects derive principally from the economics of scarcity. Two of the featured instruments, organ and harp, aren't all that unusual as soloists, but the others—xylophone, accordion, tuba, and harmonica—stand at the outer limit of concerto exoticism. Vaughan Williams' Tuba Concerto (with Harvey Phillips) is probably the finest work on the program. Though only tubists are likely to consider it a masterpiece, it's a well-crafted, good-humored affair that fully deserves to be performed. Villa-Lobos's Harmonica Concerto (with Robert Bonfiglio) also shows the touch of a mature composer. Other oddities include the toccata from Joseph Jongen's "Symphonie Concertante" (with organist Dorothy Papadakos); Marcel Grandjany's "Poème" (with harpist Susan Jolles); Hovhaness's "The Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám" (with accordionist Guy Klucevsek); and Ian Finkel's "Fantasy on Themes by Fats Waller" (featuring the composer as xylophone soloist). All the works promise to refresh jaded ears with a dose of unaccustomed sonority, and what's more, the evening's soloists will be sure to give these pieces all they've got—since, when it comes to the concerto repertoire, these *are* all they've got.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** (with Maria Guleghina, Kristján Jóhannsson, and Bruno Pola) and **PAGLIACCI** (with Daniela Dessì, Nicola Martinucci, Leo Nucci, and Dwayne Croft); Christian Badea conducting both. (Feb. 1 at 8 and Feb. 4 at 1:30.) . . . The same cast in "Cav"; Gwynne Geyer, Antonio Barasorda, Sherrill Milnes, and Mr. Croft in "Pag"; Mr. Badea. (Feb. 7 at 8.) . . . **SIMON BOCCANEGRA**, with Kiri Te Kanawa, Fabio Armiliato, Vladimir Chernov, and Robert Lloyd; James Levine. (Feb. 2 at 8.) . . . **L'ELISIR D'AMORE**, with Young Ok Shin, Jerry Hadley, Mark Oswald, and József Gregor; Edoardo Müller. (Feb. 3 at 8.) . . . **TURANDOT**, with Gwyneth Jones, Teresa Stratas, Vladimir Popov, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. (Feb. 4 at 8.) . . . **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA**, with Jennifer Larmore, Stanford Olsen, Jeffrey Black, Enzo Dara, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; David Atherton. (Feb. 6 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

"Opera Senza Rancor"—An operatic spoof by Michael Capasso and Bill Van Horn. (Dicapo Opera Theatre, 184 E. 76th St. 288-9438. Feb. 3-4 at 8. Through Feb. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Brahms' "Tragic Overture" and Symphony No. 4, as well as Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Helen Huang). (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 2-3 at 8 and Feb. 7 at 7:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Offering an unusual lineup of works that spotlight instruments not often singled out for solos with orchestra, with Dino Anagnost conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Feb. 2 at 7.)

St. Olaf Choir—Anton Armstrong directs these musical Minnesotans in works by Byrd, Bach, Haydn, Fauré, and many others. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 3 at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Playing works by Bach (including his Cantata No. 50 and D-Minor Keyboard Concerto, in which the conductor doubles as piano soloist), Peter Schickele (narrating his "A Bach Portrait"), and the evenings' conductor, Lukas Foss (his Bach-derived "Non-Improvisation"); with the Rutgers University Concert Choir. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Feb. 3-4 at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Violinist Vladimir Spivakov conducts Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 2 (with flutist Judith Mendenhall) and D-Minor Concerto for Oboe and Violin (in which oboist Randall Ellis joins him as soloist), as well as Mozart's motet "Exsultate, jubilate" (with soprano Olga Makarina) and Symphony No. 29. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Feb. 4 at 8 and Feb. 5 at 3.)

City Island Baroque Ensemble—Offering two concerti grossi by Corelli and (with violinist Ittai Shapira) two concertos by Vivaldi. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Feb. 5 at noon.)

Choral Symphony Society Cantata Singers—David Labovitz directs choral music by Brahms, Haydn, Bruckner, and Schubert. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Feb. 5 at 2. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Cappella Oratoriana—The choir and an instrumental ensemble perform music from sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Italian oratorios, including spiritual madrigals, sacred dialogues, and other vocal music by Luca Marenzio, Palestrina, Virgilio Mazzocchi, Felice Anerio, and Giacomo Carissimi. Dennis Bernard Delaney directs. (St. Peter's

CLASSICAL MUSIC—Cont'd

Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Feb. 5 at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Bachanalia Festival Orchestra—Nina Beilina conducts Bach's A-Minor Triple Concerto, Bloch's "Nigun" (with Ms. Beilina as violin soloist), and Tchaikovsky's Serenade for Strings. The musicians will also honor the late violinist Alexander Cores by playing several of his recordings. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Feb. 5 at 3. For information about tickets, call 501-2313.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts Victor Ullmann's Symphony No. 1 (as completed by Bernhard Wulff), Schumann's Piano Concerto (with Evgeny Kissin), Wagner's "Wesendonck-Lieder" (as arranged by Hans Werner Henze, and here featuring mezzo-soprano Marjana Lipovšek), and the Bach/Stokowski Toccata and Fugue in D-Minor. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 6 at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Kodály's "Háry János" Suite, Bruch's "Scottish Fantasy" (with violinist Lisa Kaori Shihoten), and a symphonic arrangement by Robert Russell Bennett of music from Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," conducted by Kurt Masur. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 6 at 8.)

RECITALS

Wolfgang Holzmair—The baritone performs Schumann's "Dichterliebe," in addition to songs by Mendelssohn, Fauré (his "Mirages"), Duparc, and Ravel; with pianist Thomas Palm. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Feb. 1 at 8.)

Australian String Quartet—Performing quartets by Larry Sitsky (his Third), Haydn (in G Minor, Op. 20, No. 3), and Beethoven (in E Minor, Op. 59, No. 2). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 1 at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—This installment of the group's "Second Helpings" series, designed to provide follow-up performances to especially successful premières, spotlights Bun-Ching Lam's "Another Spring" and Scott Eyerly's "Music for Six." Hindemith's Quartet for Clarinet, Violin, Cello, and Piano completes the program. (Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway. Feb. 1 at 8. For information about tickets, call 840-7470.)

Bargemusic—Presenting string quartets by Haydn (in B-Flat Major, Op. 50, No. 1), Stefan Wolpe, and Dvořák (in E-Flat Major, Op. 51). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Feb. 2 at 7:30 and Feb. 5 at 4.)

Prazak String Quartet—Performing Rossini's A-Major Quartet and a pair of autobiographical quartets: Janáček's Second (subtitled "Intimate Letters") and Smetana's First ("From My Life"). (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 3 at 8.)

Arthur Lawrence—Organist, performing on a *tracker-action instrument* built in New York in 1894 by the firm of George Jardine & Son and recently moved to its new location from a defunct church in Hoboken. The program includes Bach's F-Major Toccata, Franck's "Prélude, Fugue, et Variation," and Liszt's "Prelude and Fugue on B-A-C-H." (Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd, 240 E. 31st St. Feb. 3 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Beaux Arts Trio—In piano trios by Mozart (in E Major, K. 542), Dvořák (in G Minor, Op. 26), and Ravel. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Feb. 3-4 at 8.)

Anne-Sophie Mutter—The violinist plays Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" Suite, Beethoven's G-Major Sonata (Op. 96), Sebastian Currier's "Aftersong," and Schumann's Violin Sonata No. 2; with pianist Lambert Orkis. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 4 at 8.)

Lionheart—Performing a Festum Asinorum (Feast of Asses) of the sort that might have taken place when Parisian New Year's celebrations of a millennium ago reached the stage of tipsiness. To offset the outré secularism that some of the songs promise, the men's sextet will also sing sacred organum by Perotin and others. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Feb. 4 at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-2402.)

Guild of Composers—Presenting several clarinet-oriented chamber works (Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio, Berg's "Four Pieces," and Brahms' Sonata No. 2), as well as music by Arthur Berger, Hayes Biggs, and Bruce Hobson. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 5 at 2.)

Arianna Goldina and Rémy Loumbrozo—The duo-pianists perform Mozart's D-Major Sonata (K. 448), Schumann's Andante and Variations (Op. 46), Liszt's "Réminiscences de 'Norma,'" and Bartók's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5689. Feb. 5 at 2.)

Lynn Harrell and Yefim Bronfman—The cellist and the pianist perform sonatas by Debussy, Beethoven (his Fifth), and Mendelssohn (his Second), as well as Beethoven's "Variations on 'Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen' from Mozart's 'Die Zauberflöte.'" (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 5 at 3.)

All Seasons Chamber Players—Performing Schubert's G-Minor Violin Sonata, Brahms' C-Minor Piano Trio, Friedrich Kuhlau's G-Major Trio (for flute, cello, and piano), and several duets for piano four-hands by Florent Schmitt. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. 288-8920. Feb. 5 at 4.)

Jard van Nes—In her New York-début recital, the Dutch mezzo-soprano performs songs by Sibelius, Mahler, Debussy (including his "Chansons de Bilitis"), and de Falla (his "Siete Canciones Populares Españolas"); with pianist David Selig. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Feb. 5 at 5.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presenting the Orion String Quartet in performances of Mozart's D-Minor Quartet (K. 421) and, with cellist Gary Hoffman, Schubert's C-Major Quintet. Mr. Hoffman also joins pianist David Golub for Shostakovich's Cello Sonata. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Feb. 5 at 5 and Feb. 7 at 7:30.)

Mozart in the Evening—Violinist Ariel Shamai, violist Ori Kam, cellist Iris Regev, and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform Mozart's two piano quartets in a second-floor music salon. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Feb. 5 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

The Consort of Musicke—Sopranos Emma Kirkby and Evelyn Tubb, bass Simon Grant, and lutenist Anthony Rooley perform works by Purcell and his English and Italian predecessors and contemporaries. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Feb. 6 at 8.)

Gotham Ensemble—The contemporary-music group performs selections from Philip Glass's "Songs from Liquid Days," Górecki's "Lerchenmusik," and Terry Riley's "In C," among other works. (Bloomingdale House, 323 W. 108th St. Feb. 7 at 7. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 663-6021.)

Noël Lee—The American pianist, an expatriate in Paris for the past four decades, begins a weeklong three-concert series by performing both books of Debussy's "Préludes" and the "Trois Préludes" of Henri Dutilleux. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 7 at 8.)

Festival Chamber Music Society—Performing Spohr's Septet, Villa-Lobos's "Bachianas Brasileiras No. 6," and Shostakovich's E-Minor Piano Trio. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Feb. 7 at 8.)

FOR KIDS

(Accompanied by parents or other adults.)

Year of the Pig—The two-week celebration of Chinese New Year—it's 4693, the year of the pig again—is in full swing, with a number of family events around the city. On Feb. 4 at 12:30: Two workshops at Arts-Connection, one in Chinese-lantern making, the other focussing on the Ribbon Dance, with the Chinese Folk Dance Company. At 3: "The Menacing Tiger" and other stories told through music, performed on Chinese string and percussion instruments. (120 W. 46th St. 302-7433.) . . . ¶ On Feb. 4 at 1, at the China Institute, children can make duilians—the bright red paper banners that frame many Chinese doorways during New Year's celebrations—and inscribe them with the traditional wishes for prosperity, longevity, and many friends. (125 E. 65th St. 744-8181.) . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 3: At a performance workshop at the Children's Museum of Manhattan, kids go onstage to play the creatures of the Chinese zodiac—pig, dog, mouse, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, and so on—in a drama about how the animals were assigned their years. (212 W. 83rd St. No charge beyond museum admission.)

Chinese New Year celebrations, through February 14.

Black History Month—Events around town bring the history and art of African-Americans to family audiences. Feb. 4-5 at 3: On Stage Productions presents "How the World Got Wisdom," a show of songs, traditional dances accompanied by live drumming, and African folk tales. (Emily Dickinson Theatre, P.S. 75, 735 West End Ave.; enter on 95th St. For information about tickets, call 666-1716.) . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 1: Dancer and storyteller Lonnetta Taylor-Gaines kicks off the Brooklyn Museum's celebration with traditional African and African-American trickster and dilemma tales. (Eastern Parkway. No charge beyond museum admission.) . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at

1: Bruce Cannon's marionettes dance and rap to the different styles of Harlem's music, as the puppeteer explores the history of the neighborhood, in "Harlem River Drive." (Dana Discovery Center, Fifth Ave. near 110th St., in Central Park. For information, call 860-1370.) . . . ¶ Ezra Jack Keats' original art for his illustrated books, including "The Snowy Day," is on display at the Brooklyn Public Library at Grand Army Plaza. Many of the pieces depict the view from Keats' tenement home at the corner of Dumont and Pennsylvania Aves. in the East New York section of Brooklyn. (Eastern Parkway and Flatbush Ave. For information, call 1-718 780-7806. Through Feb. 24.)

Sesame Street Live—When Big Bird lands on the New York stage, the sensitive ornithomorph promptly runs away—in the mistaken belief that his friends have forgotten his birthday. The neighborhood's Muppets and nice humans get together and find him. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. Feb. 2-3 at 10:30; Feb. 4 at 10:30, 2, and 5:30; and Feb. 5 at 1 and 4:30.)

Museum Weiner—Marc Weiner, the star, host, and creator of "Weinerville," on the children's cable network Nickelodeon, brings Zip, Boney, and Socko the Tough Guy, among others in the cast, to the Children's Museum of Manhattan, where kids can help him try out stuff for his television show. (212 W. 83rd St. Feb. 5 at 1. No charge beyond museum admission.)

The New Pickle Family Circus—The wire walkers, aerialists, and swashbuckling clowns of this small troupe appear in "Jump Cut!," a *haut cirque* performance complete with film references and an original score. (Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College, a block west of the corner of Flatbush and Nostrand Aves. 1-718 951-4500. Feb. 5 at 2.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Fine Print—Two exhibits commemorate the founding, five hundred years ago in Venice, of the Aldine Press, a key publisher during the early Renaissance. At the Grolier Club, where the mood is scholarly digression, a show tracing the history of Greek studies in the West begins with papyrus fragments (two chips with barely ten characters apiece, which was enough, apparently, for somebody to locate the passage in the Odyssey) and scribal copies (illuminated parchment codices) and concludes with the Aldine editions. At the Morgan Library, the presentation is frank and chatty: placards tell of Erasmus's endless visits to the printer, of family spats and the dislocations of travel, of a skilled artisan who murdered his son-in-law. But in both exhibitions, the books take center stage, the graphic black and white of their printed pages still looking experimental, even brand new. The show at the Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St., continues through Feb. 18. The Aldine editions at the Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St., will be on view through April 9.

Black History Month—More city-wide goings on to celebrate African-American history. Feb. 1 at 7: A reading of the work of Langston Hughes, on what would have been his ninety-third birthday, includes selections from "The Return of Simple," a new collection of stories about Jesse B. Semple, Hughes's Harlem Everyman. (Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. 491-2200.) . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 3: An afternoon of lectures in connection with the Museum of Modern Art's Jacob Lawrence exhibition includes talks on folk art and high art, on Romare Bearden, and on the role of popular culture in twentieth-century African-American art. (City University Graduate Center, 33 W. 42nd St. 642-2641.) . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2: The Rhythm of the City series at the Museum of the City of New York presents a performance by Scoby Stroman, the jazz dancer and drummer. (Fifth Ave. at 104th St. No charge beyond museum admission.) . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2: William Seraile of Lehman College lectures on African-American life in New York City from the beginning of the nineteenth century through the Civil War. (Morris-Jumel Mansion, 65 Jumel Terrace. 923-8008.)

Pinball Championship—New York was not always hospitable to pinball (Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia liked to smash the machines with a sledgehammer), but moods change, and now the city plays host to the game's annual world championship. No pre-registration is necessary—last year, the winner in the men's singles division, nineteen-year-old Stanford student Bowen Kerins, walked in off the street and beat some of the best monikers in the sport: (Gentleman) Kai Bateman, Lyman (Silk) Sheats, Dominic (Sleepy) Nardini. This year there are nine divisions, and officials at the Professional and Amateur Pinball Association (P.A.P.A.) expect more than a thousand entries. From the way the Grand Ballroom of the Park Central Hotel sounds—with machines ringing, flashing, and actively jeering as the players do their dead flips, trap reverses, and Lazarus slaps—you could be on a typical New York stroll. (Seventh Ave. at 55th St. Feb. 3, from 11 A.M. to 1 A.M.; Feb. 4, from 9 A.M. to 3 A.M.; and Feb. 5, from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. For information, call 1-800 354-7633.)

Readings—Feb. 1 at 6:30: Stories by Gary Krist ("Baggage"), Melissa Bank ("The Best Possible Light"), and David Black ("What Would It Take to Make You Cut Off a Man's Hand?") are read by actors Michael Genet, Cynthia Harris, and James Naughton. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 7:30: Lucy Grealy reads from her memoir, "Autobiography of a Face." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 7: Tony Kushner and Grace Paley read from their work. The Klezmatics will also perform. (Jewish Theological Seminary, 122nd St. and Broadway. 964-9210.) . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 7:30: Editor Jonathan Galassi interviews Paul Muldoon, who will then read from his latest collection of poetry, "The Annals of Chile." (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.) . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 8: Robert Pinsky reads from his new verse translation of Dante's Inferno. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. For information, call the Academy of American Poets, 274-0343.)

Talks—Feb. 1 at 8: Dame Gwyneth Jones, the soprano, talks with F. Paul Driscoll, of the Metropolitan Opera Guild. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information, call 769-7028.) . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at noon and 2: Mary Clerkin Higgins demonstrates the techniques used in the conservation of medieval stained-glass roundels. (The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. 923-3700. No charge beyond museum admission.) . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 6: Scientific historian Jared Diamond examines the ecological lessons of ancient civilizations. (Caspary Auditorium, Rockefeller University, York Ave. at 66th St. For information, call 1-718 220-6891.)

New Year's Walk—Ka-Kam Chui of the Brooklyn Historical Society leads a tour of the borough's Chinatown, with stops at a garment factory, a Kung Fu school, and a Norwegian-Chinese restaurant. The tour meets at 1 on Feb. 4, at the N train's Eighth Ave. station. For reservations, call 1-718 624-0890.

And Don't Forget—Groundhog stand-in Flushing Meadows Phil, a prairie dog residing in Queens, checks his shadow at the urbane hour of 11:30 A.M. on James Joyce's birthday, Feb. 2. (Queens Wildlife Center, 53-51 111th St., Flushing Meadows–Corona Park. 1-718 271-7761.)

From the horse's mouth

A COMPLETELY UNSOLICITED testimonial appeared recently in A La Carte, the definitive mouthpiece of food and wine.

It was penned by Raymond Gardner and it concerned *"...the superbly mellow Macallan from Craigellachie in Banffshire, aged in sherry casks, a mellow miracle and to my mind the most sophisticated of the commonly-available Highland malts..."*

If that is what the pundits think, perhaps it is time to let your own mouthpiece pronounce on the subject.

THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT
SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1994

Discover the Beauty of Glass

PAPERWEIGHTS

Give that special person your heart for Valentine's Day...

• *Heart of the Night*—artist David Salazar charts the movements of lovers under the stars in this Romeo and Juliet-inspired piece, with a surface design of a yellow crescent moon and glimmering white stars against a blue night sky. Inspired by Juliet's statement about Romeo, *"Take him and cut him out in little stars, and he will make the face of heaven so fine that all the world will be in love with night."* $75

• *Hearts Entwined*—pink crystal heart with a surface design of gold vines with heart-shaped leaves by David Salazar. Tell her she's got your heart on a string with this romantic piece. $80

Each piece is approximately 2-3/4" high and signed by the artist.

• *All About Paperweights*—learn the fascinating history behind this complex glass art form. 240 color photos. 120 pages. Softcover. $24.95

To order or for more information, call or write:

L. H. Selman Ltd.
761 Chestnut Street, Suite NS, Santa Cruz, CA 95060
Toll-free: 800 538-0766

At the crossroads of fine dining, art and fashion.

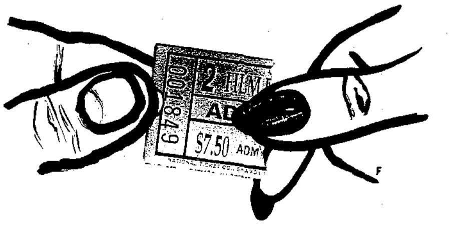
Located on Manhattan's elegant Upper East Side, the Surrey Hotel stands in the cultural center of New York. With its spacious, discreetly priced suites, fitness center and attentive service, the Surrey offers sophisticated travelers value for both short- and long-term stays. The Surrey is also home to the famed restaurant Daniel.

For rates or a brochure, please call Luz Rodriguez at 1-800-9 SURREY.

SURREY HOTEL
A MANHATTAN EAST SUITE HOTEL

Get the better of New York.℠

20 East 76th Street • NY, NY 10021
Fax: (212) 628-1529



THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Boys on the Side—A comedy-drama with Whoopi Goldberg (as a lesbian), Mary-Louise Parker (as a yuppie with an illness), and Drew Barrymore (as a woman on the run) together on a cross-country car trip. Directed by Herbert Ross. Written by Don Roos. Opening February 3. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Tower East, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

In The Mouth of Madness—Sam Neill stars in John Carpenter's new horror film, about a missing novelist (Jürgen Prochnow) whose latest book drives its readers insane. With Julie Carmen. Written by Michael De Luca. Opening February 3. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

Jerky Boys—A movie featuring the antics of Johnny B. and Kamal, two New York-based performers whose shtick is making prank phone calls. Directed by James Melkonian, who also wrote the screenplay with Rich Wilkes, John G. Brennan, and Kamal Ahmed. Opening February 3. (Village East Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Martha & Ethel—The director, Jyll Johnstone, and her co-producer, Barbara Ettinger, have made a documentary about the two nannies who started working for their respective families in the fifties. Opening February 3. (Quad Cinema and Lincoln Square.)

The Secret of Roan Inish—A ten-year-old girl (Jeni Courtney) uncovers her family's history along Ireland's northwest coast, with help from her grandparents (Mick Lally and Eileen Colgan) and a creature that is half-seal, half-human (Susan Lynch). Written and directed by John Sayles. Based on Rosalie K. Fry's 1957 novella "Secret of the Ron Mor Skerry." Opening February 3. (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Cinema, and Lincoln Square.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 24.)

Bad Company—Ellen Barkin plays an industrial spy, and Laurence Fishburne is the C.I.A. agent who infiltrates her espionage ring, in a movie directed by Damian Harris. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Feb. 3.)

Before Sunrise—The hip ennui that Richard Linklater conjured up in "Slacker" and "Dazed and Confused" seemed rooted in Texas, but it transplants beautifully to Vienna, where his third film is set. The movie is provocatively plotless: Jesse (Ethan Hawke) and Céline (Julie Delpy) meet on a train, decide to get off together, and have themselves a fine, sleepless time before parting the next day. That's it: various threats loom up and fade away, and the only suspense comes from wondering whether the two characters (who are pretty much the only characters) will stop talking long enough to have sex. The extended takes and lazy conversations bring the movie within inches of boring, but there is real audacity in the casual bookishness of the script (by Linklater and Kim Krizan) and in the shrugging rhythms of the direction. The charm—the midsummer enchantment—never feels forced; it steals up and wins you. A true romance.—A.L. (1/30/94) (Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

Brother Minister: The Assassination of Malcolm X—A documentary about the 1965 murder of the controversial Nation of Islam leader. Written and directed by Jack Baxter and Jefri Aalmuhammed. (57th St. Playhouse.)

Colonel Chabert—A Lazarus who discovers he's better off dead is a subject that calls for full-blown tragicomedy. But Yves Angelo, who directed this story about a Napoleonic officer (Gérard Depardieu) who miraculously survives the Battle of Eylau and returns to Paris ten years later, betrays little sense of humor or of drama. As Chabert grows weary struggling to retrieve some of his fortune from his remarried wife (Fanny Ardant), there are ironies to be savored, but Angelo fails to get much from them. He uses selections from Beethoven, Mozart, et al. to fill in the characters' thoughts and moods; in effect, he tucks his actors into a musical envelope. Even the bloody aftermath at Eylau is too distanced, too pretty, too "Barry Lyndon." Fabrice Luchini gives the sharpest performance, as both parties' attorney. Jean Cosmos and Angelo co-wrote this adaptation of the Balzac novel. In French.—M.S. (Lincoln Square.)

Death and the Maiden—Ariel Dorfman's fashionable, overblown stage play turned into a flat, uninspired thriller by Roman Polanski. In an unnamed Latin-American country, an attorney (Stuart Wilson) and his wife (Sigourney Weaver) receive a visit from one Roberto Miranda (Ben Kingsley). The wife, convinced that Miranda is the man who tortured and raped her during their country's era of oppression, determines to get her own back; but all she has to go on is his voice, and the movie titillates us with the possibility that she has the wrong man. A more vulgar director—and less serious performers—might have had the nerve to admit that this is schlock posing as moral philosophy, but Polanski and his cast honor the self-importance of the script, and the result is fairly unwatchable.—A.L. (1/16/94) (Village Theatre VII and Paris.)

Disclosure—In Barry Levinson's movie version of the Michael Crichton best-seller, Michael Douglas plays an executive whose livelihood is threatened by his sexually predatory new boss (Demi Moore). The presence of Douglas, who has made a career of being pursued by beautiful, dangerous women, turns this sexual-harassment thriller into instant camp. In the picture's floridly silly centerpiece scene, Moore jumps his bones in her new office and he struggles manfully, showing us the hairy chest beneath the hero's ripped bodice. Once that hilarious encounter is over, the movie gets ordinary in a hurry; it's tasteful, bland, and only mildly entertaining.—T.R. (12/19/94) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Far from Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog—The kids in this boy-meets-dog adventure are un-actory—and so is the dog. After introducing the mysterious weathered Labrador into a Pacific Northwest family, the writer-director, Phillip Borsos, simply subjects the father (Bruce Davison), his elder son (Jesse Bradford), and their new pet to a storm at sea that leaves the child and dog stranded onshore. As the pair treks through virgin forest, Borsos' picture-making transcends his skeletal storytelling. Some of the scenes have visual grandeur, but if you want a mythic lift you'll have to resee "The Black Stallion."—M.S. (59th Street East Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 23rd St.

West Triplex, Lincoln Square, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Feb. 2.)

Germany Year 90 Nine Zero and **JLG by JLG**—A double bill by Jean-Luc Godard: a film about life in East Berlin after Communism, starring Eddie Constantine; and an autobiographical film made in 1994. The former is in French and German, the latter in French. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

Higher Learning—John Singleton's blood-and-thunder campus melodrama wallows in contemporary racial and sexual turmoil, while Singleton himself seems to be back in film school. Parallel story lines about a Midwestern misfit turned skinhead (Michael Rapaport), a smart black track star (Omar Epps), and a naïve Orange County coed (Kristy Swanson) converge with an apocalyptic bang. Singleton diagrams such issues as athletic exploitation and racial polarization on the flimsiest poster board and rouses snickers with his heavy-breathing treatment of Swanson's budding bisexuality. The actors are best when they relax—which Laurence Fishburne certainly can't do in the role of a poli-sci prof who enunciates like Yul Brynner's King of Siam. He even says, "Et cetera, et cetera."—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

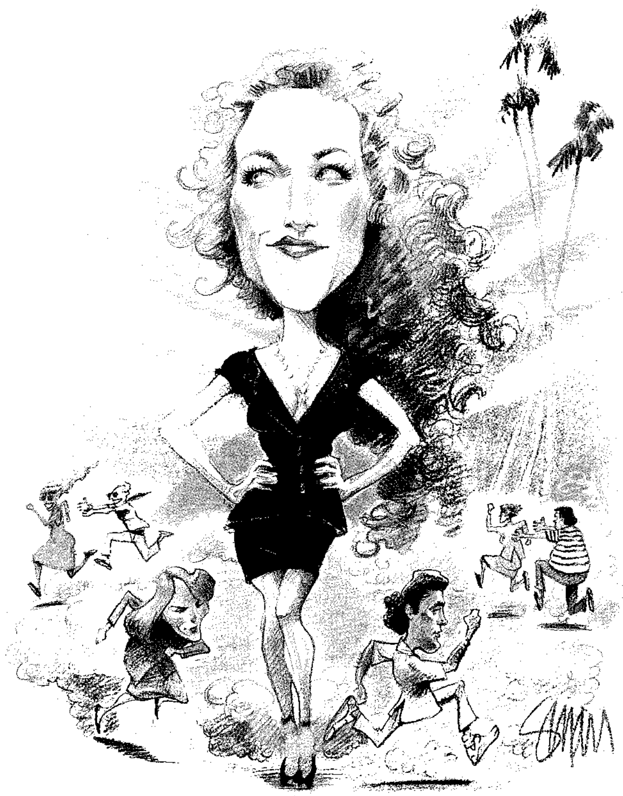
Highlander: The Final Dimension—Christopher Lambert as the supernatural Scot, engaged in a transcontinental battle against a four-hundred-year-old wizard, played by Mario van Peebles. Directed by Andy Morahan. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Immortal Beloved—Bernard Rose's new biography of Beethoven (Gary Oldman) filters our view of the musician through the composer's secretary, Anton Schindler (Jeroen Krabbé, who looks more like Beethoven than Oldman does). But the film is flat. Only once does it aim high, in a great kitsch-cosmic shot of the infant genius lost in a sea of stars. Valeria Golino, Isabella Rossellini, and the admirable Johanna Ter Steege play the three main women in Beethoven's life—the nominations for Best Supporting Muse. There's no surprise in the winner, nor in the choice of music—a roster of greatest hits.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick's film, based on Jim Harrison's brawny novella, is a father-and-sons saga, in which three handsome brothers (Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, Henry Thomas) compete for the approval of a stern patriarch (Anthony Hopkins). It gets sillier as it goes. Halfway through, Pa suffers a stroke, and Hopkins' performance turns into a mad music-hall impersonation of a peg-leg pirate. His outrageous scenery-chewing reveals the movie's true nature: it's the Monty Python version of "Bonanza." Also with Julia Ormond.—T.R. (1/9/95) (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Lincoln Square.)

Little Women—Gillian Armstrong's movie is more naturalistic—less storybooklike—than the previous screen versions of Louisa May Alcott's novel about a poor but noble New England family in the eighteen-sixties. In this rendering, the Marches—mother, father (mostly absent), and four daughters—inhabit a coherent, fully realized world. Winona Ryder, as the aspiring writer Jo, gives a luminous performance. Also with Susan Sarandon, Trini Alvarado, Claire Danes, Kirsten Dunst, Samantha Mathis, Christian Bale, Gabriel Byrne, and Mary Wickes.—T.R. (1/9/95) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

The Madness of King George—Alan Bennett's stage play has moved to the screen, with the same star (Nigel Hawthorne), the same director (Nicholas Hytner), and the same story, about the King of England's decline, in the years 1788-89, from cheerful disciplinarian to lewd, unsleeping ranter. It's a fine dramatic predicament—and that's how it stays, never really pressing forward or pulling us into a plot. But there is plenty of relish here—in Ian Holm's fierce turn as a country physician, and in Hawthorne's blend of thundering and whimpers.—A.L. (1/16/94) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, Baronet, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)



Sarah Jessica Parker in "Miami Rhapsody."

DAVID SMALL

A Man of No Importance—Poignant whimsy about a sexually repressed gay bus conductor (Albert Finney) in early-sixties Dublin. He regales his passengers with the words of Oscar Wilde, stages "Salome" in a church hall, and eventually struts out of the closet in a Wildean getup, complete with green carnation. The writer, Barry Devlin, and the director, Suri Krishnamma, have conceived their hero as such a gentle, eccentric dreamer that Finney can't locate a core; he relies on tortuous expressions of elfish desperation.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . ¶ Eastside Playhouse; through Feb. 2.)

Miami Rhapsody—Gwyn (Sarah Jessica Parker) loves Matt (Gil Bellows)—only she's not sure. Her mom (Mia Farrow) loves a young male nurse (Antonio Banderas)—only she's not sure, either; maybe she really loves Gwyn's dad (Paul Mazursky). Gwyn's sister has zipped straight from marriage to adultery without stopping at fidelity, and her married brother has just fallen for a model. David Frankel wrote and directed this comedy, which sounds like a lot of fun but somehow manages to be hardly any fun at all. Some of the scenes have a lovely burnished look, but you can smell the punch lines a long way off. And Frankel's desire to be Woody Allen is so remorseless that it becomes embarrassing—you keep thinking, Where's Tony Roberts? The funniest thing about the movie is Naomi Campbell's attempt at acting. Isn't there some kind of Dorothy Lamour Award for performances like this?—A.L. (Cinema I. . . . ¶ Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Lincoln Square; starting Feb. 3.)

Murder in the First—In 1941, an inmate of Alcatraz, Henri Young (Kevin Bacon), is tried for killing a fellow-prisoner. It seems like a clean case until a pushy young lawyer (Christian Slater) argues that the real killer is Alcatraz itself, and in particular the prison's sadistic warden (Gary Oldman, as you would expect). Marc Rocco has a solid story to tell, and his movie splits neatly between a sweat-lashed opening and a solid courtroom follow-up. But he keeps beefing up his material with paranoid camera angles and nose-rubbing closeups—if you've ever had a weakness for overhead shots, this film will cure you. Rocco is the director turned defense attorney: his driving motive is to prove rather than to show, and his hammer blows (along with Bacon's and Oldman's) would wear you down fast if it weren't for Christian Slater. With severe spectacles, the actor looks like a younger version of Kevin Costner in "JFK," but he has a sly inquisitor's passion—a taste for milking witnesses until they run dry, for seeing the high comedy of it all—that Costner never dared to suggest. Playing the hero of an issues movie (and this one is dripping with issues) is usually a thankless task, but Slater gets better with every picture and carries this one with ease.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Nobody's Fool—Paul Newman plays Sully, a divorced, erratically employed construction worker in a dingy upstate New York town. Robert Benton's movie (based on a novel by Richard Russo) is essentially a series of low-key comic vignettes in which the hero tries to deal with the exasperating presence of other people: irritable neighbors, demanding friends, disappointed family members. Not much happens, but the picture bobs along amiably to the rhythm of Newman's dry, deeply funny performance, and the tiny pleasures accumulate like the snow that covers the town. The terrific supporting cast includes Bruce Willis, Melanie Griffith, Jessica Tandy, and Gene Saks.—T.R. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Guild, and Lincoln Square. . . . ¶ Tower East; through Feb. 2.)

Queen Margot—Patrice Chereau's historical epic is often silly, but it never slows down long enough to make a real fool of itself. The place and period—Paris in 1572, when power was maintained by a combination of incest, poison, and blind faith—are unimprovable. Isabelle Adjani plays Margot, the suspiciously close sister of the King of France (Jean-Hugues Anglade), the daugher of Catherine de Medici (an iron-willed Virna Lisi), and the unwilling wife of Henri of Navarre (Daniel Auteuil). Chereau's love of flame against darkness is infectious, and his choreography of the massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day is vicious and rousing. It's good to see a costume picture that refuses to be well behaved. In French.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Feb. 2.)

CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

Ready to Wear (Prêt-à-Porter)—Robert Altman turns his roving eye to the world of fashion. It should have been a perfect match of style and subject, but Altman seems to have decided in advance that the subject was barely worth his attention. Set amid the anarchy of Paris fashion week, the movie slips from one micro-plot to the next without pausing to wonder where the center of interest lies. Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni are jokey and touching as long-parted paramours, but fine actors like Forest Whitaker and Lauren Bacall are wasted resources. A film that confines Tim Robbins and Julia Roberts to the bedroom is squandering its comic energies; when Roberts finally gets dressed, her smile—and her suit—remind you of what could have been.—A.L. (12/26/94-1/2/95) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Sankofa—A model (Oyafunmike Ogunlano) on a photo shoot in West Africa is hurled back in time to the era of slavery, in a film written and directed by Haile Gerima. (Thalia.)

Sarraounia—The Mauritanian writer-director Med Hondo's epic, about a late-nineteenth-century tribal queen (Ai Keïta) who defends her people during the French conquest of West Africa. In French. (Thalia.)

Strawberry and Chocolate—The Cuban director Tomás Gutiérrez Alea charts the efforts of Diego (Jorge Perugorria), a gay artist, to seduce David (Vladimir Cruz), a straight and, frankly, rather boring student. Their flirtation starts over dishes of ice cream (hence the title) and, rather charmingly, never finds fruition in bed. It's a daring movie to have come out of Cuba, although Gutiérrez Alea's grasp of the radical temperament may seem unsophisticated to audiences here—he maps the sexual flatly onto the political. Diego kicks out against government restrictions, David lives quietly within them (wouldn't it have been more intriguing the other way around?), and the performances match the conceptions: Perugorria is camp and winning, Cruz is a lump. But this very naïveté becomes entwined with Gutiérrez Alea's benevolence. The picture is as much a love letter to Havana as Nanni Moretti's "Caro Diario" was to Rome. Often the camera just takes in the view, and there's a genuine wrench at the end when Diego decides to leave. Co-directed by Juan Carlos Tabio; screenplay by Senel Paz. In Spanish.—A.L. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . ¶ Angelika Film Center; starting Feb. 3.)

Tales from the Crypt: Demon Knight—All the sick gags, hot lights, and gore this side of hell can't recharge the antique and attenuated plot about an Everyman (William Sadler) warding off a Satanic emissary (Billy Zane). This time it's set in a motel that used to be a church, and it's peopled with such lowdown types as a whore (Brenda Bakke), her dumb john (Thomas Church), and an ex-con maid in a work-release program (Jada Pinkett). The demons look like poor relations of the Crypt Keeper, the series host. Zane seduces the humans with cheap dreams: the generic fantasies of generic characters. At least Sadler's gravelly intensity gives the horror a bit of traction. Ernest Dickerson directed.—M.S. (Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, Olympia, and National Twin.)

Tom and Viv—Willem Dafoe plays the young T. S. Eliot with a curious Boer accent and a look on his face that suggests he would be happier back in the jungles of "Platoon." As Vivienne, Eliot's distressed first wife, Miranda Richardson gives such an overloaded performance that the simple drinking of a cup of tea becomes unwatchable. (If Vivienne really did behave like this, no wonder Eliot was in despair.) The movie regards the poet as a chilly repressive who locked away first his feelings and then—by extension—his wife. Those who think that poetry is a waste product of neurosis will have a lovely time. Brian Gilbert directs, heavily; the screenplay is by Michael Hastings (who wrote the original play) and Adrian Hodges.—A.L. (12/12/94) (Village East Cinemas.)

Vanya on 42nd Street—Louis Malle's astonishingly beautiful film documents a stage production, directed by André Gregory, of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya." The conceit is that the actors—wearing street clothes and clutching take-out coffee—have gathered for a run-through; as it goes along, our sense of the theatrical reality gives way to the more intimate feeling of belief that movies create. The style of the movie seems, finally, to merge with the play itself: nothing appears to be happening, yet everything is transformed. With Wallace Shawn, as Vanya, and Julianne Moore, as Yelena; also with Brooke Smith, Larry Pine, and George Gaynes. The superb adaptation is by David Mamet.—T.R. (10/31/94) (Quad Cinema and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th (581-7360).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st (247-5070).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
Lincoln Square, B'way at 68th (336-5000).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Thalia, B'way at 95th (316-4962).
Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy I, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Drunken Master II (1994)—Jackie Chan puts the slap back into slapstick as a Cantonese martial-arts legend who helps stop the British from grabbing up Chinese treasures after the fall of the Manchu dynasty in 1912. While building up furious momentum, Chan and his co-director, Lau Ka Leung, have fun with everything from mah-jongg, herbal medicine, and the hero's harried family life, to the conventions of martial-arts movies. Chan turns drunken boxing—an alcohol-fuelled, seemingly free-form type of fighting, as circular as it is angular—into elating displays of physical comedy. Every bit of him is limber, including his funny bone. In Cantonese.—M.S. (Cinema Village; Feb. 2 and 5.)

Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill! (1965)—It opens with an "Outer Limits"-style warning about a new breed of killer females, then revels in their mayhem. The antiheroines (including Lori Williams and Haji) are bosomy go-go dancers and sports-car freaks, led by Tura Satana, a greedy man-hater with a mean karate chop. Soon they're hauling around a male stiff and a female hostage (Susan Bernard, *Playboy*'s 1966 Miss December), and plotting to rip off a sexually demented desert miser (Stu Lancaster). A highlight of what Russ Meyer called his "drive-in period," this rabid Z movie stretches double-entendres into warped figure eights and offers some delicious bizarro strokes, such as an homage to the mentally impaired innocent from "Of Mice and Men" in the person of the miser's muscle-bound son, played by Dennis Busch.—M.S. (Film Forum 3.)

Mamma Roma (1962)—In Pier Paolo Pasolini's over-conceptualized second film, Anna Magnani (who else?) plays Mamma Roma, a prostitute with a heart as big, and goals as confused, as the whole Eternal City. She goes legit by selling vegetables from a cart and takes custody of her weak-willed teenage boy (who doesn't know about her shady past), but the demands of her former lover/pimp keep landing her back in the life. Pasolini both admires and questions the woman's determination to push her child into the middle class. She puts her street smarts at the service of false values; at one point, she even engineers a blackmail scheme to get him a waiter's job in a flourishing restaurant. Pasolini's Marxist-Catholic imagery reaches its heavy-handed nadir when, in prison, the son is strapped to the *letto di contenzione* ("punishment bed"). As photographed by the great Tonino Delli Colli, it makes for one fancy crucifixion. In Italian.—M.S. (Film Forum 1; through Feb. 7.)

Ricochet (1991)—A black political figure on the rise is suddenly tagged in public as a sexual sleazebag, in a piece of shock schlock from Russell Mulcahy ("Highlander"), with Denzel Washington as a cop turned assistant D.A. and John Lithgow as the vengeful, psychopathic hit man who'll stop at nothing to frame him. Extremism can be fun, but not when it's as calculated, sadistic, and nonsensical as it is here; the two stars bring slumming to new pits. Washington has the more amusing and unpredictable turn as a man willing to push the edge of the legal envelope. But the hero's innocence and eventual triumph are never in doubt.—M.S. (Whitney Museum; Feb. 3.)

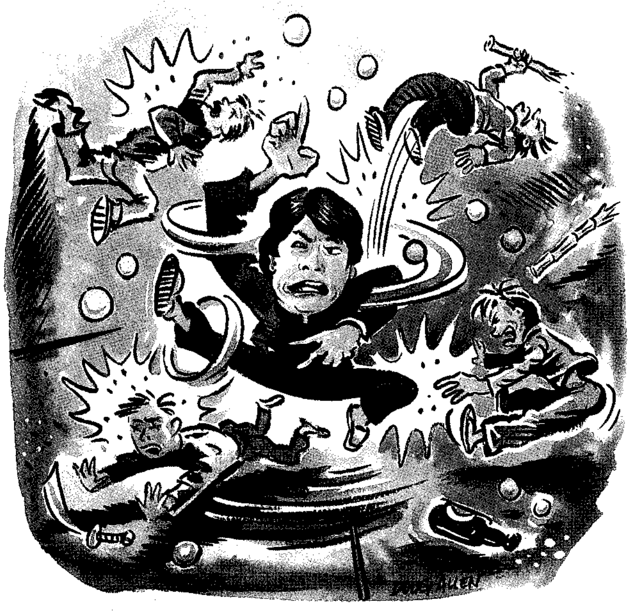
The Roaring Twenties (1939)—The title and the names of the stars—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart—make it sound like a lot more fun than it is. They play underprivileged kids who grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. The movie has a very mechanical and moralistic view of character; nobody ever says or does anything that surprises you. If you fed the earlier gangster movies into a machine and made a prototype, you'd come up with this picture. Directed by Raoul

Walsh, from a script by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, and Robert Rossen.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Feb. 6-7.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)—"The War" (Jon Avnet). . . . "Mary Shelley's Frankenstein" (Kenneth Branagh). . . . "StarGate" (Roland Emmerich). . . . "The River Wild" (Curtis Hanson). . . . "Eat Drink Man Woman" (Ang Lee; in Mandarin). . . . "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert" (Stephan Elliott).

Film Forum 1, 2, and 3, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—**theatre 1:** Through Feb. 7: "Mamma Roma" (†). . . . **theatre 2:** Films by Andy Warhol. Feb. 1 at 2:30 and 5:20 and Feb. 7 at 6 and 8:10: "Kiss" (1963), "Eat" (1964), and "Blow Job" (1964). . . . Feb. 1-2 at 7:30: "The Chelsea Girls" (1966). . . . Feb. 1 at 11:05 and Feb. 2 at 4:05 and 11:05: "My Hustler" (1965) and "Haircut (#1)" (1963). . . . Feb. 2 at 2 and 5:45, Feb. 3 at 3:25 and 11:20, and Feb. 4 at 3:25 and 7:35: "I, A Man" (1968). . . . Feb. 3 at 1, 5:10, and 8:55 and Feb. 4 at 1, 5:10, and 9:20: "Poor Little Rich Girl" (1965) and "Beauty #2" (1965). . . . Feb. 3 at 7:35 and Feb. 4 at 11:45: "The Velvet Underground and Nico" (1966). . . . Feb. 5 at 1 and Feb. 7 at 2: "Henry Geldzahler" (1964). . . . Feb. 5 at 3:30, 8, and 10: "Lonesome Cowboys" (1968). . . . Feb. 5 at 5:30: "The Nude Restaurant" (1968). . . . Feb. 6 at 10:30: "Bike Boy" (1968). . . . Feb. 7 at 4:25 and 10:20: "The Loves of Ondine" (1968). . . . ¶ Feb. 6: "Headin' Home" (1920, Lawrence Windom), with Herman (Babe) Ruth and five short films featuring the Babe. . . . **theatre 3:** "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (†).



Jackie Chan in "Drunken Master II."

DOUG ALLEN

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—A program of films starring Jackie Chan, all in Cantonese, with English and Chinese subtitles. Feb. 1 and 7: "Police Story II" (1988, Chan) and "Police Story" (1985, Chan). . . . Feb. 2 and 5: "Drunken Master II" (†) and "Drunken Master" (1978, Yuen Woo Ping). . . . Feb. 3: "Operation Condor" (1991, Chan) and "Super Cop" (1992, Stanley Tong). . . . Feb. 4 and 6: "Dragons Forever" (1988, Samo Hung) and "Island on Fire" (1991, Chiu Yen Ping).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Feb. 2 at 2:30 and 6:30, Feb. 3 at 2:30, 6, and 8, and Feb. 4-5 at 2 and 5: Four different programs of cartoons made by Paramount Pictures' Famous Studios, from 1942-67. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 3 and 6: "The Men Who Sailed the Liberty Ships" (1994, Maria Brooks), a documentary. . . . ¶ A program of British television films by Alan Clarke. Feb. 3 at 3: "Penda's Fen" (1974). . . . Feb. 3 at 6:30: "The Firm" (1988). . . . Feb. 3 at 8: "Director, Alan Clarke" (1991, Corin Campbell-Hill), a documentary about the director. . . . Feb. 4 at 2:30: "Diane" (1975). . . . Feb. 4 at 5: "Scum" (1977). . . . Feb. 5 at 2:30: "Beloved Enemy" (1980). . . . Feb. 5 at 5: "Made in Britain" (1983). . . . Feb. 6-7 at 3: "Psy-Warriors" (1981). . . . Feb. 6 at 6: "Contact" (1985). . . . Feb. 7 at 6: "Christine" (1987) and "Elephant" (1989). . . . ¶ The first of seven films in which Robert Rossen participated, as writer, director, or producer. Feb. 6 at 2:30 and Feb. 7 at 6: "They Won't Forget" (1937, Mervyn LeRoy), written by Rossen and Aben Kandel. . . . Feb. 6 at 6 and Feb. 7 at 2:30: "The Roaring Twenties" (†).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Feb. 1-2 at 1 and 6:30: "Tsahal" (1994, Claude Lanzmann; in French). . . . ¶ The first programs in a retrospective of works by the Brazilian filmmaker Nelson Pereira dos Santos. All the films are in Portuguese. Feb. 3 at 2 and 8:30, Feb. 4 at 4, and Feb. 5 at 6:15: "Rio, 100 Degrees" (1954). . . . Feb. 3 at 4, Feb. 4 at 8, and Feb. 5 at 4 and 8:15: "Barren Lives" (1963). . . . Feb. 3 at 6:30, Feb. 4 at 6, and Feb. 7 at 3:45: "The Third Bank of the River" (1994). . . . Feb. 7 at 2 and 8:45: "Rio, Northern Zone" (1957).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films and videos by, or about, black American males. Feb. 1 at noon: "Chameleon Street" (1990, Wendell B. Harris, Jr.). . . . Feb. 1 at 3:30: "True Identity" (1991, Charles Lane). . . . Feb. 2 at 2: "Car Wash" (1976, Michael Schultz). . . . Feb. 3 at noon: "Ricochet" (†). . . . Feb. 3 at 3:30: "Strictly Business" (1991, Kevin Hooks). . . . Feb. 4 at 11:30: "Nothing But a Man" (1964, Michael Roemer). . . . Feb. 4 at 2: "Miles of Smiles, Years of Struggle" (1983). . . . Feb. 4 at 4: "Killer of Sheep" (1977, Charles Burnett). . . . Feb. 5 at noon: "Bless Their Little Hearts" (1984, Billy Woodberry). . . . Feb. 5 at 3:30: "My Brother's Wedding" (1983, Burnett).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—The films of Dario Argento. Feb. 4 at 2: "Tenebrae" (1982). . . . Feb. 4 at 4: "Opera" (1987). Following the screening, Mr. Argento will be interviewed by Maitland McDonagh, the author of "Broken Mirrors/Broken Minds: The Dark Dreams of Dario Argento.". . . Feb. 5 at 2: "The Bird with the Crystal Plumage" (1970). . . . Feb. 5 at 4: "Deep Red" (1976).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Feb. 5 at 7, the feature will be "Walk on the Wild Side" (1962, Edward Dmytryk), with Laurence Harvey, Capucine, Jane Fonda, Anne Baxter, and Barbara Stanwyck.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Feb. 7 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Pattes Blanches" (1949, Jean Grémillon; in French), with Suzy Delair and Fernand Ledoux.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Feb. 3 at 8 and Feb. 4 at 6: Four short films by Ricky Leacock. . . . ¶ Feb. 3-4 at 10: Four short films by Victor Masayesva, Jr. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 8 and Feb. 5 at 8:30: Six short films by Shigeko Kubota. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 6: "Songs 1-22" (1964-65, Stan Brakhage).

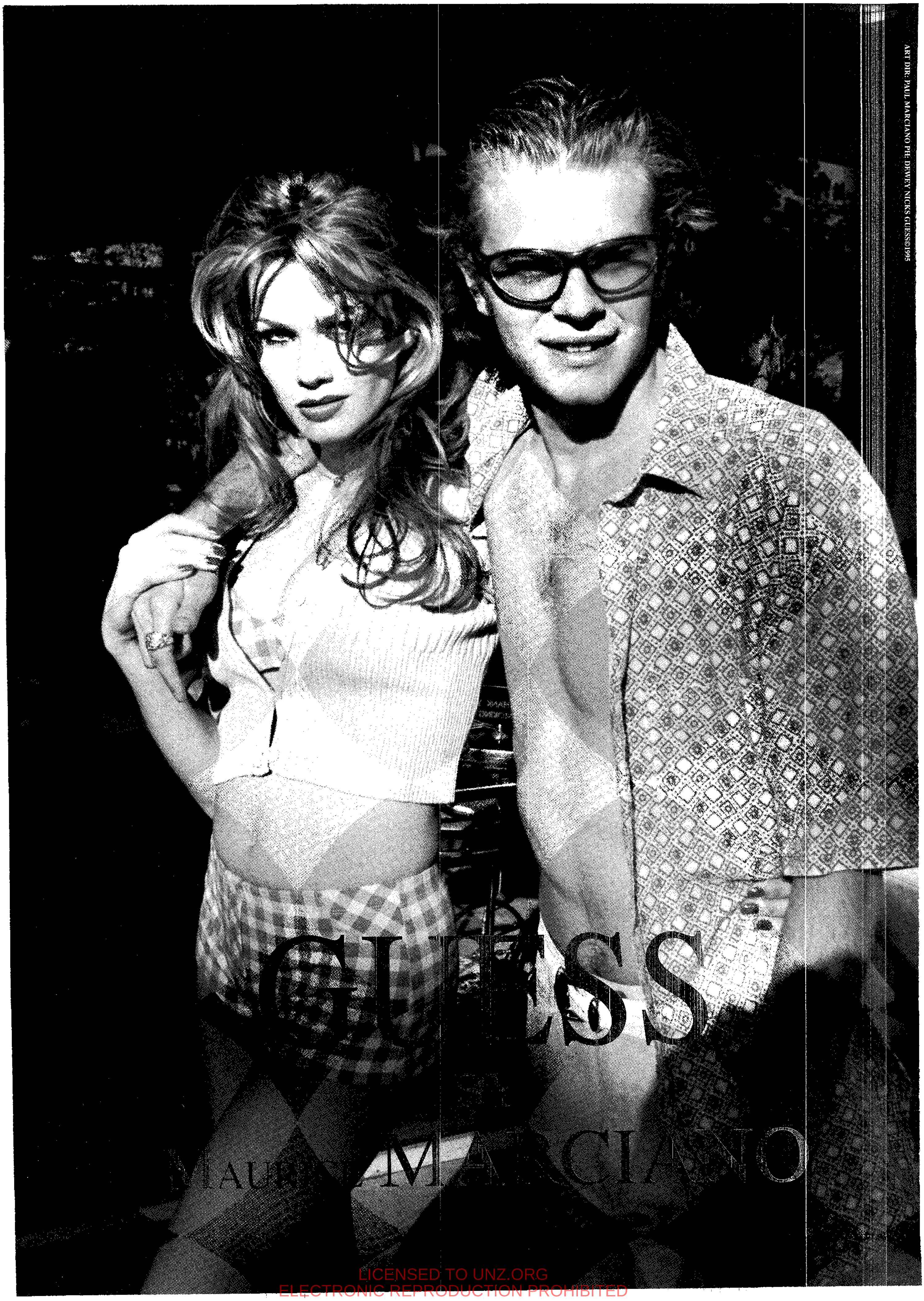
CHANNEL SURFING

Crank Cases

Charles Grodin may be the snippiest comic actor since Tony Randall played the tidy half of the Odd Couple. Where Randall projected his lines in the plummy vowels of "the theatah," Grodin is so fussy that he seems to resent having to part with words. You could grind corn with that crabby jaw of his. In recent years, Grodin has established himself as a familiar, often funny talk-show pest: booked to plug a new film, he'll take the opportunity to nitpick and bicker instead. (He and Johnny Carson exchanged jabs as if jousting with hatpins.) Now Grodin has become a talk-show host himself, taking Tom Snyder's nightly spot on CNBC, and his passive-aggressive put-on has been so finely tuned that it's often hard to know what the point is. The studio crew titters nervously as Grodin reads cue cards syllable by syllable, naps with his eyes open during long answers, and studies himself in the monitor, leaving guests like Martin Short and Carol Burnett mostly to fend for themselves.

During the holiday break, the beleaguered late-night talk show "Last Call" (taped in Manhattan and syndicated nationally) went into the body shop for repairs. It was a hasty salvage job—the new-and-improved version still has rocks under the hood. The cast now includes "Stuttering John" Melendez from Howard Stern's radio show, an angry white male who has already been reprimanded by host Sue Ellicott for belching on the air. A doughnut without a hole, he dominates "Last Call" with his lowbrow bullying and makes conversation more or less impossible. For a powwow that works, try "4 on the Floor" (VH1 cable, Sundays), a pop-music panel discussion. Each week the show's gang of four attempts such analytical feats as peeling away the layers of Madonna's narcissism, searching for hints of ambiguity in heavy metal's full-frontal attack, and trying to fathom the cult appeal of Johnny Cash's croak. The host, David Adelson, verges on a Harry Shearer caricature, but the critics themselves—including J. D. Considine and Amy Linden—know their stuff and give it a fast spin.

—James Wolcott


GUESS
MAURICE MARCIANO
ART DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PH: DEWEY NICKS GUESS©1995

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

DENG'S DAUGHTER: CHINA'S NEWT?

Deng Maomao may or may not be China's Newt Gingrich, but Rupert Murdoch is definitely China's Rupert Murdoch.

Deng Maomao, more commonly known as Deng Rong, is the youngest daughter of Deng Xiaoping, the ninety-year-old effective leader (since 1978) of the People's Republic of China. In the words of the publisher's press release accompanying advance copies of Deng Maomao's forthcoming biography, "Deng Xiaoping: My Father," "Deng Maomao is the family member most often at the ruler's side, acting as 'hearing aid,' adviser and spokesperson. She is acknowledged to have a good deal of influence over the aging Chinese leader. As favorite daughter and the closest of Deng Xiaoping's advisers, the author brings a rare authority to this biography."

And a rare degree of access, one might easily surmise, to any publisher lucky, or canny, enough to snare worldwide English-language rights to such a book's publication. It happens that the book is being published next month by Basic Books, a division of HarperCollins, which, in turn, is the United States–United Kingdom book-publishing arm of Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation. Just as the lavish Newt Gingrich deal raised eyebrows precisely because Murdoch has such a groaning raft of currently pressing business before Congress and the regulatory agencies that its Speaker oversees, this new arrangement has been subject to a good deal of conjecture, at the very least. Murdoch has lately been making a concerted play for the Chinese market, especially by way of the STAR satellite-TV operation, in which his News Corporation owns a controlling stake. (Last year, in an effort to curry favor with the Deng regime, Murdoch summarily dropped the BBC's world-news service from STAR's lineup. The Chinese authorities had objected to, among other things, the BBC's coverage of allegations of ongoing human-rights violations in China.)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT RISKO

Deng's children are prominent members of the *taizi dang*, the so-called Princes of the Party—the generation of progeny of the leading Party cadre who, flinging egalitarian ideology aside, have been shamelessly marshalling their networks of personal contacts to build huge private fortunes, happy all the while to allow the state to lock up any who might protest. Most of Deng Maomao's siblings and in-laws are deployed in business enterprises involving varying degrees of "greasy paws," as the Hong Kong saying goes—all of them are assumed to have amassed capacious foreign bank accounts—and her husband, He Ping, is the head of Poly Technologies, one of the country's largest military conglomerates, which has been the source of huge numbers of AK-47 clones in the United States and is reported to have supplied missiles to (among other nations) Iran and Iraq.

The people at Basic Books have declined to characterize Deng Maomao's advance, beyond describing it as "somewhat modest," but, as in Gingrich's case, the size of the advance really isn't the point. (Whatever the size, it is safe to assume that the author didn't earn it on the strength of such insights as her book's concluding "His smile transcends the range of time and space and is eternal.") No one is saying that Murdoch himself ordered the book's publication as part of a wider scheme; no one, at any rate, has proof or is ever likely to secure any. (Gingrich's agent, Lynn Chu, for her part, insisted in a recent piece in the *Wall Street Journal* that it was preposterous to allege that Murdoch personally had anything to do with the Speaker's book deal, either, pointing out that "as it happens, Mr. Murdoch was in China when his subsidiary, HarperCollins, bought the Gingrich book.")

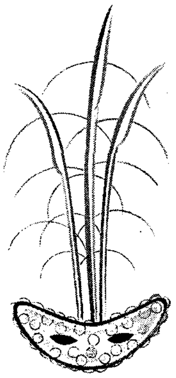
Industry insiders suspect that the purchase of the Deng biography arose as part of a normal acquisitions process but also note that Murdoch can hardly have been displeased—there's obviously little concern at HarperCollins under Murdoch over such blatant apparent conflicts of interest, and it's doubtful whether anyone got demoted over this one. "And anyway," a gimlet-eyed editor (and former Harperite) commented the other day, "what's the point of owning a multinational corporation if you can't ply it to your will?"

The Deng Maomao press release credits Deng Xiaoping with being "celebrated for reforming China's economy and bringing a more sophisticated, cosmopolitan sensibility" to the country's policies. "In many ways he has opened China to the West and the West to

ROSE KENNEDY

Remembering a New York Night

I MET Rose Kennedy at Truman Capote's celebrated Black & White Ball, held at the Plaza in 1966. Mrs. Kennedy loved parties, and so do I, and this was an occasion that neither of us would have missed for the world. The *Times* was less preoccupied then with mere social merriment than it is today. Nevertheless, it was beside itself with excitement over the ball: the morning after, it devoted seven columns to the event, printing the names of all the invited guests and providing its readers with several sizable photographs, including one of Mrs. Kennedy in a white Givenchy ball gown and a mask that, extending itself like a bird's wings several inches beyond each side of her face, leapt upward in an assortment of feathery plumes a foot or two above her head.



In extending invitations to the ball, which he was giving in honor of his friend Katharine Graham, Capote stipulated that men should wear dinner jackets with black masks and women should wear white masks with gowns either black or white. I bought a conventional domino in Times Square, for a dollar plus tax. Mrs. Kennedy was reported to have brought along several masks, "in case she changed her mind at the last minute," and it was reported further that the mask she ended up wearing had cost her only eighty-five dollars. (Other women's masks were surmised to have cost hundreds, or even thousands.)

The ball began at ten, and shortly after midnight a buffet supper was served. It was Capote, standing with Mrs. Graham in a receiving line at the entrance to the Plaza ballroom, who introduced me to Mrs. Kennedy. She was then seventy-six but looked perhaps twenty years younger. After a swing about the dance floor, Mrs. Kennedy and I sat down for a chat. We proved to have much in common besides our fondness for parties. We were Irish, and we had politics in our background: her father had been Mayor of Boston, my brother-in-law Mayor of Hartford. Moreover, my wife and I lived in Bronxville, where our seven children attended the public school, and it turned out that the Kennedy family had also lived in Bronxville, when the Kennedy children were young.

As happens at dances, our chat would be randomly interrupted by flurries of exchanged greetings when friends of hers and mine glided past the table. We would then pick up the thread of our conversation, which took a turn that sounds, as I set down the words nearly thirty years later, macabre. On the contrary, at the time it was a turn perfectly natural to Mrs. Kennedy and to me when, speaking parent to parent, she dwelt on the fact that my wife and I had had so many children, all of them blessedly alive, while of her even greater number of children so many were not. I was aware that she was able to make this comparison between our families not with the bitterness one might have expected, prompted by an outrageous and inconsolable loss, but with the confidence of a devout Catholic in a divine intention that would someday be made plain to her. Lacking that confidence, I could find little to say in response; reaching out, I patted her gloved hand. There we sat, her white-winged headdress and my black domino on the table between us, as the dancers swept by or stopped for a moment to embrace us. "Was there ever such a party?" they would ask. "Isn't it fantastic?" And so out onto the dance floor we two party-lovers made our way, leaving the masks behind.

—BRENDAN GILL

China," it states. In the wake of the concurrent Gingrich and Deng Maomao acquisitions, the question to ask may be whether Beijing is getting to be more and more like Washington or Washington more and more like Beijing, or whether they're both simply getting to be more and more like Perth.

L'ESPRIT DU BÉBÉ

CERTAIN sophisticated *parfumeurs*, having emptied the wallets of adult females and males and their teenage counterparts, appear to be eying even younger consumers: infants, fragrances for whom are the newest curiosities on the American toiletries market. Junior toiletries range from the very innocent (the classic Tinkerbell cologne) to the very chic (Petit Guerlain, the latest addition to the French perfume giant's extended family of scents). The list also includes Petit Ange, by Patricia de Nicolai, a descendant of Pierre Guerlain; Tartine et Chocolat, distributed by Parfums Givenchy; Jacadi (in two concentrations, "*l'eau des petits*" and "*l'eau des grands*"); and, courtesy of a Paris company called Shao Ko, an *eau de parfum* to honor each of the following characters—Babar, Celeste, Mickey, Minnie. And, as though feeling somewhat strange about the enterprise, public-relations officers (mostly American) at the various houses purveying fragrance to children (mostly French) come off sounding like editors of the Ripley's series—as in "Believe it or not, it's doing very well," or "Believe it or not, the sales staff at our boutiques say they love to wear it." Real proof of any retail phenomenon, however, is on the shelves. At the East Seventy-ninth Street branch of Cosmetics Plus, a month after the products' store début, the *haut-juvénile* toiletries rack was stripped nearly bare.

IMAGINING ARBUS

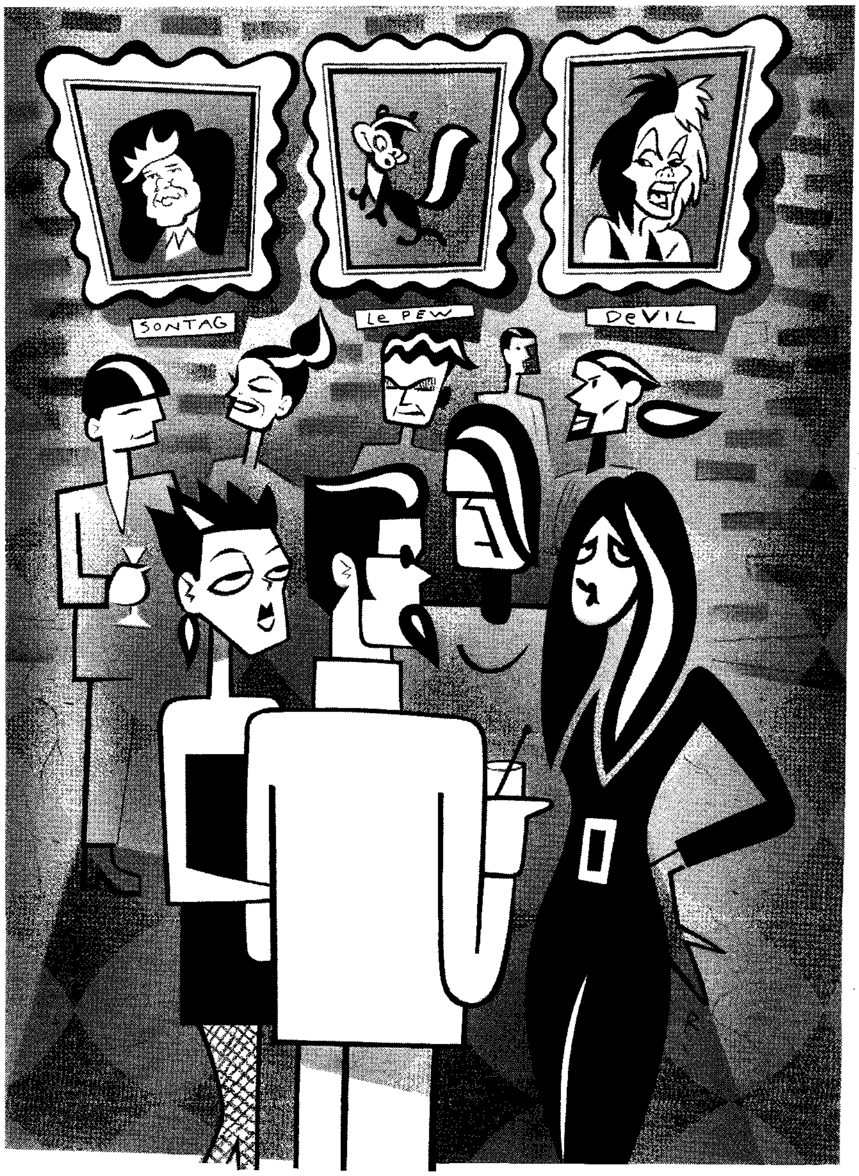
BEHIND the new production of Stuart Greenman's play "Silence, Cunning, Exile," which begins previews at the Public Theatre next week, there lurks, aptly enough, a controversy over appropriated images. Greenman's play is based loosely on the life of Diane Arbus, the photographer, whose unsettling portraits of freaks and misfits made her a cult figure and then, after her suicide, in 1971, a legend to a wider public. Specifically, the play was inspired by Greenman's reading Patricia Bosworth's biography of Arbus about ten years ago. "I was absolutely stunned by the mysteriousness of the central figure," Greenman, a gray-haired forty-five-year-old who resembles a mild-mannered Richard Dreyfuss (if you can imagine such a thing), said recently, during a break in rehearsals. "She was such a potent presence and such an unknowable, elusive presence. In her work, that was expressed quintessentially—the mystery of personality."

If Greenman was "stunned" by Bosworth's book, Bosworth was "surprised and upset" to learn of Greenman's play a year and a half ago, when she read a review of its première production in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Even before she requested a copy, she was certain that the play—despite its imaginary dialogue and the characters' made-up names—was drawn from her biography. The giveaway was the title, which is a phrase that a friend of Arbus's brought up in an interview with Bosworth. The friend was quoting James Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," in which Stephen Dedalus lists the survival strategies for an artist. Actually, although Bosworth was unaware of it, Arbus's friend was misquoting Joyce. The original phrase is "silence, exile, and cunning." Greenman says that he retained the transposition because he thought that it represented the progression of Arbus's life. It's hardly his most important borrowing from Bosworth—the key debt is his focus on the peculiarly intense relationship of Diane and her husband, Allan, with another couple—but the misquotation embosses the play, in a secret way, with Bosworth's watermark. She wanted the acknowledgment to be less subtle. "I don't own Arbus, I don't possess her," Bosworth said recently. "I know that. But I do feel possessive, because I have written the only full-length biography so far, and I felt that I deserved some sort of mention." She assigned the matter to a lawyer. When the lawyer's letter reached Greenman, he turned it over to *his* lawyer. They weren't sure what Bosworth wanted. Hoping that she wanted credit, not compensation, Greenman wrote an acknowledgment, which, he says, he wanted to write even before Bosworth spoke up. It reads, in part, "The playwright is grateful to Ms. Bosworth for the diligence, care, and human sympathy of her work." The statement will appear in the program and in any published edition of the play.

Greenman says he is happy with the outcome. Bosworth—whose book is being reissued by Norton, in paperback, the week after the play opens—says she is happy, too. So far, however, these two people who have devoted years of their lives to imagining what it was like to be Diane Arbus have not met, or even spoken on the phone. Greenman has invited Bosworth to attend the play. Bosworth says she has not yet decided whether she will.

SKUNKHEADS

THEY could be paying tongue-in-cheek homage to Pépé le Pew or kneeling at the foot of Susan Sontag's volcano. But more likely the arch youths who have been seen creeping into downtown clubs with hair dyed licorice black accented by one swath that is bleached dead white are trying to tap into Cruella De Vil's Technicolor wickedness. Cruella's obsession was to make a Dalmatian-skin coat to match her hair. Perhaps Village dog owners should start locking up their black-and-white pets.



PAPER CHASING

SANITATION POLICE OFFICER WILLIAM LUGO brought traffic on Second Avenue to a sudden halt around midnight a few nights ago as he ran red lights rushing to the aid of William Martinez, another sanitation cop.

"How much paper in the vehicle? Over," Officer Lugo squawked on his two-way radio as he flew across Lexington Avenue.

"Be advised, approximately three cubic yards. Over," Officer Martinez answered.

Martinez had just caught two men stealing bundled newspapers on Seventy-ninth Street between Park and Madison Avenues. Before the city decided to start arresting the paper thieves, about a month ago, a big day for Officers Lugo and Martinez consisted of haggling with a local merchant over whether he'd swept eighteen inches into the street, as the law requires. But with the cost of newsprint soaring—the Sanitation Department gets as much as sixty dollars a ton for the papers, whereas a year ago the department had to pay recyclers about twenty-five dollars a ton to take them off its hands—old newspapers have become a valuable commodity, and a vulnerable one. Thieves will cost the city around four and a half million dollars this year by beating the Sanitation Department to the papers on recycling days. The upside, though, is that now guys like Lugo and Martinez get to use their sirens and lights on a regular basis.

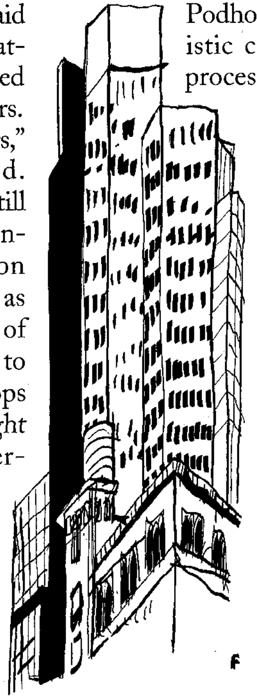
When the two officers met at the crime scene, however, it proved slightly anticlimactic: the perps, two college students trying to earn a little spare cash, at first seemed not to believe that the cops were serious. "I'm just paper-training Rottweilers," one of the students said insincerely, pointing to a beat-up Ford van, which was loaded with several tons of newspapers.

"You must have a lot of dogs," Officer Martinez observed.

The cops handcuffed the still disbelieving suspects and bundled them off to the station house. But, almost as soon as the party arrived, the thrill of making the arrest gave way to the sober reality that the cops would spend the rest of the night filling out forms and suffering the thinly veiled contempt of the desk sergeant.

"Turn him around and face him toward the wall," the sergeant ordered Officer Lugo, referring to the Rottweiler trainer, when he saw that the sanitation cops had little experience in processing an arrest. "I don't like him staring at me."

"You could do less time for a homicide," a cop who was sitting nearby and leafing through a newspaper noted dryly.



NORMAN PODHORETZ: LEAVING IT

NORMAN PODHORETZ has been infuriating people in print for over forty years, the last thirty-five of them as editor of *Commentary*, the monthly magazine of the American Jewish Committee. He recently announced that he will be stepping down in May, but the prospect clearly hasn't curbed his flair for the pronunciamento. In the course of a conversation last week in the living room of his Upper East Side apartment, which is dominated not by books but by stereo equipment, Podhoretz said, "I'm a strong defender of 'The Bell Curve.' I think 'The Bell Curve' has been subjected to the most vicious lynching of any book since 'Making It' "—his own 1968 memoir, which many of his colleagues denounced as a betrayal.

Podhoretz in the flesh has an avuncular mien and a soft-spoken manner. He's short and slightly thickset, with a high forehead, narrow eyes, and a snub nose. He looks a lot like another former friend, Israel's Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, who has not spoken to Podhoretz since he began a journalistic campaign against the peace process. Podhoretz's wife, Midge Decter, is a controversialist in her own right, who recently got into hot water for defending, in the pages of *Commentary*, the Christian Right from charges of anti-Semitism. Still, Decter does her best to protect her husband, even from himself. When Podhoretz ruefully remarked, "I must say, in looking back, I seem to have been a radioactive charge," Decter interrupted, saying, "That makes it sound as if all the traffic has gone in one direction. There were people who made *you* angry." Podhoretz agreed that he was more sinned against than sinning, and proudly added, "Mailer used to call me a counterpuncher, and a hanging judge."

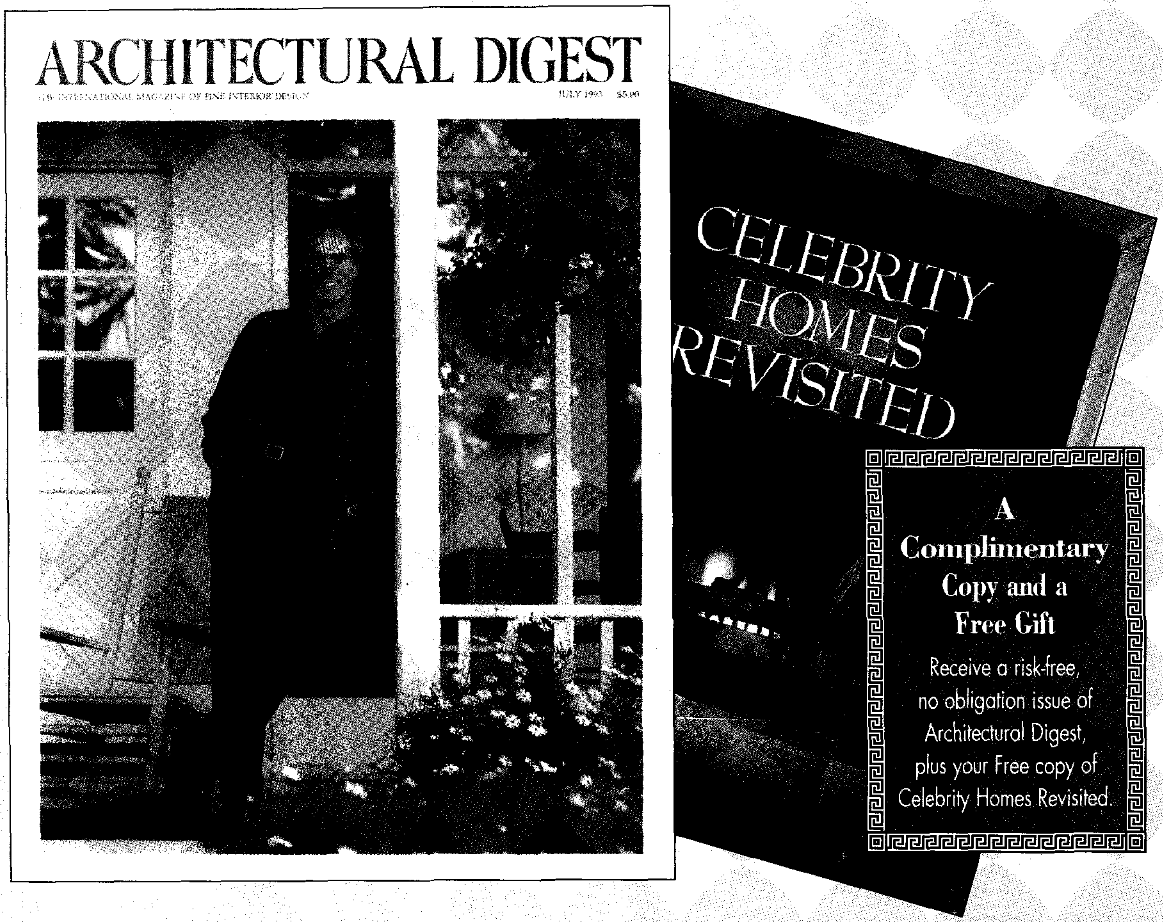
Podhoretz and Decter have wandered together across a great swath of ideological terrain. They began in the postwar anti-Communist Left, dabbled in radicalism of a somewhat indistinct stripe, turned against the New Left, and then began migrating rightward. This Long March has, in Podhoretz's accounting, an almost epic quality. "The moment when I finally stopped thinking of myself as a man of the Left—" Podhoretz said, and then turned to his wife to ask, "Was there a specific moment?"

"It was more like deciding to come clean," said Decter, not quite indulging her husband's melodrama. Yes, said Podhoretz—it was probably when he voted for Reagan. To this day, both remain registered Democrats, but Podhoretz said, without much enthusiasm, "I think I am going to register Republican finally."

Podhoretz comes from a generation that treated ideological labels with the utmost seriousness but counted party affiliations as almost beneath notice. At the moment, though, he is feeling thoroughly vindicated by the Republican landslide in November, which he describes in the current issue of *Commentary* as a "counterrevolution" against "the entrenched institutions of the welfare state and the moral legacy of the counterculture." He has become, he says, "a great fan" of Newt Gingrich, though he considers the Speaker's fascination with futurism and science fiction "foolish." As Podhoretz contemplates his new life, and a cozy fellowship from an unnamed think tank, he is luxuriating in the feeling, unavailable to leftists of all persuasions, that he is on the nation's wavelength.

Podhoretz's one vice, or so he said the other day, is the stereo system, with its amplifiers, sub-woofers, Jetsons-like speakers, and—oddly—turntable. Asked, as the conversation drew to a close, if he was one of those who thought that records produced a better sound than CDs, he looked up quickly and said, "I don't *think* so. I know it." ♦

This week's contributors: Lawrence Weschler, Julia Szabo, Arthur Lubow, Ralph Gardner, Jr., James Traub.


ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF FINE INTERIOR DESIGN
JULY 1993 $5.00
CELEBRITY HOMES REVISITED

A Complimentary Copy and a Free Gift

Receive a risk-free, no obligation issue of Architectural Digest, plus your Free copy of Celebrity Homes Revisited.

The People You Know, the Homes You've Dreamed of Seeing!

OFFERED TO YOU NOW AT OVER 50% OFF THE COVER PRICE.

SEND FOR YOUR COMPLIMENTARY ISSUE

Send for a risk-free, no-obligation issue of Architectural Digest. Enjoy the one and only magazine that takes you inside the luxurious homes of the world's most fascinating people. See how a vision can be transformed into a magnificent reality. Send for your Complimentary Copy today.

PLUS YOUR FREE BONUS!

Tour the homes of the stars in Celebrity Homes Revisited, your Free Gift just for responding to this offer!

WITH NO OBLIGATION!

If you are not delighted with Architectural Digest, just write "cancel" on your bill and return it to us. You won't owe us anything, and you can keep the issue and your Free Gift.

Enter your introductory subscription for 11 additional issues (12 in all) for just $29.95 by mailing the accompanying card today. (If card is missing, please write to... Architectural Digest, P.O. Box 59061, Boulder, CO 80322-9061.)

ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST

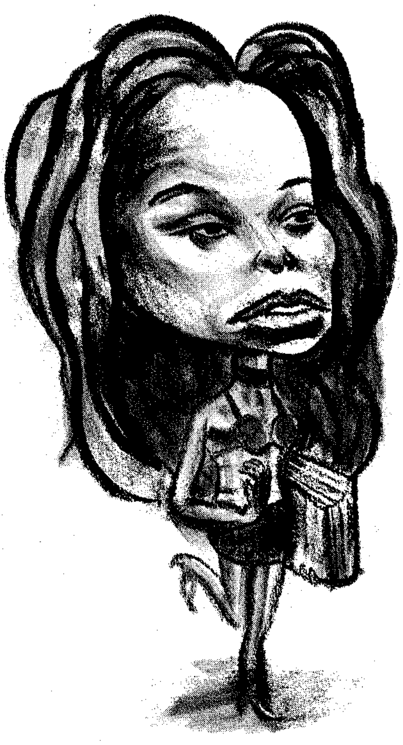
ANNALS OF LAW

BLAMING FAYE?

Faye Resnick says she wrote her tell-all best-seller to avenge Nicole Simpson's death, but she may have handed O. J. Simpson's team a potent defense.

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

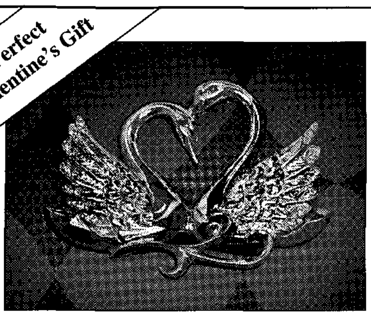
WHEN Johnnie L. Cochran, Jr., the defense attorney, faced the jury and began his opening statement on behalf of O. J. Simpson on January 25th, one of the great unanswered questions in the case hung in the air. In the more than seven months since the murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman, Simpson's lawyers had resolutely insisted, in court and through the news media, that their celebrated client had not committed the murders. But if Simpson didn't kill his ex-wife and her friend, who did?



Resnick: A witness too risky for the State to call.

Cochran offered tantalizing hints of what the defense theories might include, among them the notion that four men may have followed Goldman to the murder scene. A controversy over whether the prosecution had received adequate notice of defense witnesses caused a temporary halt in the trial. But before his opening was interrupted Cochran also said that there was a possible defense witness by the name of Faye Resnick, and that the evidence would show that on June 3rd of last year her longtime boyfriend, "because of her drug usage, because of the fact that she was freebasing cocaine, he put her out literally—they broke up. . . . When she was put out, on June 3rd . . . she then moved over and lived with Nicole Brown Simpson, because they were friends. They would go out at night. These were all friends. The evidence will be that these ladies would go out two, three, four nights a week and stay out till five o'clock in the morning. Nobody was controlling these women. There's a group of them, and you'll hear about it. They'd go out dancing, they'd do whatever they would do, and we know Faye Resnick was using drugs in this period of time. It got so bad . . . that . . . she goes into a drug-treatment facility on June 8th. She remains there, and she's there on June 12th. I think you'll hear from the evidence that she is one of the people who call Ms. Nicole Brown Simpson on the night of June 12th, perhaps after nine o'clock, that particular night, from this drug-treatment facility. We'll be talking about that and her role in this whole drama."

The defense, in other words, intends to put Faye Resnick in play on Simpson's behalf. Just how is not yet clear. Cochran has already tried to put Resnick and Nicole in a circle where anything could happen. The most compelling, if sinister, possibility is that the defense may suggest that Resnick's drug use had a role in Nicole's murder. Cochran's opening statement brings what may be the Simpson case's most bizarre sideshow back into the center ring. On October 17th of last year, in a blaze of publicity, the Beverly Hills publisher Dove released Resnick's book, "Nicole Brown Simpson: The



Perfect Valentine's Gift

Swans

Symbol of a Life-Long Romance

In swan lore, when two young swans pair, they swim to a secluded spot, touch forming a heart and become mated for life. Gliding dreamily across their imaginary pond, reflected light glitters in water droplets at wing tips represented by fourteen tiny diamonds.

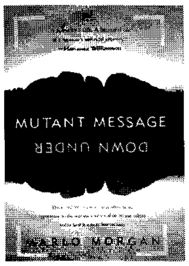
As a symbol of life long romance, the Cross Swan Pin is a deeply moving gift conveying the essence of that soul-felt bond of love between two people. With genuine ruby eyes, 14K yellow gold combination pin-pendant comes beautifully gift wrapped with the sentiments expressed by this piece on a small card tucked inside the velvet box. Shown actual size.

Swans Pin, ruby eyes, diamond wing tips **$485.00**
Swans Pin, ruby eyes, no diamonds **$325.00**

Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed

Mail or phone orders M-F 9am - 5pm **1-800-433-2988**
Postage Pd. Sent within 24 hours UPS Second Day Air
Visa, MasterCard or American Express
Free catalog, call or write

Cross Jewelers
Manufacturing Jewelers since 1908
570N Congress St. Portland, ME 04101 © 92



Recorded Books, Inc.
270 Skipjack Road • Prince Frederick, MD 20678-3410

Mutant Message Down Under
by Marlo Morgan

Unabridged on audiocassette. Over 1,000 titles to choose from—histories, mysteries, classics, sci-fi and more! Professionally performed by Broadway actors! Ask about easy rental by mail. Call now for a free brochure.

1-(800)-638-1304

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

Four Sisters Inns

ROMANTIC COUNTRY INNS
NAPA VALLEY • MONTEREY PENINSULA
SAN FRANCISCO • TELLURIDE, COLORADO
(800) 234-1425

"Private Diary of a Life Interrupted," and threw the case against Simpson into chaos. Resnick, who was perhaps Nicole's closest friend at the time of her death, asserts in the book that Simpson had long abused his ex-wife and was most assuredly guilty of killing her. The day after the book came out, Judge Lance A. Ito suspended jury selection. The firestorm immediately propelled Resnick's book to the No. 1 spot on the New York *Times* best-seller list, just ahead of Pope John Paul II's "Crossing the Threshold of Hope," which was published the same week.

The story of how "Private Diary" came to be written and published may be a lesson in the law of unintended consequences. Resnick called her book a tribute to her fallen friend, but in writing about her proximity to the murders—and about the life she led in the days before the crime—she may have provided O. J. Simpson with a legal lifeline. The story of her book, too, is a tale of the banality of the culture in which O.J. lived and Nicole died.

Before Cochran's opening statement, I met with Resnick at a place in Los Angeles that she insisted I keep secret. I learned that she has no regrets about the book. "I felt like Nicole was right there writing it," she told me. "You know, people are saying how can I do that to my best friend. My best friend wanted every single word of that to be put in. Every single word. When I went to see a psychic after she was murdered, the woman gave me a message from Nicole. . . . The psychic said, 'You will be writing a book. Nicole wants you to be faithful to your heart. She wants you to call it as you see it.' "

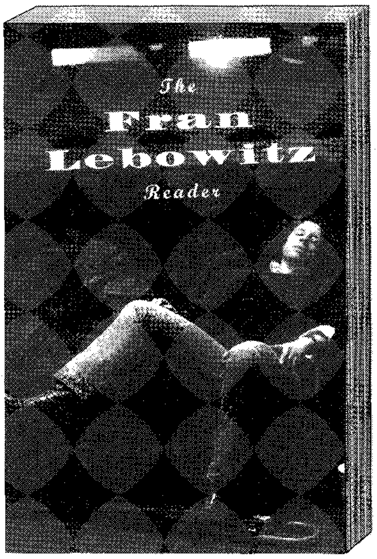
FAYE RESNICK is thirty-seven years old, a native Californian with a trim build and off-orange hair. When we met, she was wearing bangles on both arms and three rings on her left hand, including one on her thumb. As the wife of Paul Resnick, a wealthy Los Angeles businessman, from whom she is now divorced, she dabbled in charity projects and worked hard on her appearance. The milieu in which she and Nicole lived is neatly summarized in a single brief sentence in her book: "Almost every woman I know has had breast implants."

Resnick and Nicole met in 1990 and, she says, became close friends after she separated from Paul, in early 1991. (Faye has an eleven-year-old daughter, from the second of three marriages.) According to the records of her divorce, which are on file in Los Angeles Superior Court, she received a settlement of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars and a 1984 Mercedes 380 SL from Paul Resnick. From the life described in "Private Diary," it is easy to see how Faye might have used that money, with all the dinners at Toscana, dancing at The Gate, and vacations at "our favorite getaway," Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. As for employment, Resnick says she sometimes worked in the office of a chiropractor named Christian Reichardt, the boyfriend who put her out in June.

Resnick became friendly with O.J., too, as he and Nicole pursued their on-again, off-again relationship in 1993 and 1994. Now, however, she evinces nothing but venom for him, and is scathing even about a video they planned to do together. "It was about jet lag—what O. J. Simpson does to get over jet lag," she told me. "Well, what O. J. Simpson does is none of the things that he printed. . . . 'Oh, well, I drink this amount of water. I go and work on my Port-a-Gym, and I do this and I do that.' Not true! That's bullshit! But that's typical, also." Resnick also now regards Simpson as a bad father. "You would go to their house, and the children were not able to play in the house, because they didn't want him listening to the sounds of the high voices," Resnick told me, adding that the kids were not even allowed in the kitchen at certain times, because O.J. and his housekeeper couldn't stand the mess they would make. "O.J.'s a double Cancer, I'm a double Cancer. I get it—I don't like messes—but kids are kids." In her book Resnick implicitly blames the stress of mediating between O.J. and Nicole for the recurrence of her own drug problem. Over the past eight years, she has twice done stints at the Betty Ford Center, and in June of last year, the week before Nicole's murder, she did check into the Exodus Recovery Center, in Marina del Rey.

Shortly after the murders, Resnick said, she began to fear that she would

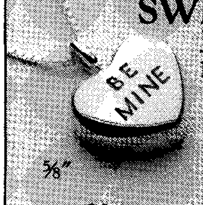
"The funniest woman in America."
—Edmund White, *Washington Post*



Her two bestsellers, *Metropolitan Life* and *Social Studies*, now in one great volume
With a new preface by the author.
Now in paperback • At bookstores everywhere
Vintage Books

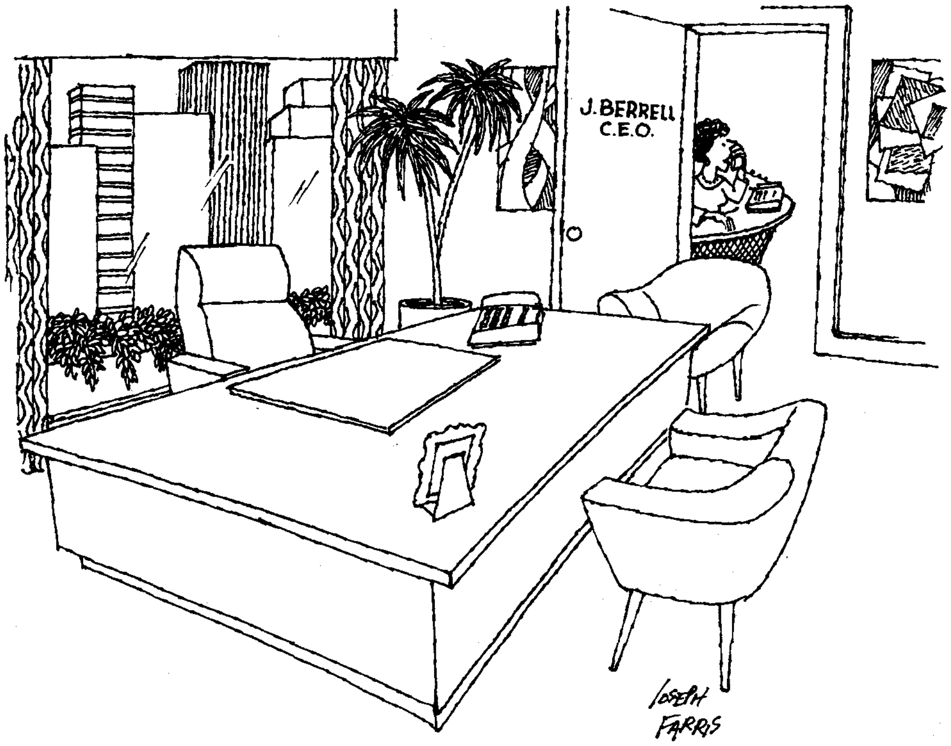
UNDISCOVERED
SPAIN
1-800-227-7889
- SMALL GROUPS
- GOURMET FOOD
- GREAT GUIDES

BACKROADS INTERNATIONAL
New Orleans LA 70130



SWEET HEART
James Breakell's pretty pendant with 18" chain.
Sterling silver $30.
14 karat gold $195.
Add $3.50 handling.
Call for catalog.
800-767-6411
J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St, Dept NYSH, Newport, RI 02840

HOTEL
DE LA POSTE
THE HEART OF THE FRENCH QUARTER
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
Brochure & Reservations: 800.448.4927



"I'm sorry, but Mr. Berrell is in Port St. Lucie trying out for the Mets."

• •

be killed by O.J.'s loyalists. "Once Nicole was murdered, the next day the defense team started trying to make out it was my fault," she told me. Friends called her, she said, to report that Robert Kardashian, a close friend of O.J.'s, was spreading the word that the killing was the result of a drug deal involving her and Nicole. "It's really—you know, it sounds dramatic, but I can't tell you how real it was to me: because I had proof of premeditation, I would probably be killed," she said. As a result, she moved out of her house. "I don't live anywhere, actually. I live in hotels," she said. "I don't have the opportunity to see my child very much, because I'm rarely in Los Angeles, because I'm too afraid to be here. When I do have my child with me, I'm afraid for her. My life has changed dramatically. I have no life anymore—this is my life."

WITHIN a week or so of the murders, Resnick reported her mounting fears to Arthur Barens, a lawyer whom she knew through fund-raising efforts for the Beverly Hills school system. Barens works in a small office building nestled on a busy strip of Santa Monica Boulevard. When he described Resnick's visit, we were sitting in his office, watched over by a portrait of Winston Churchill and a mounted impala head (a gift from a client who hunts). Barens helped Resnick through her first meetings with the prosecutors in the case, and as they talked further, at other meetings, the idea of a book came to the surface. "The book idea got started because she wanted to do something to be of service to the Simpson children and battered women," Barens said. "She told me at the same time that she had maintained a diary about what was going on between O.J. and Nicole. She was afraid for her well-being. I told her, for her safety, to record on tape what she remembered." Resnick made some recordings and gave them to Barens. Barens might have protected Resnick's safety merely by placing her tapes in a safe-deposit box; rather, he turned to Warren Cowan, a public-relations executive, for advice on how to make use of them.

I asked Barens whether he thought it was a good idea for a material witness to write a book in the middle of a pending investigation.

"I am not one to judge the propriety of anyone in our society," he said. "I'm just an advocate."

Cowan put Barens in touch with his client Michael Viner, a former music-and-record executive, who founded Dove more than nine years ago with his wife, the actress Deborah Raffin. Viner, who is fifty, has a beard and a distant, knowing smile. We talked in his elegant Beverly Hills office as his pet Yorkies, Crillon and Petunia, scampered over the blond-wood furniture and me. "I had an uncle who was severely handicapped, and I started buying books on tape for him, but I noticed that nothing by Sidney Sheldon was available, and that I could have the rights to Sidney's work for only a thousand dollars," Viner said. "I thought there was a business here. As it turned out, around this time I won eight thousand dollars playing backgammon with Sidney, and he paid me, and with that money we started this company." Dove's revenues now exceed twelve million dollars a year, and the company has just gone public.

"Warren came to me with these tapes of Faye," Viner said. "They thought it might be an audiotape, but I, of course, saw it as a book, not just an audio." Viner quickly signed Resnick to a six-figure advance and then looked for a collaborator for her. "I knew Mike Walker in passing, and I had seen him on 'Nightline' and 'Larry King Live,'" Viner explained. "And I sought him out." (As it happened, I had been on those programs with Walker, who works for the *National Enquirer*, and we had debated the propriety of tabloids' paying for interviews with witnesses in criminal cases; he was pro, I con.)

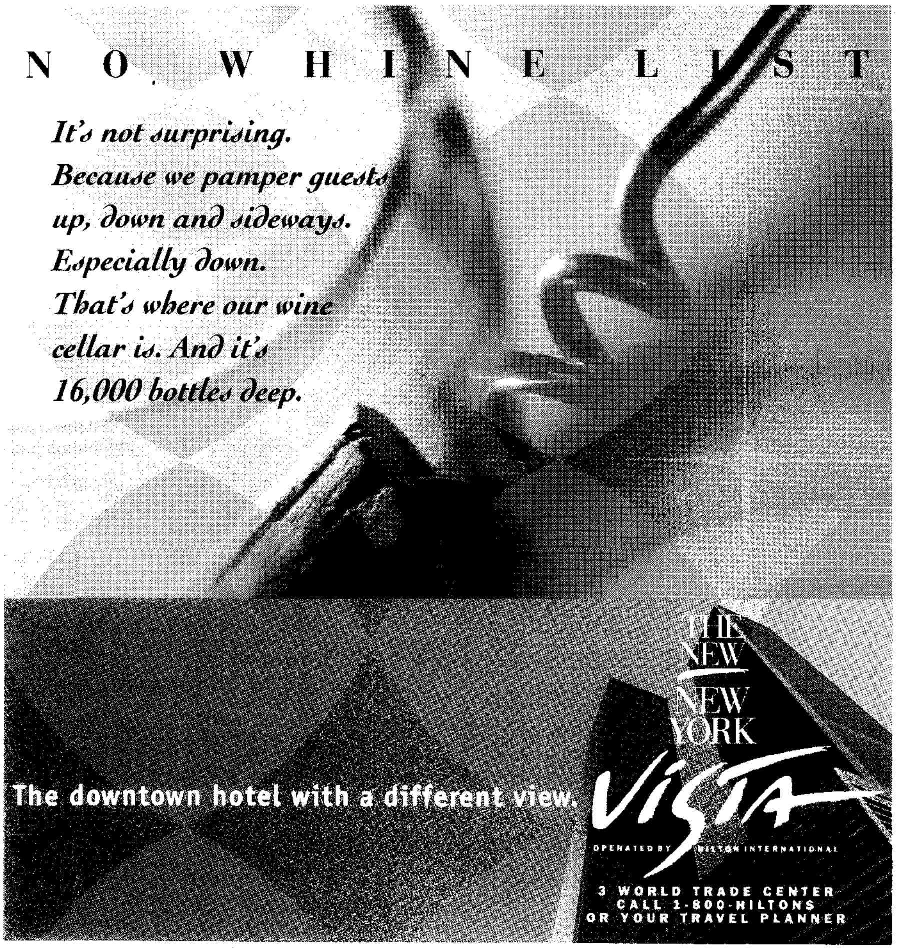
I asked Viner whether he thought that publishing a book might interfere with the investigation of the case.

"The purpose of the book was to balance the record—to counter the media blitz of Shapiro, Dershowitz, and Cochran," he said. "In any event, my sense at the time was, and still is, that there might be a plea bargain."

Mike Walker is one of the few larger-than-life figures remaining in American tabloid journalism. He is the gossip editor and writes a column for the *Enquirer*, where he has worked for twenty-four years, and is on his way to becoming a one-man media conglomerate. In addition to his work for the supermarket tabloid, he is the host of a syndicated daily radio talk show, and is starting a television program. His snowy hair and beery gut have become talk-show staples. Currently, he is providing analysis for the E! Entertainment Television network's live coverage of the Simpson case. (For her part, Resnick will be commenting on the case for "Hard Copy.")

Shortly after the contracts were signed, Viner sent Walker and Resnick to a ski chalet he owns in Stowe, Vermont, where he gave them three and a half weeks to produce a manuscript, in secrecy. As Walker told me over lunch in New York, his boss at the *Enquirer*, Iain Calder, had only one request of his employee. "He said, 'Great, wonderful, sounds very exciting. However, you will give me one page-one out of this.' " The *Enquirer* story, published over the summer, said little more than that Walker had found the elusive Resnick and that she had a dramatic tale to tell. The story was spiced with a photograph of Resnick and Walker holding a copy of the *Times*—an authenticating touch that, according to Walker, was Calder's idea. "It was a throwback to the old days when people wouldn't believe anything we said," Walker told me. As for the situation in Stowe, Walker said he feared that other reporters would arrive at any moment. "I said to Faye, 'You will never use a credit card again—never.' She said, 'Why?' I said, 'Honey, they'll be here in about eighteen hours if we continue like this.' Faye was so paranoid. She was so sincerely afraid that she was going to be killed." But Walker told her not to worry: "I told her, 'Robert Shapiro's worst nightmare is that you and I are found dead somewhere.' " (To this day, there appears to be no credible evidence that Resnick had any need to fear for her life; her continuing insistence on secret meetings seems to stem largely from a taste for self-dramatization.)

Walker brought computers, printers, and a battery of secretaries to Stowe so that he and Resnick could work around

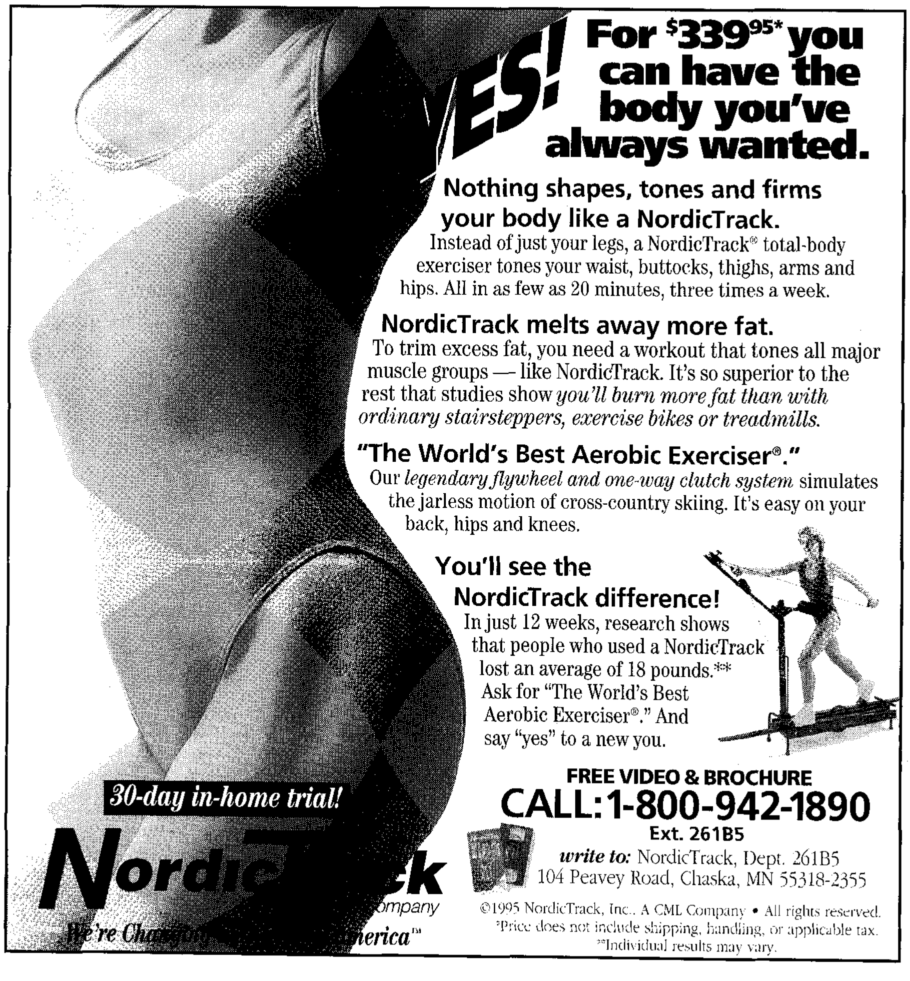

N O. W H I N E L I S T

*It's not surprising.
Because we pamper guests
up, down and sideways.
Especially down.
That's where our wine
cellar is. And it's
16,000 bottles deep.*

The downtown hotel with a different view.

THE NEW NEW YORK
VISTA
OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

3 WORLD TRADE CENTER
CALL 1-800-HILTONS
OR YOUR TRAVEL PLANNER


YES! For $339^95* you can have the body you've always wanted.

Nothing shapes, tones and firms your body like a NordicTrack.
Instead of just your legs, a NordicTrack® total-body exerciser tones your waist, buttocks, thighs, arms and hips. All in as few as 20 minutes, three times a week.

NordicTrack melts away more fat.
To trim excess fat, you need a workout that tones all major muscle groups — like NordicTrack. It's so superior to the rest that studies show *you'll burn more fat than with ordinary stairsteppers, exercise bikes or treadmills.*

"The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser®."
Our *legendary flywheel and one-way clutch system* simulates the jarless motion of cross-country skiing. It's easy on your back, hips and knees.

You'll see the NordicTrack difference!
In just 12 weeks, research shows that people who used a NordicTrack lost an average of 18 pounds.** Ask for "The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser®." And say "yes" to a new you.

30-day in-home trial!

FREE VIDEO & BROCHURE
CALL: 1-800-942-1890
Ext. 261B5
write to: NordicTrack, Dept. 261B5
104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318-2355

©1995 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.
*Price does not include shipping, handling, or applicable tax.
**Individual results may vary.

World Class Bird Feeding

8-1/2 FEET TALL!
© 1994 TBSC

- Beautiful copper feeders
- Lowers safely & easily
- Holds up to 30 lbs. of seed
- *Guaranteed* squirrel-proof
- Comes with free-standing base

Call toll-free: 1-800-BIRDS-FLY

THE BACKYARD SANCTUARY CO.
550 Warren Street • P.O. Box 307,
Dept. 130 • Hudson, NY 12534

Pity the Pickpockets!

Tilley Endurables

Smart-looking, classically styled, comfortable, *"endurable"* **travel clothing.** ***SECRET pockets, SECURITY pockets,*** and ***"Give 'em hell!"*** washing instructions. And, of course, the 'Tilley'—the best outdoor hat in the world.

THE FREE CATALOGUE IS A HOOT!

1-800-884-7081

300 LANGNER RD., WEST SENECA, NY 14224

VISIT OUR STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER

We do not solicit the patronage of those who *make* or *promote* tobacco products.

"Winter Wonderland" takes on a whole new meaning.

For a different experience this winter, discover the Brazilian Court hotel in sunny Palm Beach, Florida. Luxurious, unique and intimate, the Brazilian Court offers discerning vacationers the winter getaway of a lifetime. Call us today for more information: 1-800-552-0335.

Brazilian Court
PALM BEACH
1926

HISTORIC HOTELS of AMERICA

A Grand Heritage Hotel
301 Australian Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida, 33480 (407) 655-7740
For information on other Grand Heritage Hotels, call 1-800-HERITAGE.

personal insights on
Türkiye
Yacht cruises & tours of Turkey
Recommended by NY Times & Fodor
Club Voyages / 908-291-8228

PARIS NOTES
The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris
A fine way to stay in touch with the world's favorite city.

History, Culture, Art, Trends, Books, Current Events, People, Fun Facts, Travel and Language Tips, and More.

$36 per year (10x). Sample copy $6. Cheques only.
PO Box 3668, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(310) 545-2735 • Full money back guarantee!

the clock. The partnership had its strains. Walker told me, "At one point, I telephoned Viner and said, 'Look, this woman is driving me nuts. She wants cappuccino.' The next day, a cappuccino machine arrived by Federal Express." Ultimately, however, the pair produced a completed manuscript. Walker went on, "Practically my opening line to her was 'Do you have any nude pictures anywhere in existence?' She almost jumped out of her skin. She said, 'What?' I said, 'Faye, you better get used to this. Before this is finished, I'm going to know you better than anyone has ever known you. You are going to tell me everything. You are not going to tell me what you think I want to hear. You are not going to color anything, sensationalize anything. You leave the color to Mr. Writer, here.' "

The result was plenty of color, which apparently was part of Resnick's plan for the book. "If you look at the book, because it's written in such a light way, you don't really understand the psychology under it, beneath it all. But there's a lot," Resnick explained. "If you look at the people that are abused, a lot of them are not readers. A lot of them will not pick up a book on spousal abuse, that's for sure. But what they will pick up is a book on sex, drugs, rock and roll." I asked her if she had any literary influences. "I wasn't inspired by a book to do this," she said. "The movie that inspired me was 'The Pelican Brief.' " Resnick and Walker's portrait of Nicole presents a brainless, sex-obsessed young woman, whose banality is exceeded only by that of her ex-husband. The authors seem to have felt no inclination to spare Nicole's family any of the sordid details of her brief life. I asked Walker why, for example, he felt it necessary for the book to recount Nicole's supposed enthusiasm for fellatio with virtual strangers.

"You could have left out a few things," he said. "But my training is to write stories that grab you by the throat."

SHORTLY before the opening statements, prosecutors in the Simpson case announced that Resnick was not on their witness list. That they would forgo her testimony reveals just what the prosecutors must have believed that a jury would think of her. In the book, Resnick quotes Simpson as saying such things as "I can't take this, Faye, I can't take this. I mean it. *I'll kill that bitch.*" If she had simply come forward with such evidence as a witness, of course, and eschewed writing the book, the jury might be hearing that crucial testimony as the trial begins. Instead, she has become such a liability that the government evidently feels it is better to drop the evidence altogether than to ally itself with Faye Resnick.

Indeed, as Cochran's opening statement illustrates, Resnick seems poised to emerge at the trial as an arrow in the defense's quiver. There is a macabre beauty to the defense strategy. Sophisticated lawyers like Simpson's know that they must tread lightly in discussing the character of murder victims. To suggest to a jury—especially a jury that includes eight women—that Nicole in any way brought about her own death risks a backlash of sympathy. But blaming Resnick for prompting the murders, particularly since she had lived at the murder scene, reduces that chance. A blame-the-victim's-friends strategy might well be far more palatable for the jury.

Given Cochran's opening, one can now imagine the defense's dramatic decision to call Resnick to the stand, and even how its examination of Resnick might unfold. She would be the defense's witness, but, because she would be undoubtedly a hostile one, an attorney would question her in cross-examination style. Resnick's book would be the defense's road map; that is, one of the attorneys would begin by merely asking Resnick to acknowledge what she said in her book—that she and Nicole were close friends, and that shortly before the murders Faye had stayed with Nicole at the town house on Bundy, the scene of the crime. The scenario could go like this:

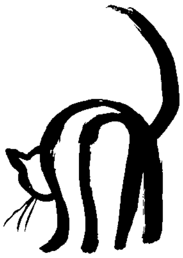
Where were you on the night that Nicole Brown Simpson was killed at that house?

In an in-patient drug-treatment program. (It's on page 222 of her book.)

In fact, Ms. Resnick, is it not true that you checked into that facility just four days before the murders?

That is true. (Page 216.)

So, Ms. Resnick, your drug usage was at its heaviest just before Nicole was killed, correct? And you were living with Nicole when you were using drugs, right? You were using drugs in her house, true? In other words, Ms. Resnick, you spent most of the time leading up to this crime in a drugged state in the very place where this crime was committed? (In case the jury did not find Resnick unreliable enough at this point, the defense might suggest, for good measure, that all this drug activity took place in the presence of the defendant's children. Planting that idea might even help explain away some of the evidence about domestic violence which the Judge has allowed to be introduced. O.J. wasn't stalking Nicole, the defense would suggest, but was merely coming to talk to her or perhaps checking to see that drug dealers weren't around the house.)



The beauty of such a strategy is that, as in all good cross-examination, the answers to the questions almost don't matter. If Resnick acknowledged using drugs in Nicole's house, it would create the impression of the murder scene as a seedy drug den—the kind of place where anything was possible. But, if Resnick denied drug use, how credible would that be? If she wasn't heavily into drugs, why had she checked herself into rehab?

The best part of the defense's examination would be still to come. Big pause before this question: Ms. Resnick, who supplied you with drugs? The theme is one that could be explored almost endlessly: How much did you pay for drugs? Where did you get the money to pay for drugs? Did you pay in cash? Where did these transactions take place? Where were the drugs delivered? Who delivered them? Did you ever have drugs delivered at Nicole's house, the place where she was killed? Did you ever have trouble meeting your bills from your drug dealers? Did you ever borrow money to buy drugs? From whom did you borrow money? How much? When? Where? Another pause: What happens, Ms. Resnick, to people who have trouble paying their debts to their drug dealers?

Again, the answers are almost irrelevant. If Resnick actually answered these questions, it would give the defense attorneys many opportunities to muddy the waters. They might seek to subpoena the drug dealers and anyone else she named. If, as is likely, those people couldn't be found, so much the better. The jury would be left to wonder who those mysterious people were. On the other hand, Resnick might simply take the Fifth Amendment and refuse to answer questions about her drug use and her drug purchases. Her activities were certainly illegal, and she would have the constitutional right not to incriminate herself in sworn testimony. But what could be better for the defense than Resnick's taking the Fifth in front of the jury? Tantalizing silence from Resnick in response to questions about drugs would allow the defense to conjure any number of sinister scenarios involving debts, knives, and murder.

Of course, a blaming-Faye strategy might well be nothing more than an especially fragrant red herring. As the prosecutors Christopher Darden and Marcia Clark made clear in their opening statements, Simpson's lawyers will have their hands full refuting a mountain of circumstantial evidence that it was O. J. Simpson, not some mysterious drug dealer, who killed Nicole Simpson and Ronald Goldman. But if, as many suspect, this is a jury that will be looking for reasons to believe the handsome defendant—or to find reasonable doubt of his guilt, at least—then Faye Resnick may turn out to be the answer to O.J.'s dreams. If Simpson is acquitted, Resnick has provided some consolation for the Brown family. Faye and her publisher say they have given ten thousand dollars in proceeds from the book to the Nicole Brown Simpson Foundation, with instructions that it be used to benefit Nicole and O.J.'s two children. A spokeswoman for the foundation says, "No money has ever been received by the Brown family from Faye Resnick or any of her agents or publishers for Nicole's children." In the event that it is, Resnick and Dove's largesse works out to about one cent for each of the million-odd copies in print. ♦

OXFORD UNIVERSITY
Cambridge University
EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY
University of Heidelberg
University of Bologna
UNIVERSITY OF PARIS-SORBONNE
HARVARD

Live and dine during one and two week literature, history and art programmes at the world's great universities.

CALL TOLL FREE FOR
COLOUR BROCHURE
1-800-792-0100

University Vacations
10461 NW 26th Street, Miami, FL 33172

Donate your body to science!

Join an Earthwatch expedition to preserve black rhinos in Zimbabwe, study dolphin communication in Hawaii, document the folklore of Old Russia . . . 150 renowned scientists need your help on two week field research expeditions around the world. Tax-deductible contributions support research and cover expenses.

EARTHWATCH
a nonprofit founded in 1972

(800)776-0188 • info@earthwatch.org

AQUARIUS
Porcelain bust imported from Spain
Exquisitely costumed, 6" tall
$39.50, plus $4.50 s&h
(Florida residents add 6% sales tax)
All astrological signs available
***
BBS (Americas) Export Corp.
14812 N. Florida / Tampa, FL 33613
1-800-248-3777
"Your Satisfaction Guaranteed"

Canoe Canada's Arctic

Fly-in canoe trips into the heart of North America's last great wilderness - the tundra and taiga of Canada's Northwest Territories. Photograph caribou, wolves, muskox, moose, grizzlies, rich birdlife. Virgin fishing. 7 - 19 days. Wildlife biologist guide. Operating since 1974.

Brochure: CANOE ARCTIC INC. Box 130AK, Fort Smith, N.W.T., Canada X0E 0P0 (403)872-2308

ADIRONDACK ESCAPES

THE POINT

"#1 RESORT IN THE U.S."

". . . formerly the lodge of the Rockefellers; 'there are not enough superlatives' to describe this 'fantastic hideaway' located on Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, a 'serene' wilderness lodge offering uncommon luxury; it's a 'very special, one-of-a-kind retreat' . . ."

ZAGAT SURVEY

The Point - private, romantic and eminently civilized.
Member Relais & Chateaux.
$775 - $1025 per night, all inclusive.
800-255-3530, HCR 1, Box 65, Saranac Lake, NY 12983

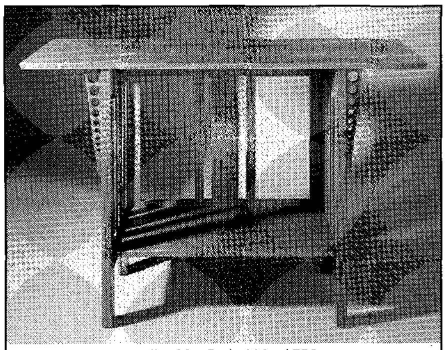
LAKE PLACID LODGE

"PERFECT PEACE"

". . . 22 rooms with that distinct Adirondack spirit. Cedar twigwork by local craftsmen, Native American throw rugs, and carefully chosen paintings by regional artists create a surprising air of elegance."

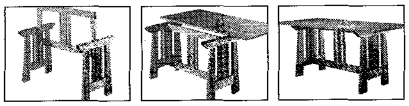
TRAVEL & LEISURE

Lake Placid Lodge - sumptuously rustic and romantic, crackling fires and deep soaking tubs, exceptional French-American cuisine, sparkling vistas of snow-covered peaks.
Writer's Workshop March 7, 8, 9
with Chris Shaw, Bill McKibben, Sue Halpern.
$150 - $400 per couple, European plan.
518-523-2700, P.O. Box 550, Lake Placid, NY 12946



Hall Table, Corbubble, $750

GREEN DESIGN
FURNITURE Cº
267 COMMERCIAL STREET
PORTLAND, MAINE 04101
(207)775-4234 FAX (207)773-3320
Call for a brochure or visit our showroom



The New Architecture of Furniture Design®

RAVEN MAPS & IMAGES
"World's most beautiful maps"
—*Wall Street Journal*
Free Catalog (800) 237-0798
Box 850, Medford, OR 97501

Polar Bears
Visit Canada's Hudson Bay & see the bears close-up from Tundra Buggies® or the Polar Bear Bunkhouse Lodge.
Oct & Nov, 1995
TravelWild® International 800-368-0077
PO Box 1637P, Vashon, WA 98070
NY01

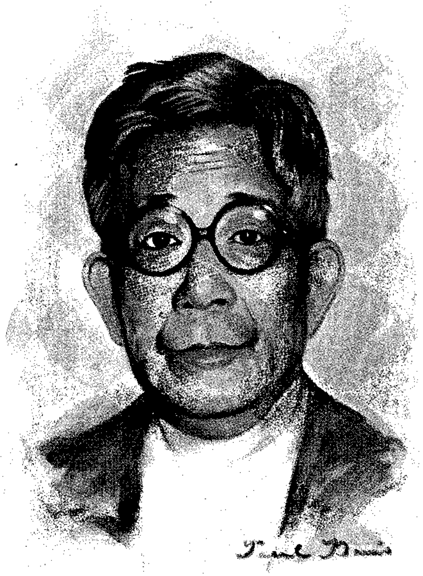
STATES OF MIND

READING JAPAN

Kenzaburo Oe is the last of Japan's politically engaged postwar writers—but the reasons for his surprise Nobel-ceremony announcement are personal.

BY DAVID REMNICK

WHEN the Japanese novelist Kenzaburo Oe was in Stockholm to collect the Nobel Prize in Literature in December, he told all who would listen that he would now withdraw from the arena of his success. Over and over, he told his polite audiences and interviewers, "I am going to stop writing fiction." It was such a queer statement, and delivered with such calm and good cheer, that no one seemed to believe it. Oe is just sixty years old, in good health, and recognized as the leading writer of Japanese prose. The prize has accelerated sales of his books in Japan, and sent his foreign publishers racing to translate more of his novels and stories. Oe is neither tired nor depressed. He has never felt more at peace. His decision is more one of closure than of crisis. He is quitting fiction, he says, because the mission he set for himself thirty-one years ago—to speak somehow for his severely brain-damaged son, Hikari—is no longer necessary. Hikari, who suffers seizures, rarely speaks, and must be cared for at all times, has found his voice. He has composed some remarkable music for piano and flute—"like dew glittering on grass leaves" is how his father describes it—and has recently issued his second compact disk, "The Music of Hikari Oe, 2."



Kenzaburo Oe: "There is not much of a Western desire to understand the people who make all those Hondas."

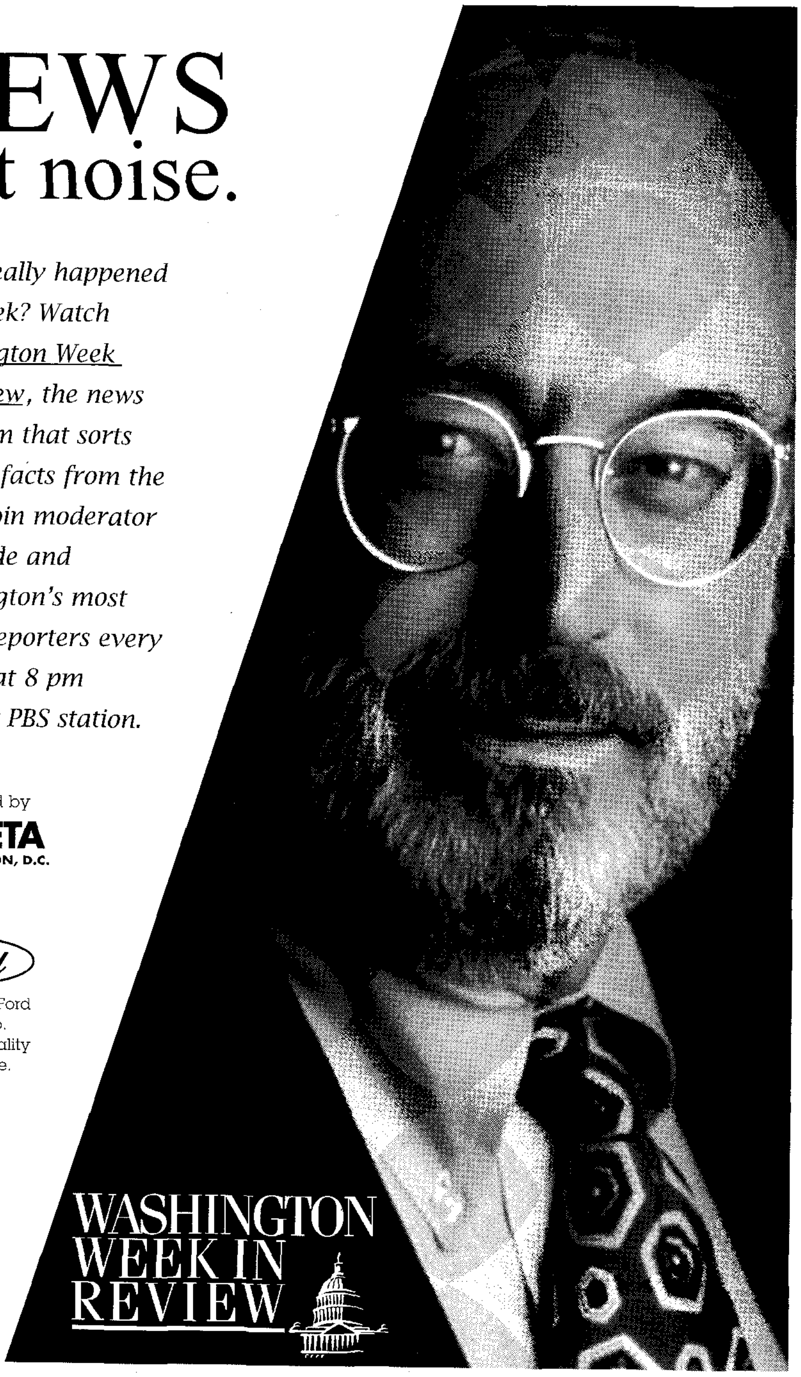
"Sometimes my son thinks it is he who has won the Nobel Prize!" Oe said, delight creasing his face. "When journalists come to my house in Tokyo, they see him first and say 'Congratulations!' Also, Hikari has just put out this new music, and so, in a way, he *has* won the prize. My own work"—including the novels "A Personal Matter" and "The Pinch Runner Memorandum"—"is based on our life together, the communion with my son. So, if he thinks he has won, then he is right. It's amazing to me that this boy, with such a profound handicap of the brain, can continue to deepen his music. For a long time, I felt that it was my role to express things for him, but now he can do it on his own. It turns out that I overestimated my role."

In the near future, Oe plans to care for his son—Hikari, thirty-one, is the oldest of three children—and turn to study. In 1996, he may be resident at Princeton University. "I intend to read for three or four or five years and, if possible, discover a new style for my literature," he said. "I do not yet have a definite conception of my literary future, the new form, the new types. But I do hope to write for children—or, at least, I hope the new style will be such that even children can appreciate it. I will write for children and for desperate old men—men like me."

Winning a Nobel Prize means, among other things, a pleasant stay of about a week at the Grand Hotel in Stockholm and a flurry of ceremonies, congratulations, and requests. (It also means nine hundred and thirty thousand dollars.) Oe fulfilled his duties with unflagging charm. When he was asked by an obnoxious television anchor to "look into the camera when I go like *this*, and say, 'Tonight! At quarter to eleven!,' " Oe did what he was told. Although he admits to having slugged writers in bar fights ("But just two in thirty-six years! Not too bad!"), he is a gracious man of good humor, joking with fellow-Nobelists in Japanese, English, and French. Oe's work is often elusive, difficult, and dark, but there is nothing forbidding about his physical presence. He wears funky, wheel-like glasses and has a spiky haircut. His fabulous ears flare out magnificently, as if to catch the wind.

As we sat talking in Oe's suite at the Grand Hotel one morning, his wife, Yukari, tended to Hikari, washing his face with a cloth, helping him on with a jacket. In the novel "A Personal Matter" Oe writes that his handicapped son soon began to resemble him, and while Hikari does look a bit like his father, he still bears the marks of his condition at birth: crossed eyes, a misshapen skull. Hikari (the name means "light") is an adult, but the level of his speech, his father says, is as simple as that of a three-year-old child and does not improve. He suffers from epileptic fits. His eyesight is weak. He has trouble walking sometimes. As Oe spoke, he kept glancing across the room at his son and interrupting his thoughts to get up and help him. Like his wife, Oe is a completely devoted parent, and a grateful one: Hikari "illuminated the dark, deep folds of my consciousness," he has said. Hikari saved his life.

KENZABURO OE was born in 1935 in Ose, a mountain village on the island of Shikoku; the village was long ago annexed to another town and erased from the map. When Oe was six, the war in the Pacific began. He lost his father and his grandmother. His first major story, "Prize Stock," recounts the war years in a mythologized, almost primeval Japanese village, and the atmosphere is of an Eden disrupted by the shattering sight of a captured American aviator. "To us the black soldier was a rare and wonderful domestic animal, an animal of genius," Oe wrote. "How can I describe how much we loved him, or the blazing sun above our wet, heavy skin



NEWS
not noise.

What really happened this week? Watch Washington Week In Review, the news program that sorts out the facts from the fluff. Join moderator Ken Bode and Washington's most savvy reporters every Friday at 8 pm on your PBS station.

Produced by
WETA
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Ford

Funded by Ford Motor Co.
At Ford, Quality is Job One.

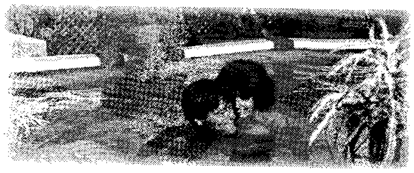
WASHINGTON WEEK IN REVIEW

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only **22 pounds**. You can buy more than a canoe.
606-986-2336

Chocolate
of the Month Club
Call 1-800-901-9910

A monthly adventure in world class gourmet chocolates.
Chocolate Indulgence

You can't live on dreams.
But you can visit them...



...at Cobblers Cove. A member of the exclusive Relais & Chateaux, Cobblers Cove brings back all the charm of an English country house.

Its elegantly casual atmosphere and award-winning cuisine are just over two hours away when you fly British Airways Concorde from New York this winter.

Make your dreams come true.

For information or reservations call:
1 800 890 6060

COBBLERS COVE
BARBADOS

RELAIS & CHATEAUX

that distant, splendid summer afternoon, the deep shadows on the cobblestones, the smell of the children and the black soldier, the voices hoarse with happiness, how can I convey the repletion and rhythm of it all?" The tone is of a lost world—a world of isolation and simplicity that was, in fact, gone forever by the end of the war. When he was eighteen, Oe took his first train trip, a journey to Tokyo, where he would begin his life as a student and as a writer. Oe wrote his first stories while he was studying French literature at Tokyo University and rose quickly to fame around the time of his graduation, after winning the Akutagawa Prize for "Prize Stock" in 1958. That year, he also published his first novel, "Nip the Buds, Gun the Kids," about the wartime evacuation of fifteen reform-school boys to a village much like Ose. Oe could not have launched his career with greater speed or notice.

"In the beginning, I was a happy enough writer," he said, in clear but hesitant English. "There was the shadow of the war and the American occupation, which caused anxiety in a young man from the periphery, but I was mainly happy. But by the time I reached twenty-five or twenty-six I lost all sense of identity, all the stability of feeling that I might have had before. For several years, suicide became a strong preoccupation. Then, in 1963, my son was born. This little baby was a kind of personification of my unhappiness. He looked like a baby with two heads. There was a huge growth on his head that made him look like that. This was the most important crisis of my life. The doctors made us decide whether or not to operate. Without an operation, Hikari would have died very quickly. With the operation, he might live, but with terrible, terrible difficulties. My son was born on the thirteenth of June, and I went to Hiroshima on August 1st. Hikari was still in the hospital. I was escaping from my baby. These were shameful days for me to remember. I wanted to escape to some other horizon. I'd been asked to do some reportage in Hiroshima, and so I went there, fled there, intending to talk to politicians and doctors and activists at an international anti-nuclear conference. I despaired of the political people and their talk and I quickly went over to the hospital, where the surviving victims of the bomb were being treated. There I met the director, its great doctor, Fumio Shigeto, and we talked for hours and hours. In my hotel room at night, as I edited the notes of what Dr. Shigeto was telling me about the perseverance of the atomic-bomb victims, I began to create in my mind a new image of the human being. It is difficult to explain, but my thinking was changing."

Oe interrupted himself to look at his son, who was sitting at a table across the room. Hikari lifted a teapot close to his face and examined it from all angles, watching his own reflection curve, expand, recede, as in a convex mirror. He did this for a while and then looked up. Hikari smiled at his father, and his father smiled back. Oe turned away, finally, and went on with his story.

"And so on a Saturday, as I remember it, I told Dr. Shigeto about the situation with my son. He told me about a young ophthalmologist working under him. In Hiroshima, you see, many people were hurt in their eyes, from the atomic flash, from broken bits of flying glass. This young doctor, who eventually committed suicide, was in despair. He said to Dr. Shigeto, 'What can we do? We know nothing about the effects of radiation. I do not know how to cure these people.' Dr. Shigeto told him, 'If there are wounded people, if they are in pain, we must do something for them, try to cure them, even if we seem to have no method.' He told me this story, and I felt great shame that I was doing nothing for my son—my son, who was silent and could not express his pain or do anything for himself. And so I knew that I must face my baby, ask for the operation, and make every effort to care for him. I returned to Tokyo, and my son was operated on.

"As it turned out, the doctor was successful. Hikari could live on, and in Hikari's presence I began to deconstruct my life. My work began to change, and I discovered a strong standpoint against suicide. Until then, I had been a passive person. My life had been dark and negative, with no thought toward the future. My wife is a deeply strong and independent person, and I was terribly ashamed of myself before her for thinking so darkly. Sometimes a writer will commit suicide despite having such a strong wife, and I was close to that, but with the birth of my son my heart opened."

For more than two decades, Oe examined and reëxamined that birth and his own behavior with a pitiless eye, studying the situation, distorting it, turning it over to see all its possibilities. In Japan, where the handicapped are stigmatized more than in many other countries, Oe's voluminous, even obsessive writing on the subject of a father and his damaged son was especially shocking. In a story entitled "Aghwee the Sky Monster" a father kills his deformed baby by feeding him sugar water instead of milk. When an autopsy reveals that the child's tumor was benign, the father is visited by the ghost of his son. In the short novel "A Personal Matter" the father runs not to Hiroshima but to an old girlfriend—a "sexual adventuress," who helps him plot the killing of his infant, the "monster baby." At the last minute, the father abandons the plan and accepts—even embraces—the responsibility of his sick child. ("In life," Oe told me, "I chose the path of 'A Personal Matter.' ") And in a short story entitled "Teach Us to Outgrow Our Madness" Oe describes the father's unspoken communication—his absolute, even physical sympathy—with his son. The enormously fat father in the story experiences every hurt of his son's, and tries, through speech and touch, to penetrate the shell of the boy's outward silence, to nourish and protect him: "The fat man was convinced that he experienced directly whatever physical pain his son was feeling. When he read somewhere that the male celatius, a deep-sea fish common to Danish waters, lived its life attached like a wart to the larger body of the female, he dreamed that he was the female fish suspended deep in the sea with his son embedded in his body like the smaller male, a dream so sweet that waking up was cruel."

Unlike that fictional dream, Oe and his wife have been unable to protect their son from unending ailments and indignities. "In these thirty years there have been many crises for my son," Oe said, "but always we—Hikari, my wife, and

I—try to meet the difficulties and transcend them. Every time we surpass one difficulty or another, we feel as though we are a little higher than we were before. We are ascending—like a staircase, somehow. When he is sick, we are all sick, and when he is cured we are cured."

Oe and his wife are now able to talk with their son, and the development of that communication has been much as it is in some of the stories and novels—a slow and inexplicable process. "We created our communication step by step," Oe said. "At first, Hikari was completely negative about communicating with me or with my wife. It was as if he were trapped inside his body. But we were always trying to reach him. When Hikari was four years old, we bought a recording of various birdsongs and played it over and over again. There would be a bird singing and then an announcer's very neutral voice saying 'This is a water rail' or 'This is a pigeon,' 'This is a blue jay.' This went on for more than two years. We played it for him all the time. One day when Hikari was about six years old, we went to our cottage in the mountains. I was walking in the woods with him on my shoulders, and I heard a bird chirping. I didn't know what kind of bird it was. Then I heard a voice saying—in Japanese, of course—'This is a water rail.' I thought I was hallucinating. There were no other people around. It was like a phantom. Then came another chirp and, again, 'This is a water rail.' It was Hikari! And he was right! So it seemed clear then that he was capable of learning. It turned out that when we played the recording he could identify *all* the birds: 'This is a pigeon,' 'This is a blackbird,' and so on. He knew the sounds of seventy birds. A kind of genius. And so my wife and I began to talk to him, at first, through the names of birds.

"Then my wife began to play recordings of Bach, Mozart, and others around the house—mostly for herself. But it became clear that even if we just played a snippet of one of the pieces—a Brandenburg Concerto, say—Hikari could identify it. His speaking has never really developed that much, but even though he cannot mature in speech—in language—his music always develops. Our doctor tells us that the brain is divided into two hemispheres, and the one side takes on the role of speech and the other the role of music. He says that in Hikari's brain the halves are divided, with only the weakest connection between them. His musical side is the strong side."

Hikari's parents hired a piano teacher for him, but they soon discovered that the boy could not master the mechanics of playing. It seemed, however, that Hikari was writing down all the music he heard. At first, the teacher thought the music was fragments of Bach and Mozart, but rearranged, out of order. Then she realized that the music was in fact Hikari's own. Two years ago, with the help of a pianist and a flutist, Hikari put out his first compact disk. His new disk has won an award in Japan—the most important award, his mother says, that the family has won all year. "You know, some Japanese critics say that I have somehow exploited my son," Oe said. "But I have lived with him

---

"What a Great Idea!"

We find the best college and high school lecturers in the country and record them on audio and video so you can enjoy their extraordinary teaching in your home or car.

GEORGETOWN HARVARD PRINCETON DARTMOUTH TEXAS PENN WESLEYAN BROWN RICE COLUMBIA JOHNS HOPKINS

If you have ever experienced the sheer joy of learning from a great teacher, you are sure to appreciate the importance of this significant new advance in higher education. We now have over 50 courses in a wide variety of subjects available to educate and entertain you. Latest releases include *Economics: An Introduction, Algebra I* and *II, Explaining Social Deviance, Geometry, Science Fiction: The Literature of the Technological Imagination, How to Be a SuperStar Student*, and many others from our highly acclaimed SuperStar Teachers® series:

I Would Have Worked Harder...
"I wish I had heard these tapes sooner. Knowing what kind of lecturers could be found in college, I would have worked harder."
— D. Colvin, Washington, D.C.

Exciting Intellectual Experience...
"It gave me one of the most interesting and exciting intellectual experiences I have had in a long time."
— Dr. C. Knickerbocker, Winthrop, M.E.

Makes Driving a Pleasure...
"I'm so happy that I spotted your ad. I do a lot of long-distance driving and your tapes make it a pleasure. My friends are standing in line to borrow them."
— R. De Beck, Greensboro, N.C.

Call for a free catalog.
(Please refer to offer code #657)
1-800-LEARN-98

The Teaching Company®
7405 Alban Station Court, Suite A107
Springfield, VA 22150-2318

Look for our products soon at a store near you.

"When you said you were rich, I never dreamed you were __this__ rich!"

for thirty-one years. I am the expert in this, not they. I think I can understand him. He is not capable of reading my books, but I believe that, even if he could, he would not be injured. Of this I am sure."

WHILE the theme of the "idiot son" has been the most personal of Oe's literary concerns, he is also known in Japan as a writer of engagement, a political presence. His best-selling book is "Hiroshima Notes," a collection of essays and reportage published in 1965 on the aftermath and meaning of the atomic-bomb attacks of 1945. As a public figure, Oe resembles Germany's Günter Grass, a literary provincial (Grass is from Danzig) lecturing his powerful nation on its authoritarian tendencies and the vacancy of its current politics and its cultural scene. Oe is especially quick to strike at the endurance of Japan's imperial symbols. This fall, not long after greeting with unreserved pleasure the news of his Nobel Prize, he refused the Bunka Kunsho, the Order of Culture—an award bestowed by the Emperor. He did so, he told the Kyodo News Service, because "the Order of Culture does not fit well with the postwar democracy." Soon he was receiving threats and public insults.

Oe is the remaining pillar of a postwar generation of writers that included Kobo Abe and Yukio Mishima, artists who came of age in a time of unusual intellectual vitality and political protest. (Abe died in 1993, Mishima in 1970.) That generation witnessed the physical and economic devastation of the country followed by its spiritual reëxamination and fantastic economic growth. The most dramatic event in Oe's early political development was, of course, the war and the shock of its aftermath. As a schoolboy, he took turns with his classmates vowing that if they were commanded by the Emperor to commit suicide they would do it: "I would die, sir, I would cut open my belly and die." The delusions of the war, of official Japanese culture and cosmology, vanished on August 15, 1945, the day Hirohito announced the unconditional surrender to the United States. In an essay entitled "A Portrait of the Postwar Generation," Oe wrote of that day, "The adults sat around their radios and cried. The children gathered outside in the dusty road and whispered their bewilderment. We were most surprised and disappointed that the Emperor had spoken in a *human* voice. . . . How could we believe that an august presence of such awful power had become an ordinary human being on a designated summer day?"

While the Emperor was forced to renounce his role as deity, his centrality in Japanese culture did not fully recede. The crisis of psychology and politics continues even now. While Mishima gravitated to a theatrical right-wing nationalism, a pro-Emperor position, Oe wished for an end to all traces of imperial Japan. Michiko Niikuni Wilson, the author of "The Marginal World of Oe Kenzaburo" and translator, with her husband, Michael, of "The Pinch Runner Memorandum," writes that one political event that weighed heavily on Oe came in 1960, when a seventeen-year-old right-wing fanatic, Otoya Yamaguchi, charged a public stage and fatally stabbed the leader of the Socialist Party, Inejiro Asanuma. Oe wrote a story, entitled "Seventeen," that was based on that event, and the complaints and threats against the writer and his publisher were so daunting that the magazine it was printed in, *Bungakukai*, issued "Our Humble Notice," apologizing for the story. "Seventeen" has not been included in Oe's collected works. Oe reluctantly agreed to that arrangement, mainly because he feared for the lives of his publishers and their families.

For a long time, Oe kept quiet about the incident and wrote about other matters—especially his childhood village and, soon, his newborn son. Five years later, however, he used the occasion of an August 15th Memorial Meeting to talk about the imperial system, calling it an effective *kakuremino*, "a magic coat that can make the wearer invisible" and so permits the wearer (the Japanese people) to ignore the meaning of the war. In an article published later, he asked why it was that Japanese writers led a battle for the publication of a translation of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" and yet did not come to the defense of "Seventeen" and its sequel, "The Death of Political Youth." Oe wrote, "It is because both works concern not so much right-wing elements in Japan as everything that the Emperor system evokes."

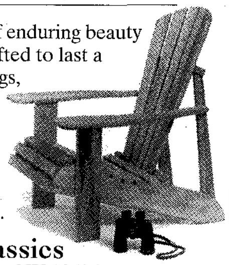
In the nineteen-sixties, Oe was friendly with Mishima, despite Mishima's politics. But in 1970, when Mishima committed suicide—seppuku—as, Oe writes, a kind of aestheticized ritual of devotion to the Emperor and a call for a right-wing coup d'état, Oe rejected the act as a useless and vulgar attempt to create a bogus image of the Japanese writer. In 1972, partly as a response to Mishima's suicide, Oe wrote an angry parody, "The Day He Himself Shall Wipe My Tears Away." The story is among the most difficult of Oe's works, and vacillates between its anger at Mishima and a desire for the very sort of unclouded faith and sense of spiritual and national belonging that the suicide dramatized. In the end, Oe saw Mishima's life and death as a botched attempt to embody Japanese identity not to the Japanese but to the world beyond. Later, in a conversation with the novelist Kazuo Ishiguro that was published in the magazine *Grand Street*, Oe said, "Mishima's entire life, certainly including his death by seppuku, was a kind of performance designed to present the image of an archetypal Japanese. Moreover, this image was not the kind that arises spontaneously from a Japanese mentality. It was the superficial image of a Japanese as seen from a European point of view, a fantasy."

For Oe, Mishima's suicide was a peculiar form of Orientalism. In Edward Said's study of the phenomenon of Orientalism, the Western colonial-adventurer journeys to the East and returns with a literary image of the Oriental: the Arabs, say, in T. E. Lawrence's "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" or in Flaubert's memoirs of Egypt. In Mishima's case, it was the Japanese himself who created the distorted image, for a wide and admiring Western audience. When I asked Oe about Mishima, he threw up his hands and laughed at the memory of the Mishima craze in the West. "You know, I am fascinated by Ralph Ellison's great book, 'Invisible Man,' and it applies to us—us Japanese," he said. "When I speak of the Japanese as an invisible man, I mean it this way: you can see Japanese technology in Europe, you know all about Japanese economic power, you know all about the quaint tea ceremony; but these are all images, masks of Japanese modesty or technological strength. Mishima and Akio Morita, the head of Sony, are like the two poles of the perception of what is Japanese. The majority of Japanese images are masks. We followed and imitated Western philosophy and literature, but even today, more than a hundred and twenty-five years after our great modernization, the Meiji Restoration, began and Japan opened to the rest of the world, we are inscrutable in the eyes of Europeans and Americans. You can understand other Nobelists, they are available to you in the United States: Czeslaw Milosz, Derek Walcott, Joseph Brodsky. But there is not much of a Western desire to understand the people who make all those Hondas. I don't know why. Perhaps we only imitate the West or are just silent in the face of European peoples."

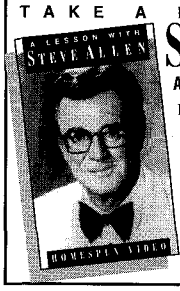
WHILE Oe may set aside fiction for a while, he has promised to increase his involvement in the Japanese public arena, if only because that debate, he says, is now a "happy wasteland," self-satisfied, money-crazed, unreflective. These days, Oe's leftish political engagement is, for most Japanese who bother to pay attention, a quaint relic of the fifties and sixties. "When I began working as a writer, there was a great generation of independent thinkers—the postwar generation—but today the scene is empty," Oe told me. The most popular younger novelists—minimalists like Banana Yoshimoto and Haruki Murakami—show little interest in the political engagements and complications of their elders; their fiction tends to have the flashy emptiness of a video game, and often sells in the millions. Oe is not dismissive of either Murakami or Yoshimoto, but is concerned that their work portrays and appeals to Japanese who are politically uninvolved and content to exist within a late-adolescent or post-adolescent subculture.

"I know that older generations always complain, but that is not quite it," Oe

GIFTS OF WORDS
The original RIVERSTONES™ by Penelope Naylor make great gifts for garden & home. "One would serve well as a cornerstone for any of a wide range of individual or collective enterprises." (*The New Yorker, 12/2/91*). Each unique, natural stone is deeply inscribed. Choose IMAGINE, LOVE, HOPE, WELCOME, LAUGH, DREAM.
SMALL (6"-8")... $55 LARGE (12"-15")... $75
MEDIUM (9"-11") $65 X-LARGE... (by request)
Add $15 per stone for shipping & handling.
Full refund guaranteed.
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
Stoneworks Gallery
P.O. BOX 35-Y · TUXEDO, NY 10987
CUSTOM ORDERS WELCOME
FREE CATALOGUE · 1 800-STONE-08


Free Catalog
Teak and Mahogany Outdoor Furniture
Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled
All-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Benches, swings, market umbrellas, tables, chairs, lounges, and more. Available fully assembled, or as kits that are easy and fun to put together.
Wood Classics
Box 95Y0610,Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-5599

ENDRAFT®
THE INDOOR AIR CONDITIONER COVER
STOPS COLD DRAFTS!
- Decorates
- Machine Washable
- Saves Energy
Beige, Blue, Brown (S-M-L)
(Measure H&W before calling)
1-800-532-2462
MasterCard & Visa Accepted
$19.95 + $4.95 s/h

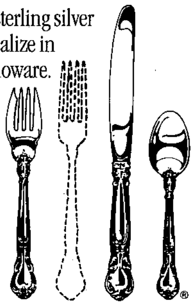

TAKE A LESSON WITH
STEVE ALLEN
AN INTRODUCTION TO JAZZ PIANO
Play along as one of our most beloved entertainers teaches his tricks of the trade, from blues to jazz standards.
80 Minute Video, $29.95+$4.50 p/h
Visa/MC/Discover FAX 914-246-5282
1-800-33-TAPES
HOMESPUN VIDEO
Box 325N Woodstock, NY 12498

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and holoware. Over 1000 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We also buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*

Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., CO, Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5
404 261-4009



Hinckley Yawl

Completed Sail Models
Classic Yachts & Custom Models
Master Craftsmanship
Other Fine Nautical Works Available
SEACRAFT™ CLASSICS
7850 E. Evans Rd. Ste. 109, Scottsdale AZ 85260 • (602) 998-4988
For Our Catalog Call (800) 356-1987

BE AT HOME ...ABROAD
SAVE 30-60% WHILE ENJOYING THE FREEDOM OF A PRIVATE HOME!
FRANCE
ITALY
SPAIN/PORTUGAL
UK/IRELAND
Contact owners directly!
No agency fee or commission.
Over **200** *enticing properties featured in each of these insider's guides.*
Only $39.95 + shpg per country.
Contact RDI today! (215) 985-4001

WOOL CAPES
Classically tailored. Top quality pure woolens. Two styles; hooded & capelet. People love the warmth - and romançe - of our capes. Free swatches and Brochure.
(800) 788-9842 or write:
Casco Bay Fine Woolens,
34 Danforth St., Box 25NY,
Portland, Maine 04101

Festive FLAGS For Your Home
Seasonal Designs – Great Gifts
Call or Write for a Free Catalog
1-800-349-3524
Hudson Valley Flags & Banners
282 Grand Avenue, #1
Englewood, New Jersey 07631
© TFC

went on. "The situation in Japan is more serious. My friends in the United States worry about the intellectual atmosphere in their own country, but I find that there are people there of great independence, outspoken, complicated. In Japan, our cultural life is very simplified. There is the mode of mass-media culture, and that is nearly all. We rarely hear from our thinkers and intellectuals. There is only the importation of new modes of philosophy from Europe, and it is rehashed, nothing deeper."

As a reader and thinker, Oe has been immersed in Western literature since his childhood obsession with "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" and the Swedish tale "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," by the Nobel laureate Selma Lagerlöf. As a writer, Oe hopes to reach a Japanese audience, and yet he works in a style that he calls "peripheral," outside the mainstream that began with "The Tale of Genji" and runs through Mishima and the previous Japanese Nobelist in literature—the 1968 winner, Yasunari Kawabata. As Michiko Wilson has said, Oe's long, thorny sentences and his themes of abnormality, sexuality, and marginality are outside the tradition of Japanese equipoise. Oe wants Japanese art to drop its tradition of stylized ambiguity, its vagueness, and help reveal the true faces of its people, without masks. His work has a gritty, grotesque quality, which makes him seem more akin to Mailer, Grass, or Roth than to many Japanese novelists. The literary critic who has been most important to Oe is Mikhail Bakhtin, the Russian Rabelais scholar and theorist of grotesque realism. Perhaps this is why many Western readers, seeking in Oe the sort of exoticism found in Mishima's "Runaway Horses," go away bewildered, as if they had been cheated of reading a "genuine" Japanese writer.

It is in politics rather than in literature that Oe hopes for a Japanese exceptionalism. For many years, he has called for the continued demilitarization of Japan. He has criticized the government for sending the Japanese Self-Defense Forces on foreign missions, and has criticized foreign governments for pressuring Tokyo to do so. "The Japanese chose the principle of eternal peace as the basis of morality for our rebirth," Oe said in his Nobel lecture—an event that fell, he was quick to point out, on Pearl Harbor Day. "To obliterate from the constitution the principle of eternal peace will be nothing but an act of betrayal against the peoples of Asia and the victims of the atom bombs in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It is not difficult for me as a writer to imagine what would be the outcome of that betrayal."

At the Grand Hall of the Swedish Academy, Oe devoted much of his lecture, "Japan, the Ambiguous, and Myself," to an analysis of Japanese inscrutability, a critique of the mainstream Japanese literary tradition, and an indictment of Japanese politics, but he also managed to incorporate in his speech personal matters, including a passionate acknowledgment of his debts to his family. Standing before his audience and a bank of television cameras, Oe recalled his boyhood in a "peripheral, marginal, off-center" village in a "peripheral, marginal, off-center" country, and how he had found inspiration in "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils." As he read about the naughty boy who communicates with wild geese, Oe recalled, he had sensed two prophecies for himself in the book: "One was that I might one day become able to understand the language of birds. The other was that I might one day fly off with my beloved wild geese—preferably to Scandinavia."

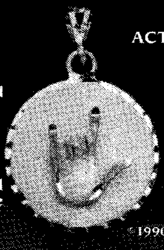
With a slight smile, Oe told the audience about his son, Hikari, and the way birdsong had moved him to human speech and, eventually, to music. And so, he said, "on my behalf, Hikari has thus accomplished the prophecy that I might one day understand the language of birds."

Then Oe looked at the attractive woman sitting in the front row. Yukari Oe "has been the very incarnation of Akka, the leader of Nils's wild geese," her husband said. "Together with her, I have flown to Stockholm and the second of the prophecies has also, to my utmost delight, now been realized." Three days later, on December 10th, the King of Sweden handed Oe the Nobel Prize medal. Not long after that, the family flew back to Tokyo, and Kenzaburo Oe began the next stage of his career: reading, not writing, and taking up the role of the father of a brilliant young composer. ♦

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440



"I LOVE YOU"
SIGN LANGUAGE

ACTUAL SIZE

14K Yellow Gold Pendant $\$148^{00}$
Sterling Silver Pendant $\$45^{00}$
14K Yellow Gold 18" French Rope $\$52^{00}$
Sterling Silver 18" Chain $\$12^{00}$
©1990

All major credit cards accepted or send check or money order to:
N.B.A. Inc.
P.O. Box 3677
MDSE Mart
Chicago, Illinois 60654

Telephone:
1-800-426-3730
In Chicago call:
1-312-329-1349

MAXIMUM FLEXIBILITY

Micro-Fibre Reduction (MR) can increase your flexibility far beyond what stretching alone can do. Endorsed by coaches & world-class athletes. For information call:
SOMAX at 800-227-6629
Demonstration video available.

Celebrating 25 years
on the road to healthier babies
March of Dimes
WalkAmerica
Walk for Someone You Love
Your child, a niece, a pregnant friend. Join us by calling your local chapter or 1-800-525-WALK.
Join Our Campaign for Healthier Babies

Alaska Bike & Cruise
July 2-16; July 16-30; July 30-Aug. 13
World Explorer Cruises & Experience Plus! Bicycle Tours.
Adventure for the heart, mind & soul!
1-800-685-4565

PROFILE

THE C.E.O. COP

Common wisdom has it that the police commissioner can either fight corruption or win over the rank and file. William Bratton thinks he can do both.

BY JAMES LARDNER

THE 1994 crime statistics were fresh out of the computer when I went to see William Bratton, the police commissioner of New York City, a few weeks ago. Over-all crime was down 12.3 per cent, shooting incidents were down 16.38 per cent, murders were down 18.75 per cent—the steepest drops in memory, and largely beyond statistical dispute, since, as one Bratton aide said to me, "we're not hiding eight hundred shooting victims." Bratton's predecessors used to rush forward to claim credit for infinitesimal declines, or for mere reductions in the rate of increase (although many of them, out of microphone range, would say that crime was as unpredictable as the weather). Bratton, who was sitting at a coffee table in his office—an airy chamber, studded with mementos of his and the Police Department's converging histories—told me that he was "encouraged" by the 1994 figures.

Bratton: "My problem isn't being too ambitious but being willing to talk about it."

SCOTT HUNT

I asked him to assess the chances for a comparable decline in 1995—an invitation, I thought, to a discourse on adverse demographic trends and other imponderables.

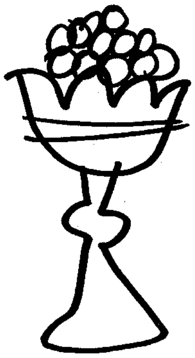
"Guaranteed," he said, with a flick of the hand.

Joe Namath guaranteed victory in the Super Bowl. Police commissioners do not guarantee reductions in crime. Generally, they don't even like to *talk* about crime much, lest people get the idea of changing commissioners when crime goes up. Bratton has violated the rules of the brotherhood, and the ghosts of police commissioners past are wagging their fingers at him. One former New York commissioner, Patrick V. Murphy, analyzing last year's drop in murders, has suggested that the nation's drug lords, presumably concerned that violence is bad for business, may be more deserving of credit than Bratton or his policies.

"We've managed to put some of the drug gangs out of business," Bratton said when I submitted that thesis for his consideration, "but the idea that they've been making behind-the-scenes agreements—you take this and I'll take that—and that they're consciously not bumping people off for fear of attracting too much attention, that's a theory that's been floated around out of Washington and by some of the criminologists. We haven't seen any evidence of it. These people will still cut your throat in a second."

Bratton is a slender man of forty-seven, just under six feet tall, with short gray-brown hair, dark, bushy eyebrows, a rough-hewn face, a hawk nose, and a voice that reveals with nearly every syllable that he was born and reared in Boston. It is also a remarkably calm voice—imperturbable in the way of certain veteran broadcasters on the emergency airwaves. Early in his career, he won the Boston Police Department's highest award for valor for persuading a bank robber to surrender his gun and the hostage he had been holding at gunpoint. "Bill had nothing to do but talk, and it's a good thing he could talk," an old friend of his, Sergeant Detective Robert O'Toole, of the Boston Police, told me.

New Yorkers first noticed their new police commissioner (and realized that he was worthy of notice) last April, when word got out that at least a dozen cops at a precinct in upper Harlem—a precinct since dubbed the Dirty Thirty—had been providing paid protection to local drug dealers, and beating and robbing any who were slow to see the need for such arrangements. The usual drill for a police commissioner in these situations is to call a press conference at headquarters, denounce the cops who have actually been charged, heap praise on the remaining 99.9 per cent of the force, and wait for the story to go away. Bratton showed up at the precinct with the arrest team, personally collected the shields of two of the accused, and, at the next morning's roll call, gave a stunned group of their coworkers a talking-to. They could expect a lot of ugly looks from the citizenry, he warned them. And with reason: some of them had in all likelihood committed much the same crimes ("We're probably not going to get all of you—that's unfortunate"), while others had surely known what was happening, and kept the knowledge to themselves. "I've been disappointed—being quite frank—that more did not come forward," Bratton told them. "We need to think very carefully about that."



Bratton's first year in office has been very closely watched, and it makes a curious study in what the New York media glare captures and what it sometimes overlooks. There have been any number of stories, for example, about Bratton's Trumanesque outbursts against various adversaries: the Civilian Complaint Review Board's investigators ("not high-quality people"); the lawyer for an undercover Transit Police officer shot by an N.Y.P.D. officer ("an ambulance chaser"); a Hasidic group that had charged the police with removing "Pataki for Governor" posters from the streets of Williamsburg last fall, presumably to further the agenda of Bratton's boss, Mayor Rudy Giuliani, who had endorsed Mario Cuomo ("They claim to be religious—well, they better go out and atone for their sins").

Less well understood, although plain to anyone (even a reporter) who noses around the Police Department these days, is the fact that its members are feeling better, on the whole, than they have felt in many years. Their good mood is due partly to the election of Giuliani, the city's first mayor in more than four decades with a law-enforcement background, and his decision to make the Police Department the outstanding exception to the rule of ruthless budget-cutting. But Bratton himself may be a bigger factor. Up and down the ranks, the great majority of the city's thirty-one thousand police officers have nothing but good things to say about him—an unprecedented phenomenon in the modern history of this chronically disgruntled organization.

Bratton's office, on the fourteenth floor of One Police Plaza—a glass-and-brick cube that dates from the early nineteen-seventies—contains a number of artifacts that go back to the time, a century ago, when Teddy Roosevelt ran the Department. The carved mahogany desk was Roosevelt's, and so was an upholstered footstool that sits beneath it. ("He was not a particularly tall individual," Bratton observed, evidently basing his opinion on an examination of the footstool.) Like Roosevelt, Bratton was swept into office by a corruption scandal, and he has shown a Rooseveltian propensity for visiting cops at odd hours of the day and night. Yet he is at some pains to distinguish himself from the only man who has so far made the police commissioner's job a stepping stone to the Presidency. "Theodore Roosevelt used to go out there to check on them and kick ass once in a while," Bratton told me, sipping a Diet Coke. "That's not me. I'm not the least bit reluctant to cut somebody off at the knees if they deserve it, and I think that's known. But I don't rule by fear. I'm out there to learn: What do you need to do the job? What are your problems? How's it going?"

Two days after my conversation with Bratton, I visited the Seventy-fifth Precinct, in the East New York section of Brooklyn. The Seven-five, where Patrolman Michael Dowd and his coterie of drug-dealing cops operated with impunity for years, had been the symbol of everything rotten in the N.Y.P.D. until the Three-oh seized that honor. When I asked the Seven-five cops what they thought of Bratton and his policies, the same answers kept coming back. They told me about the new 9-mm. police pistols, and the fact that Raymond Kelly, Bratton's predecessor, had gone along with a downgraded, ten-shot version of the weapon ("An obvious way to stick it to us," one cop commented), while Bratton had authorized the full fifteen-shot clip. They talked about darker uniforms, which will soon make New York City cops look less like security guards and more like their compatriots in Suffolk and Nassau Counties, where a lot of them live. They talked about Internal Affairs investigators who before Bratton came along had made it their business to look for cops wearing white socks instead of the regulation blue or black. "If they hadn't worried so much about socks," a policewoman who has been at the Seven-five for a decade remarked to me, "maybe Michael Dowd wouldn't have had a free rein for so long."

More than anything else, what these cops wanted to say about Bratton (and so many of them said it that I half expected the station house to break into song) was "He backs you up." For context, I was reminded of the case of Officer Michael O'Keefe, who in 1992 was accused of cold-blooded murder on the false testimony of two self-described eyewitnesses. The O'Keefe case and others have fed a new police fear of being framed and "hung out to dry." When a cop in the Seven-five fatally shot a suspect early last year, Bratton almost immediately declared that "the preliminary investigation . . . indicates that the officer acted properly."

"He's not going to torture a police officer in the media," one cop told me. "We've never had that before."

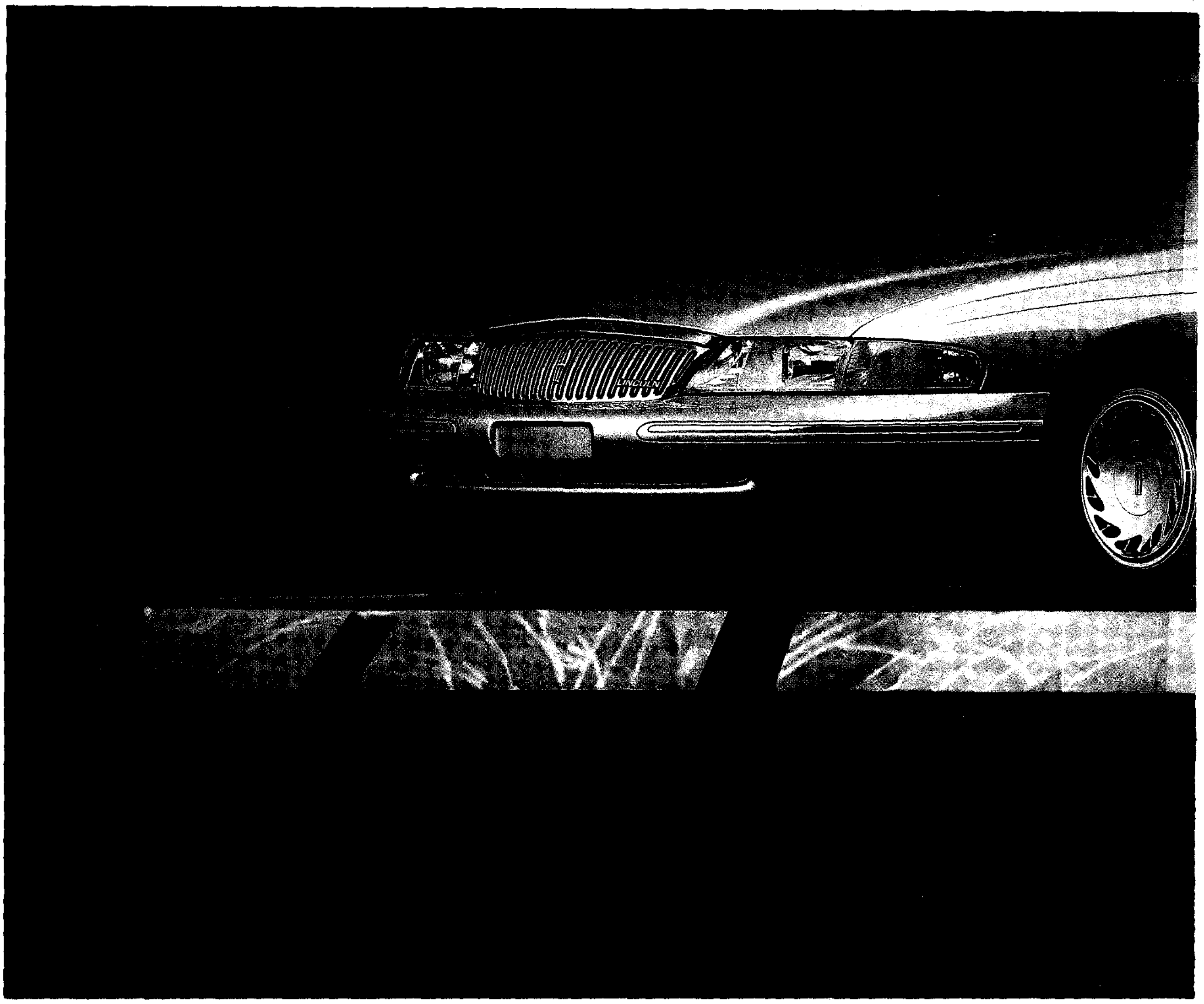
A surprising number of cops, however, also praised Bratton for episodes in which he had not been so supportive. There was

On The One End There's Luxury.

On The Other, Technology.

Now There's A Point Where They Both
Come Together.

Introducing The All-N
The Perfect Balance Of



Designing a sedan with every conceivable luxury would have been quite an accomplishment. Building a car with the latest technological innovations would have been no less challenging. But creating the one automobile with the optimum balance of both was the ultimate achievement.

Introducing the all-new Lincoln Continental. The luxur sedan that achieves the perfect balance of luxury and technolog

Continental's new InTech™ System provides integrated electronic management of its 32-valve V-8 engine, its four-speed automatic overdrive transaxle and its fully independent computer-managed, load-leveling suspension. Furthermore, Continental has the ability to go 100,000 miles before its first scheduled tune-up.

w Lincoln Continental.
uxury And Technology.

Naturally, Continental's cabin is trimmed in the finest leather and genuine wood, and contains the kind of thoughtful personal amenities you expect from Lincoln. Things like mirrors that re-aim themselves when you put the car in reverse gear. Or a driver's seat that automatically moves backward for easy exit when the ignition is turned off.

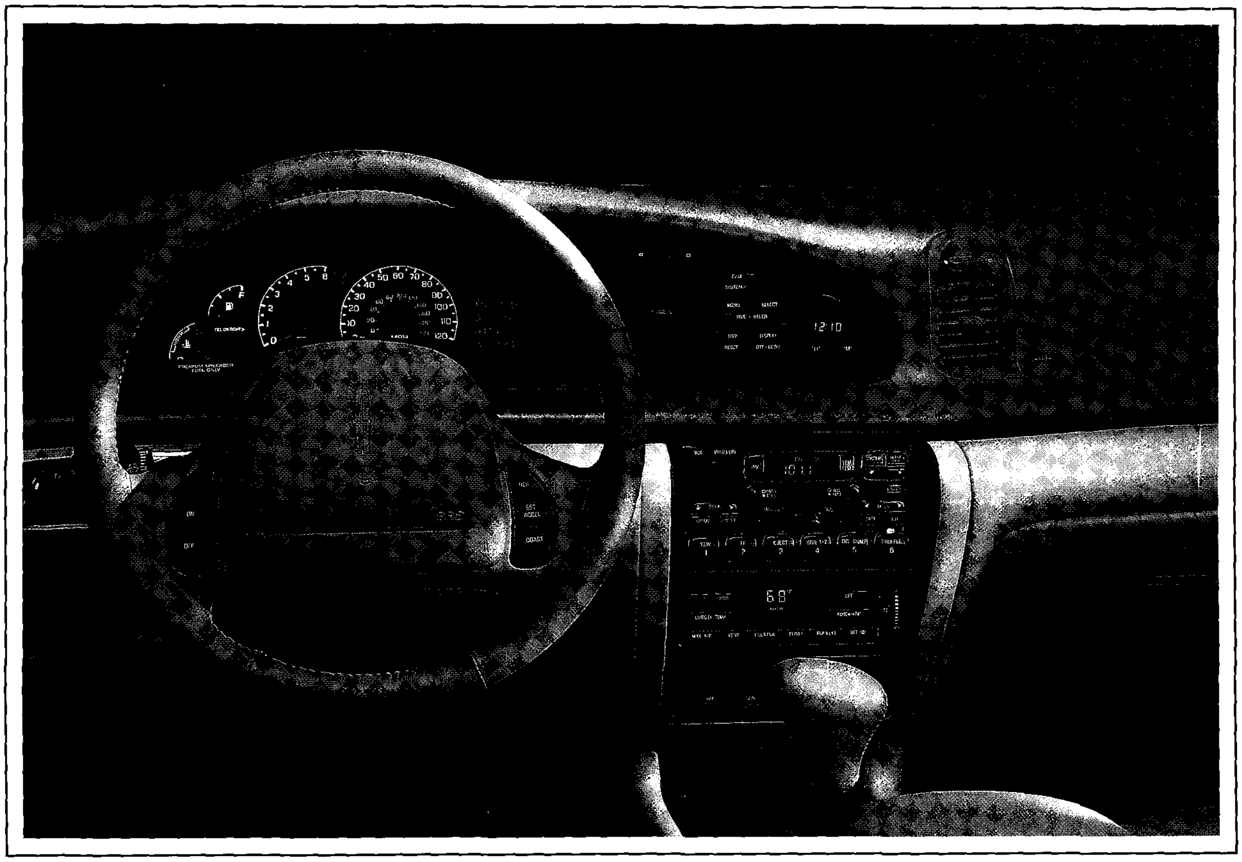
And like all Lincoln automobiles, Continental is backed by the Lincoln Commitment,℠ a comprehensive owner benefits program that includes 24-hour Roadside Service Assistance and a complimentary service loaner.*

For more information call 1 800 434-7444.

*See dealer for details.

LINCOLN
What A Luxury Car Should Be

How Lincoln Continental Achieves The Perfect Balance.



- 32-valve V-8 InTech™ System
- Adjustable Ride and Steering
- 12-function Memory Profile System
- Dual Air Bags*
- Virtual Image Instrumentation
- Anti-lock Braking System
- 6-disc CD Changer Inside the Car**
- Four-corner Semi-active Suspension
- 2-way Heated Leather Seating Surfaces**
- All-speed Electronic Traction Control**
- Easy Entry/Exit Driver's Seat
- Hands-free Voice-activated Cellular Phone**
- CFC-free Automatic Temperature Control System
- Five- or Six-passenger Seating Configurations†
- Heated Mirrors With Tilt-down Feature

LINCOLN

What A Luxury Car Should Be

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford *Always wear your safety belt. **Optional. †Six-passenger seating optional.

even widespread backing for his conduct at the Three-oh, which in another boss might have been seen as grandstanding. Then again, another boss might not have thought to announce, as Bratton did, that he was retiring the shields of the men placed under arrest that day, so that "no cop's ever going to have to wear them anymore," a police officer in the Seven-five explained to me.

"He pats you on the back when you need a pat on the back," a cop in the Three-three—a new precinct in upper Manhattan, spun off from the one where the O'Keefe case occurred—told me. "And he kicks you in the butt when you need a kick in the butt."

It has long been assumed in the police business that a commissioner can either come down hard on his department, and be applauded by editorial writers, good-government groups, minority organizations, and other outside arbiters, or strive to be liked by the rank and file. Bratton seems to think that he can achieve both aims at once.

Bratton's people portray the N.Y.P.D. before their coming as an agency driven by the fear of controversy and embarrassment. Its "business was to stay out of trouble, not to police the city," John Linder, a management and media consultant brought in by Bratton, told me. "Be happy, do nothing" was a popular maxim of cops on the front lines of the war on crime. Another was "Twenty and gone"—an allusion to the years of service that made a police officer eligible for a pension. And yet, just as these interesting clues to the inner life of the pre-Bratton Department did not often get mentioned in the press, there has not been much reference since (for all the attention that the police and their frisky new commissioner have been getting) to what many insiders suggest is the most conspicuous result of Bratton's appointment: a new attentiveness to the theoretically paramount, but sometimes forgotten, mission of fighting crime.

The standard precinct décor now features "Just Ask" posters, reminding patrol officers and detectives of a new, Department-wide effort to question suspects more insistently—to ask everyone arrested with a gun, for example, where he got it. This may sound rudimentary, but the N.Y.P.D. is a place where the rudimentary can be revolutionary. "Now any time a gun arrest is made we're called in to debrief the suspect," Joseph Vigiano, a robbery-squad detective in the Seven-five, told me. "Nine times out of ten, you won't get anything. But it's worth it for that one time. We can get three or four gun cases a night here. In this precinct alone, we've set up several warrants on places where guns have been sold."

Bratton has had a lot to say about giving precinct commanders more authority to respond to crime patterns. Other police commissioners have made similar noises, but the idea has collided with the fear of corruption, and a resulting tendency to refer the most sensitive problems to specialized units downtown. Inspector Joseph Dunne, the commander of the Seven-five, assured me that the current frenzy of decentralization is for real. Precincts now have their own attorneys, and the power to go directly to D.A.s with requests for search warrants and orders to shut down drug sites. "You'll take a guy off the street and he'll say, 'Look, I know where this stuff comes from,' " Dunne said. "Seven, eight hours later, we're back with a warrant, knocking down doors. Cops can really see that their work is rewarded."

Twice a week, commanders from various parts of the city gather at headquarters for "crime-strategy meetings." The meetings convene at seven in the morning—not an hour of great activity at headquarters in years gone by—and they give bosses a chance to boast of their successes, to exchange useful crime-fighting notes, and, if they have let a problem go unaddressed, to endure an unpleasant grilling from the deputy commissioner for crime-control strategies, Jack Maple, a Bratton favorite, who is possessed of a bravado much like the Commissioner's own. "You know, there were five thousand shootings last year," Maple was heard to say at one crime-strategy meeting. "They probably weren't done by five thousand people. Maybe only two thousand or three thousand people were responsible for those five thousand shootings. Why don't we just go get 'em?"

Last year, the number of arrests made by members of the Department increased twenty per cent. In the Detective Division, the productivity gains can be traced to August, when detectives began seeing computer printouts of their arrest records. "There were people who hadn't made an arrest in years," Bratton told me. "Maple calls them 'conscientious objectors.' "

"There are two kinds of police commissioners," says Thomas Reppetto, an ex-Chicago police commander who is the president of the Citizens Crime Commission of New York City. "There are those who preside over the Department, and those who run the Department. Bratton runs the Department." The last police commissioner to throw the Department into such convulsions was Murphy, who held the job from 1970 to 1973. Bratton speaks admiringly of Murphy's efforts to clean up the N.Y.P.D. after the Knapp Commission probe, but adds, "I have no interest in being known as an anticorruption zealot. It's a plate I've been given in New York—it's here, and I'm going to have to deal with it. But it's not something I'm going to be fixated on. I don't want it to be my principal legacy."

BEFORE Bratton assumed office, he summoned Kelly's top commanders, one by one, and asked them whether they thought that a dramatic decline in crime was a reasonable goal for the Department. Those who boldly declared that a two- or three-per-cent drop might be feasible are gone now, replaced by commanders who could bring themselves to speak of ten, fifteen, twenty per cent, or more. Perhaps some of them were only pretending to believe in such possibilities. Bratton, by all accounts, is not pretending. After three decades of alarming increases in crime and violence—and against the prevailing belief of the academic experts that the police's impact is marginal at best—he appears to think he has it in his power (another of those odd facts about him that reporters have not disseminated widely, perhaps in a well-meant effort to protect him from ridicule) to bring the city at least part of the way back to the kind of order and security that prevailed in the nineteen-fifties, before what Reppetto calls "the great escalation."

At the outset of Bratton's reign, there was a widespread suspicion (fed by a few minor public differences with Giuliani) that a strong-willed and publicity-conscious police commissioner would not ultimately fit the needs of the city's strong-willed and publicity-conscious mayor. Over time, the relationship seems to have settled into a comfortable—and intimidating—collaboration. United behind some politically iffy goals, including the merger of the N.Y.P.D. with the Transit and Housing Police, and an effort to curtail the power of an outside corruption-monitoring agency, Giuliani and Bratton have ignored, belittled, and largely run roughshod over those who have opposed them.

Their partnership—founded on a common nostalgia for, in Reppetto's words, "the lost home of our youth"—could mark a significant turn in urban politics. In the past, the crime issue has been used most effectively as a negative tool, by politicians who, once in office, have often found it advantageous to shift to other causes, perhaps in an implicit bow to the liberal perception that crime cannot really be dealt with through law enforcement alone. Bratton and Giuliani think that it can be, or, at any rate, that it is far more tractable than it appears. They insist that the N.Y.P.D., even with the worst police-corruption scandal in a generation not fully behind it, can rise up off the operating table, march into action, and achieve results that New Yorkers will be lastingly grateful for. And the trend to date—especially the sharp drops in murders and shootings—has made that outrageous notion a shade more plausible.

BRATTON, in his discussions of crime, often harks back to the Second World War. "We will fight for every house in the city; we will fight for every street; we will fight for every block. And we will win," I heard him say some months ago, paraphrasing Winston Churchill, at a Civic Association meeting in the Mill Basin section of Brooklyn. He had used the same lines at his swearing-in, and some of his aides in Boston, watching the broadcast of that speech, remembered that he had used them at his swearing-in there as well.

New Yorkers revel in the idea of the impossible city, but they are soft touches for strangers who stride into town telling them it's not such a tough place after all. The Mill Basin audience seemed more interested in heaping praise on Bratton than in airing the complaints about petty local annoyances which are the usual reason a police bigwig gets invited to such events. When he mentioned a columnist who had described his accent as "obnoxious," loud boos rang out; and Bratton departed to a standing ovation—the sort of response that, if he keeps on getting it, could inspire envy in a boss any less bighearted than Mayor Giuliani's aides declare him to be.

Mill Basin is one of those skyscraperless, subway-less neighborhoods that make you realize how far-flung the city is. I got there by taking the southbound No. 2 train as far as it goes—to Flatbush Avenue—and proceeding south another mile or so in a gypsy cab. From a transportation as well as a reportorial standpoint, then, I was grateful when Bratton offered me a lift back to Manhattan. And that was before I realized the kind of lift he had in mind.

"My first time up at night in one of these," he said as we boarded a police helicopter at Floyd Bennett Field and floated up into the night sky. (The presence of nonessential personnel on police helicopters—the subject of recent newspaper articles—had yet to become an issue. I had got in under the wire.) "How do you beat this?" Bratton said, waving his hand over the lit-up vastness of Brooklyn. "How do you beat this view?"

I asked him where he got his self-assurance. "The job," he answered matter-of-factly. "I was a kid with a bad case of acne, insecure and skinny. I came on the police job"—as a patrolman in Mattapan, a heavily black inner-city neighborhood of Boston—"and it made me, in the sense of the assertiveness. It can do that to you. You can't go out there every day and not develop some confidence. I like what the police job did for me. I like what I've become."

He came from a working-class, Irish-Catholic family in Dorchester. His father toiled in a metal-plating shop by day and at the post office by night—full-time jobs both of them. The family ate supper at four-thirty in the afternoon, between the elder Bratton's shifts.

At the age of eight or so, Bratton got his first look at New York and its police, through a picture book that he repeatedly checked out of a Dorchester branch of the Boston Public Library. It was called "Your Police," and it emphasized the sartorial and technological side of police work, which coincided with Bratton's interests at the time. After his taste in reading matured some, he came across Richard Dougherty's "The Commissioner" (the basis of the movie "Madigan")—a complex psychosocial portrait of relations between New York's police and its political establishment. Bratton was taken with Dougherty's description of a stream of white-gloved traffic cops saluting the commissioner as he headed down Park Avenue in the morning. He also rather liked the hullabaloo that the headquarters staff made (beating their tomtoms with the message "The P.C.'s in") when the commissioner crossed the threshold.

Perhaps it is an exaggeration to say that the dream of running the N.Y.P.D. was planted in him as a child, but the idea had firmly taken root by 1980, when, at thirty-two, Bratton became the youngest man ever to hold the rank of executive superintendent in the Boston P.D. "The guy I was working for had been the first up-through-the-ranks police commissioner in the department," Bratton explained to me. "And now I was No. 2, so being police commissioner in Boston was potentially doable—and, at the same time, New York City had a tradition of outsiders as police commissioners."

As we homed in on the Thirty-fourth Street helipad, the Empire State Building loomed before us, and Bratton was reminded of his first visit to New York, as a twelve-year-old, when he stayed at a hotel near there. "My parents felt comfortable enough to let me take a stroll around midtown," he told me. "The city had a safe feel to it." He looked out at the spectacle of midtown on a clear night. "It's almost surrealistic!" he declared. "And to think you have responsibility for all this and the safety of eight million people! I'm a kid out of a cold-water flat in a triple-decker house in Dorchester, and now I'm Police Commissioner of

New York City! Ten years ago, I set out to be Police Commissioner of New York—and I did it."

BRATTON likes to talk about the importance of breaking out of the "blue cocoon." A relentless self-improver, he began attending conferences at Harvard, among other places, early in his career, and Captain Al Sweeney, a boyhood friend of his, who now heads the Boston Police Academy, told me that "while others would come back and say, 'Oh, it was a nice conference,' Bill would always mark down two or three things that he would start acting on." In the mid-seventies, Bratton hooked up with a network of progressive police officials under the aegis of Patrick Murphy, who had left the N.Y.P.D. to run the Police Foundation, in Washington. More recently, Bratton has been an avid consumer of the literature of corporate reorganization and motivation. (He has occasionally referred to police officers as "sales representatives" and to the citizenry as "customers.") But after a long journey up through the ranks and away from insularity, he remains in close emotional touch with the memory of his years as a street cop, and with the irritation of being at the mercy of a corrupt and heavily political department.

He developed a particularly powerful distaste for precinct bosses who stayed away from volatile situations and weighed in afterward with criticism of their subordinates. "When I was working District Fourteen, in Boston, we had a major broo-ha in one of the public parks, and every cop in the district was there," he told me. "There were two sergeants, old-school guys, back in the station, and we were calling for P.S."—patrol supervisors—"and neither one of those bastards would come out. They were two cowards hiding in the station house. We had a lot of them like that in Boston. They didn't want to see anything."

With a sergeant whom he held in particularly low regard, Patrolman Bratton went one day to serve an arrest warrant on a boy who had stolen a saddle from a stable owned by a friend of the sergeant's. "We take him out of the house, and the sergeant's not satisfied just to arrest the kid," Bratton recalled. "Once he gets him in the cuffs, he decides he's going to do a little bit of a number on him to teach him a lesson. Back then, some of the old-timers carried what they called an 'iron claw,' which was this device that was like an oarlock, and you put it on somebody's wrist and used it as a come-along. It caused great pain. And this was with the family present, so naturally they hopped in. We went out to the hallway, and he was going to take a couple more hits at the kid, and I pushed him back and I said, 'Hey! That's enough!' From that point on, that sergeant just hated me. He gave me all the worst assignments. It was this unheard-of thing—I wouldn't let him beat up on a prisoner."

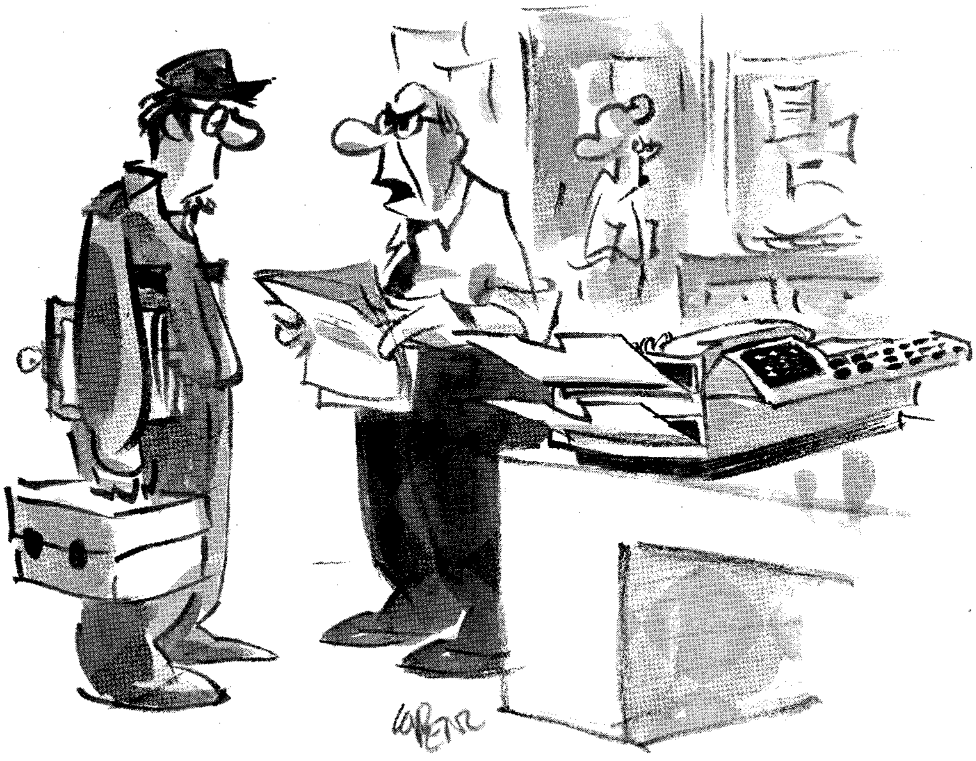
Bratton went on, "That sergeant didn't know it, but he was one of my principal motivators. My motivation for getting promoted was to get ahead of the corrupt bastards who were supervising me. Now there's nobody over me. It's worked out quite well."

His upward progress in Boston was temporarily checked in 1982, after he guilelessly informed an interviewer for *Boston* magazine that the commissioner's job was his "personal goal." ("I've always been faulted for being too ambitious," Bratton told me. "My problem isn't being too ambitious but being willing to talk about it.") Although he says he was speaking of the long term, there was something about him that Boston's then commissioner, Joseph Jordan, found unnerving in the short term. "The guy acts like I'm already cold in my chair," Jordan told an aide. A few months later, Bratton was pushed aside, and he decided to leave the Boston P.D., concluding that he had no future there.

In April of 1992, having "hopscotched across four police departments in [a] decade," as an article in the Boston *Globe* observed, Bratton was brought back as the No. 2 man, after a commission of inquiry—created in response to police mishandling of the Charles Stuart case, in which a white man shot his pregnant wife to death and blamed the deed on a fictitious black assailant—had recommended sweeping changes. Then, in July of 1993, Bratton became Boston's police commissioner—only to follow (in the *Globe's* words) "the siren song of ambition from Boston to Manhattan" six months later.

BOSTON taught Bratton that there can be a wide gulf between a department's officially stated policies and the rules of behavior that cops divine from day-to-day experience. A recent survey of the N.Y.P.D. asked a sampling of cops what the Department wanted from them. "Write summonses" came in first,

"Ogden, could you pull a string and get me one of those pictures of you naked at Yale?"



"It won't print out anything but these damn reading lists from Newt Gingrich."

• •

followed by "Hold down overtime," "Stay out of trouble," and "Clear the 911 backlog." Fighting crime was seventh—proof, according to John Linder, that old priorities die hard. Bratton and Linder have talked about creating a "straight-shooting culture," in which the perceived goals are the avowed ones.

Going at these problems from the hiring end, Bratton wants to use the police-cadet program to attract more college-educated recruits, with records of related experience, which can be evaluated first. He also promises to weed out far more cops during their two years of probationary service. A hundred and forty-eight probationers were let go in 1994—more than in the previous three years put together. "I'm ruthless," Bratton said. "You get two years in which I've got absolute discretion." All this reflects concern about "the nature of the kids coming on the job, coming from a society that says, 'You dis me and I take a punch right back at you,' " he said. "Years ago, a lot of cops developed alcohol problems on the job. Now a lot of it's coming in with them."

Bratton believes that drinking and other personal problems are largely responsible for the rising rate of police suicides. Of the twelve last year, none, he told me, could be traced to job pressures. Nevertheless, he has made a policy change, creating a mechanism for cops to get private counselling through their union representatives, without fear of official repercussions.

Another cultural modification that Bratton is seeking is a new emphasis on "respect" toward citizens. Since cops are also being asked to be more "assertive" (an earlier word, "aggressive," has been officially purged from the Department's vocabulary), there is a need for "a delicate balance," he told me, in what some people might consider a stunning understatement.

When he announced his "respect" campaign, there were those who felt that it ought to begin with the Commissioner himself, and with such Brattonisms as "If you punch me, I'll punch you back" (referring to Norman Siegel, of the New York Civil Liberties Union, among other critics). A street cop who talked that way "would have complaints brought against him," an anonymous member of the Civilian Complaint Review Board was quoted as saying recently.

Bratton professes incredulity that anyone could make such a connection. "I have a very different role," he explained. "I'm speaking on behalf of the Department on policy issues. The officer on the street is in an enforcement capacity." He regards his verbal jousting as mere "theatrics," intended "to get a point across." He finds it particularly vexing when his language is criticized by members of the press—the same people who chase him around the city, thrusting their microphones, cameras, and notepads at him. In December, *Newsday* ran a full-page spread on Bratton's strong rhetoric, under the headline "BILL BRATTY?" The news hook—a flimsy one, Bratton felt—was a possible rebuke by a faction on the Review Board. Bratton responded with a press conference at which he called the story a "bunch of garbage" and wondered why *Newsday* "continues to run these types of stories in the midst of mourning periods"—a reference to the killing of a police officer three days earlier. A *Newsday* columnist, Leonard Levitt, shot back that, on the night of the officer's funeral, Bratton, his wife, Cheryl Fiandaca, and Deputy Commissioner Jack Maple "dined at Elaine's restaurant, where, gossips noted, they were introduced to actress Shirley MacLaine."

"*Newsday* has been particularly hostile," Bratton told me. "If they want to throw any guff at me, I throw it back at them." When I asked him what might explain the hostility, he ventured the suggestion that *Newsday* was "a Long Island paper owned by a Los Angeles firm," and that the editors and reporters might feel a need to juice things up, inasmuch as they were "losing ground rapidly in the circulation war."

Bratton and his associates certainly present a strong contrast to the drones and homebodies who have run the Police Department in recent years. His wife is an effervescent woman who has temporarily suspended her career as a criminal-defense lawyer since moving to New York, and has been teaching at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice and doing TV commentary on the O. J. Simpson case and other legal topics. They live, with five cats and a dog, in a two-bedroom apartment on Central Park South, and they have pursued Manhattan's cultural and culinary opportunities with a zest that might not be practical if they had children. (Bratton has a grownup son, by a first marriage that was dissolved twenty years ago.)

Maple, the deputy commissioner for crime-control strategies, is a rotund, Runyonesque figure, given to wearing a homburg, a bow tie, and two-tone shoes. John Miller, the deputy commissioner for public information, is a former (and presumably future) TV crime reporter, who began his journalistic career at fourteen (he lied about his age), swiftly gaining the attention of his elders by walking around with an unlit cigar in his mouth and talking like a character out of "The Front Page." Maple, Miller, Bratton, and Fiandaca, and a journalist or two as well, can sometimes be found, late of an evening, at Elaine's (although Levitt may have gone overboard recently in referring to that restaurant as "Police Plaza North"). Early in his tenure, Bratton was seen dining at Campagnola, a restaurant on the Upper East Side, sitting not very far from, of all people, John Gotti, Jr. "What can I tell you?" Miller said to a reporter who had questioned their proximity. "Campagnola is a favorite hangout of high-profile people—good and bad."

"It used to be you had a lot of cops like that—the Broadway cops," Reppetto told me. "Bratton and Maple would have been Broadway cops in the thirties and forties. They would have known all the celebs, all the journalists. You would have seen them on Broadway with dancers and chorus girls and mob guys over here and movie stars over there. They would have been in Winchell's column. These guys are throwbacks to an older New York. They only know it in folk memory, but they want to re-create it."

ALTHOUGH Bratton has been widely faulted for spending too much time on image and not enough on substance, he refuses to acknowledge a conflict. He belongs to a generation of public officials who make no apologies for their consuming interest in media relations, and in Bratton's case that attitude owes a lot to his experience as chief of the New York City Transit Police, from 1990 to 1992.

He had not been there long when he told a reporter for the *Daily News* that his cops had the worst police-radio system in the country. Albert O'Leary, the Transit Police's media man, warned Bratton that the transit system's bosses might not appreciate such a comment. "That's O.K.," Bratton replied. "They recruited me—they've got to be nice to me for six months." O'Leary recalls, "So—boom!—next thing you know, we have ten million dollars for a quick fix, and he starts the ball rolling for a repair of the entire system." The project wound up costing a hundred and fifty million dollars.

Bratton had determined that the radios were a major cause for complaint because they sometimes left cops shouting into a void when they needed help in a hurry. The radio problems also fed feelings of insecurity that, in Bratton's mind, made the 9-mm. pistol an appropriate weapon for Transit cops—no matter that their N.Y.P.D. counterparts had been vainly seeking those weapons for years. In this quest, Bratton prevailed over the opposition of Mayor David Dinkins, Police Commissioner Lee Brown, and the *Times* editorial page, among other adversaries. For him, the 9-mm. question was simple: he put himself in the shoes of his officers, who thought, The bad guys have them—we don't.

Further proof of the power of the media came when, on the morning after the most notorious, and most heavily reported, subway crime of recent years—the murder of a young Utah tourist, Brian Watkins, who had been attempting to defend his mother from a gang of muggers—Bratton got a call from Governor Cuomo. "I'm going to give you forty million dollars—what are you going to do with it?" Cuomo asked (as Bratton later recalled the conversation). "I need to know, because I'm going to have a press conference tomorrow."

Robert Kiley, then the chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, was not thrilled when the new Transit Police chief (whom Kiley had had a hand in appointing) began agitating for radios, 9-mm. pistols, and "commando sweaters." Bratton had been hired to lead a campaign against crime and disorder, which, surveys showed, were keeping a significant segment of the public from appreciating the improvements made in the subways, at great public expense, during the nineteen-eighties, and here he was combing through police-supply catalogues for items of gimcrackery. But Kiley eventually concluded that Bratton's ideas were not as screwy as they appeared. Bratton's point, Kiley recently said, "was to find out what really roiled the cops—what he could do as chief to make the job easier." Bratton saw him-

RODAR® II
ULTRASONIC SUPERPOWER
GETS RID OF RATS, MICE, BATS, FLEAS, SQUIRRELS...
. . .or your money back.

RODAR II is the super powerful *professional* ultrasonic pest repeller based on more than ten years of engineering and field testing. Its super transducer blasts out ultrasound (at 23 to 55 kHz) with up to 60 and more times the power of other ultrasonic devices (that make preposterous claims). **And power is what makes the difference - both in size of area covered and how effective it is in any size area. You need all the power you can get, within safe limits, and RODAR II is completely safe.**

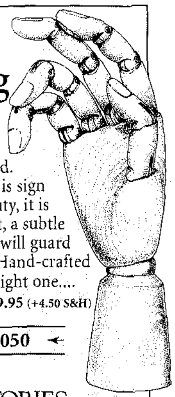
RODAR ULTRASOUND, as loud as a jackhammer - unbearable to pests, but inaudible to humans and pets - drives pests out and, better yet, keeps them from getting in. Use RODAR II wherever pests exist or are a threat - home, office, vacation home, farm, restaurant, storage area, kitchen, attic. . . Protects up to 3000 sq. ft.

ROACHES, OTHER PESTS. . . RODAR II users report remarkable results. Our 90-day money-back trial shows you how well RODAR II works, *at no risk*.

Handsome simulated walnut 5⁹⁄₁₆" high. 2 lbs. Uses less than 5 watts. Plugs into standard 110v. outlet. A Monadnock product manufactured by Micron Corporation in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment.

90-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. 12-MONTH WARRANTY

SPECIAL LOW PRICE...send $89.95 plus $4.75 for shipping and handling (in Mass. add 5% tax) by check, money-order, MasterCard or Visa number and expiration date, to **MICRON SALES COMPANY, Dept. 851, 89 Access Road, Suite 5, Norwood, MA 02062,** or **CALL TOLL FREE (anytime) 1-800-456-0734.** (For information, call 617-762-5045.) **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 851.**



Let the Hand do the Talking

It stood on Michelangelo's desk. Fortune tellers, scientists and magicians used it. It communicates. Expresses anger. Love. Demand. It provokes, it mediates. Its habitat is sign language. An age old object of beauty, it is still the artist's model, an art object, a subtle communicator, a whimsical gift. It will guard the wedding ring. Or hold a scarf. Hand-crafted of selected wood. And yes, it's the right one....

MG001 - Artist's Model Hand 10" $39.95 (+4.50 S&H)

➛ *To order:* 1-800-895-3050 ➛

TRADING STORIES
P.O. Box 604 • Cottage Grove, OR 97424
TALES AND TREASURES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

48,000 Patterns
China, Crystal & Flatware
Obsolete, Inactive And Active.
Buy Or Sell.
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029
Greensboro, NC 27420 - Dept. Y025A
1-800-562-4462

World's Greatest Vacation

Port Yacht Charters Discover the world of private luxury yachts with crew. Golf, tennis, diving, all water sports. Superb cuisine/world class chefs. Better than a cruise ship — priced the same. Caribbean/Worldwide. 1-800-213-0465

self striking a deal with his cops: he would give them the tools (or, as some would have it, the toys) they wanted, and they would get the job done.

It was at Transit that Bratton first hooked up with Maple (a Transit Police detective lieutenant at the time), to institute a series of crime strategies that have now become models for those being advanced at the N.Y.P.D. Among them were an Asian decoy squad, which was set up to deal with a group of subway muggers who preyed on Asian victims; a special warrant squad to go after subway criminals; and a new determination to identify and apprehend accomplices in what were known as "wolf-pack robberies," rather than to be content to close a case with a single arrest.

When subway crime started falling, Bratton took to the airwaves to let the public know what was happening. "Ladies and gentlemen, the chief of the New York City Transit Police, William J. Bratton": thus began a series of ads that were broadcast on New York City radio stations in 1991 and 1992, making Bratton the first Transit Police chief to attain celebrity. Soon his radio persona was familiar enough to inspire a parody in which the talk-show host Don Imus boasted, in slobbering Bostonese, of a supposed pilot program of surprise visits by transit cops, at three in the morning, to recently paroled subway criminals. "We throw them a little welcome-home pahty. We bring cake or a box of pastry, and invite them to put on a pawt of coffee. Then we chat for a while, talk about spohts, what life was like in the joint, how they're much more in touch with their feminine side now. We think that's going to prevent a lot of crime, because someone who's committed a crime in the subway and paid for it the hahd way can't go back down and do it again if someone's sittin' in his apahtment with him feedin' him dessuht."

The officers of the N.Y.P.D. had long regarded their underground brethren as a lesser form of life. By 1992, when Mayor Dinkins named Raymond Kelly police commissioner, many city cops were starting to crave what the transit cops had: their guns, their sweaters, and, above all, their chief.

The Transit record is impressive—almost a fifty-per-cent drop in crime over the last five years, if you are prepared (as Bratton supporters are) to give him credit for continued improvements in the post-Bratton era. Yet, if that record offers grounds for optimism about what can be done in the N.Y.P.D., it also contains a seed of caution, for, as Kelly has pointed out, the subways are a "controlled environment," the main point of control being the turnstiles. Widespread fare-beating gave the police a legal excuse for intercepting a considerable subpopulation of people who were likely to commit other crimes. A campaign against "quality of life" offenses was also easier in the subway setting, for the courts agreed that the Metropolitan Transportation Authority had the right to impose restrictions on behavior—panhandling, for example—beyond those which could apply aboveground. (The most notable quality-of-life accomplishment of the N.Y.P.D. under Bratton so far has been to substantially rid Manhattan's streets of squeegee operators, in keeping with a Giuliani campaign vow.) And, of course, as chief of the Transit Police, Bratton was not under any great pressure to address the problem of drugs. Now he is.

IN the high councils of the Police Department, there has been talk lately of "seizing and holding" areas of the city that have seemingly fallen under the control of gun-toting drug dealers. I got a small foretaste of what such a campaign might look like when I went up to the Forty-sixth Precinct, in the Morris Heights–University Heights section of the Bronx, to observe a drug sweep. For the first part of the evening, I rode in John Miller's car, along with Miller, Sergeant O'Toole (Bratton's Boston friend, who was in town for a police seminar), and Detective Patrick Brosnan, of the Forty-sixth Precinct robbery squad. "This is one of the most dangerous square miles in the city," Brosnan said as we set out from the station, following the trail of an undercover SNAG (Street Narcotics and Gun) team. "It's just unbelievably bad with the drugs. Mostly crack. Very little heroin. There's some weed."

"What's your most prevalent kind of street rip here?" O'Toole asked. "Opportunist-type stuff?"

"Yeah, mostly opportunist-force," Brosnan said. "And behind that would be opportunist-gun and commercial. They do a lot of commercial stickups, and they time them for the change of tour. They hit all the Korean stores. We get excellent videotapes—a lot of the stores'll have two cameras, for two different angles, and the perps'll find one and they'll never think there's a second one. Identification-wise, it results in a lot more pleas."

"Are most of your perps homegrown?" O'Toole asked.

Brosnan nodded. "Their whole world is about four or five square blocks," he said. "They're not as sharp as everybody gives them credit for, really. They need a union."

Brosnan mentioned a new mode of crime in the Four-six: motorcycle-borne robbers who dart in and out of stores, keeping their visors down, and speed away on routes that police cars can't follow. One time, he added, a drug courier did a wheelie just as the police arrived. "It really didn't contribute to the escape," he explained. "It's just to dis you."

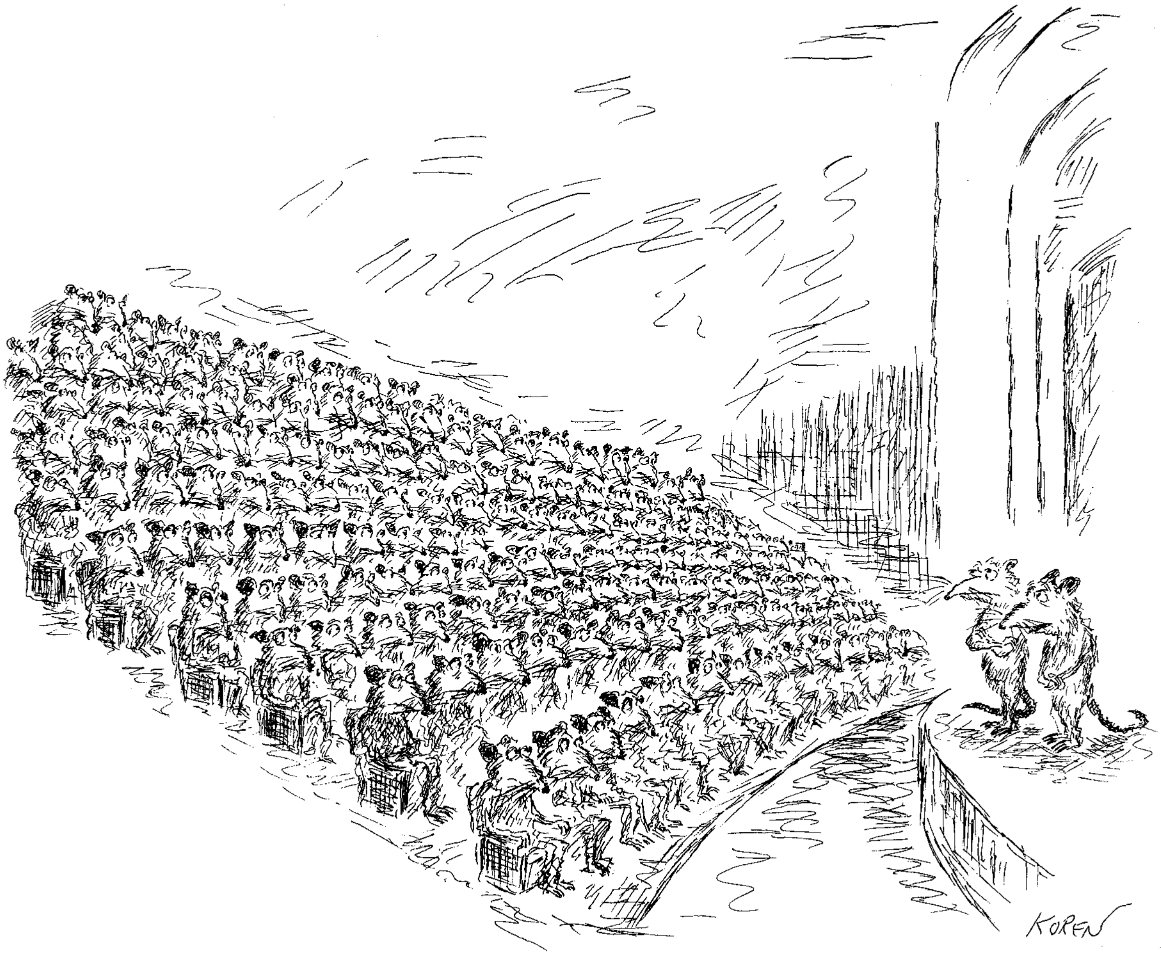
We caught up with the SNAG team in the act of arresting a scrawny young man who seemed altogether worthy of the term "low-level drug dealer," and a small motorized brigade of unmarked police vehicles converged on the scene, including the Police Commissioner's car. Bratton invited me to join him. "This is very manpower-intensive," he said as we started out again, keeping a decent distance from the undercover team. "It's not particularly sophisticated. It's kind of down-and-dirty stuff."

The notion that Bratton is a show horse rather than a "workhorse," as another *Newsday* columnist suggested recently, is not widely shared within the Police Department. "People just like to work for him," Sergeant O'Toole said, adding, "That may not sound like a big thing, but it is." No doubt, the employees of a number of other city agencies would be pleased to have a leader like Bratton—and to have the resources he commands. And there lies a more serious concern: what happens to a city that seemingly tries to solve all its problems through the medium of law enforcement.

If the Forty-sixth Precinct ranks high in crimes per capita, it ranks high, too, in cops per capita. And, with the SNAG team there for an indefinite stay, the police numbers were even higher than usual. At headquarters, Bratton's fondness for the language of warfare had struck me as misplaced; here it seemed apropos.

The unfolding drug strategy appears to posit the use of police officers in numbers and formations that recall Beirut or Belfast—before conditions in those cities took a turn toward greater civility. And success can only mean more people behind bars for a nation that recently passed the million mark in that category.

The Mollen Commission, the anti-corruption panel created by former Mayor David Dinkins, found that perjury and evidence-tampering were rampant—not just among bad cops but also among good ones. This is yet another problem that Bratton has launched a campaign to remedy. "When we say assertive police activity, we mean assertive police activity within the constraints of the Constitution," he told me. But the long, turbulent history of narcotics enforcement in America poses a question that is not so easily overcome: whether a lawful and effective way of going after low-level drug traffickers—a style of policing appropriate to a democracy in peacetime—really exists.



"Your father and I want to explain why we've decided to live apart."

• •

I asked Bratton if he looked forward to having some results to show the community.

"Sure," he said. "But the reality is, some of it will be gone, but how do we keep it gone? That fellow they arrested earlier—they locked him up two weeks ago, and here he is back again."

In that case, I asked, what's the point?

"Well, there are just so many decent people who want you to do something," he said. "Their frustration level is very high. The direction we're going in now is to try to be much more assertive with the SNAG team, and so on, and then"—he seemed to be getting uncharacteristically vague—"with all those thousands of cops we've hired maybe we can secure what we've gained using the precinct resources."

In the front seat, Lieutenant Joseph Zerbo, of the SNAG team, was listening to a suitcase receiving-station that was picking up voices from a radio transmitter taped to an undercover cop's chest. "The arrests definitely have an impact," Zerbo said. "A long-term impact? Maybe it'll take a year or six months."

"We're still in a major learning curve, if you will," Bratton said.

The undercover agent could be heard conducting a drug buy in Spanish. Moments later came a burst of traffic on the regular police radio, followed by information on the whereabouts of two suspects—a man and a woman. Our car proceeded to the corner of Buchanan Place and Grand Avenue, and we saw a spaced-out young black woman—"the female that made the sale," according to Lieutenant Zerbo—being escorted out of a building lobby by plainclothes cops.

As Bratton stepped onto the sidewalk, a kid standing on the corner, in front of Alex's Grocery ("Tropical Products"), called out, "Ain't that Mayor Giuliani?" Zerbo told him he was mistaken, but the kid was unconvinced. "Him and Giuliani, they look like twin brothers."

"That's a wrap—we're finished here," Zerbo pronounced minutes later. Then, as the Commissioner's party was about to leave, one of the SNAG cops approached him with a special request. "Commish," he said, "a bunch of the guys would like to take a picture with you, if you don't mind."

"Oh, is that right?" Bratton said, his mouth curling sharply upward at the right, as it does whenever he smiles. Before long, about a dozen plainclothes policemen and policewomen stood, surrounded by an audience of young men and women of the neighborhood, in two rows on the sidewalk, with the Police Commissioner front and center, in a gleaming blue police windbreaker. As a detective snapped the picture, Brosnan gestured toward the group and said, "This is *our* wheelie." ♦

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

The intellectual and artistic left that settled on Manhattan's Upper West Side has always been famous for its hostesses, but no one threw a party quite the way Roz Roose did—her eclectic salon took over an entire building and has been going for more than forty years.

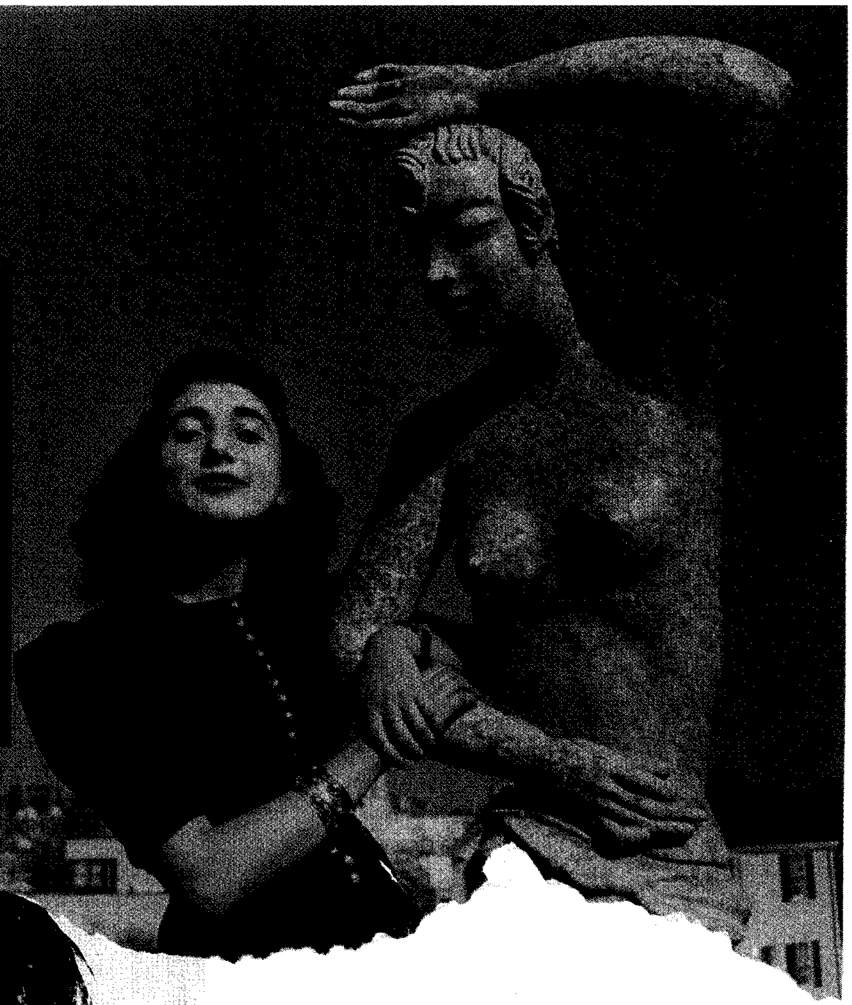
BY JANE KRAMER

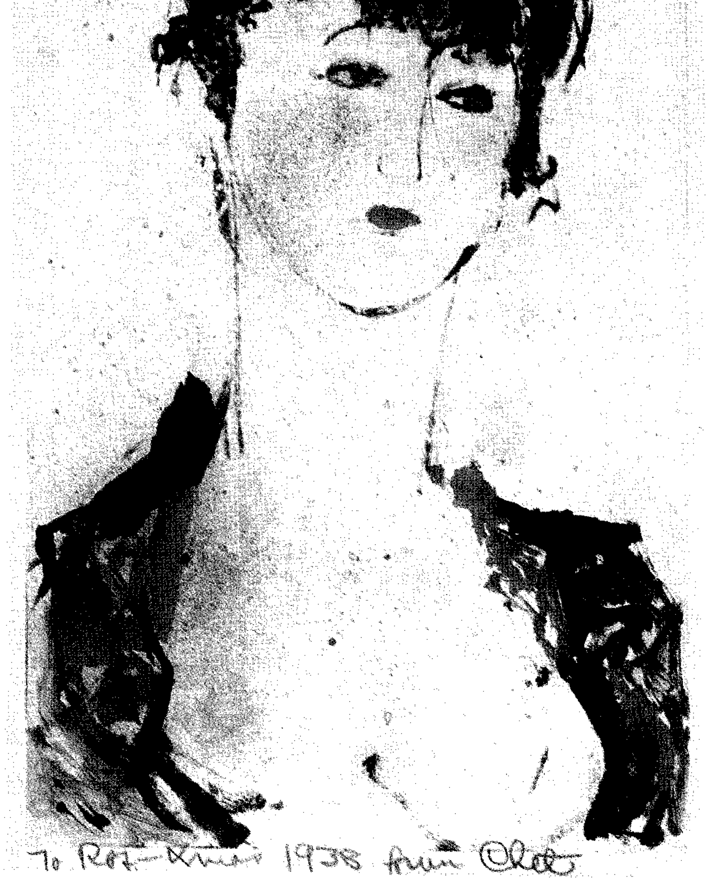
When Roz Roose moved into the building, in 1952, it wasn't yet "the building"—as in "Ah, you live in *the building!*" To the tenants, it was half a block on Central Park West, and to the landlord, dreaming of fancy rents, it was the Turin, and to some people on the House Un-American Activities Committee, in Washington, it was the Kremlin—perhaps to distinguish it from the building eleven blocks up the street, which they liked to call the Smolny Institute. I have often wondered what those people would have made of the fact that Mrs. Roose, moving into the building with a psychoanalyst husband and two small boys, was a little embarrassed by the seven-room apartment with a maid's room and a slice of Park view. Roz thought of the building as a hopelessly bourgeois place, compromising to her reputation; she expected to find, if not Republicans lurking there, then Democrats with "help." Roz had help, but she didn't think of it that way, since the help at her house was a homeless Chinese math student who had come to stay for a couple of nights in 1948 and had yet to entertain the thought of learning English, or of leaving. Roz was known even then for a disarming—her children say alarming—hospitality. If you were on the left, or if you spoke Chinese and Roz had no reliable way of checking on your politics, she took you in and fed you lox and doctrine until you came to believe that the Party was Roz Roose's weekly Sunday brunch.

There was no doubt that Roz needed the building for *her* party. The building had twelve floors and seventy-two apartments, which Roz translated as seventy-two available ice-cube trays—Sasha Pressman, on the fifth floor, says that if it was Saturday or Sunday and your bell rang you didn't need to ask who was there; it was always "the Roose boys, Stevie and Ronnie, with buckets"—and there was a big coatrack waiting in the basement. And, while the building was undeniably shabby by, say, Fifth Avenue standards, these were amenities that had not been evident at the old brownstone on 120th Street, off Morningside Drive, where Roz and her husband, Larry, their two boys, and their "implacably settled" Chinese student had shared a railroad flat. Roz had considered her old building quite bohemian—as avant-garde as you could get uptown. It was the sort of place where you would expect to find a woman who was at once a Communist, a painter, and a freethinker; a woman who, during a wartime stint as a psychiatric social worker, had doubled the cure rate at Rockland State Hospital by the sensible treatment of arranging rendezvous between the male and female patients. She had hung some Klees—her friend Clifford Odets lent them to her—and painted her ceilings green, "for an interesting look." She had also charmed a French professor from Columbia into leading the tenants in a rent strike, and enlisted the Roose boys in some guileless agitprop, as her husband discovered when—I like to imagine him in a cab on his way to a class at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute—he opened the paper to a photograph of his three-year-old son, shivering in a blanket, with his feet in a pan of steamy water, and below it a caption about heartless landlords and freezing tenement children. And she had started giving her famous party, which began as a weekly poker party; Larry liked poker. Richard Avedon was one of the regulars, along with Odets, John Garfield, and the film director Sidney Meyers. Avedon says that "the spread was the key thing and the stuffed cabbage was the best in the world." I have heard it said that half the New York blacklist played at Roz's for dimes and quarters to get themselves through the seven days until the stuffed cabbage at the next game.

Roz was a beauty—"a curvy Jewish beauty" is how one of her old admirers describes her. She had long dark hair, and apple cheeks, and a dimple in her chin, and huge gray-green eyes under thick black lashes. And she had a heart-stopping smile. When she wasn't talking art or politics at her party, she liked to dress up in gypsy blouses and flouncy skirts and dance until, as Avedon puts it, "her bangs were flying." It has been said that she invented the Upper West Side style, otherwise known as the early (meaning Jewish) New York ethnic look, and it is a measure of her charm that when she took that look to the provinces—she and Larry were married, in 1943, at an Army officers' club in Columbia, South Carolina—no one blinked when she showed up for the wedding wearing a black dirndl, a lopsided wreath on her head, and sandals.

Roz worried that the women on Central Park West were going to be what she calls "suit-hat-and-pearls people"—people with East Side souls, who didn't understand that a suit, a hat, and a string of pearls were meant to be kept in the closet and taken out only for persuasive purposes, the way she had taken hers out when she drove to Key West with three college friends "to meet with" Ernest Hemingway on the subject of the Spanish Civil War. Or that they were a kind of camouflage, something you put on to disarm the establishment when you were out leading a demonstration. Her friends in the Party warned her about Central Park West, and some of her art-world friends—Louise Nevelson among them—accused her of snobbery when she moved there. But the building turned




To Roz – Xmas 1938 Ann Chet

Clockwise from top right:
Roz Roose at the 1939 New York World's Fair; at her Union Square studio; in a 1938 portrait by Chet La More; and at the beach, in 1945.

PHOTOS: PAUL HIMMEL; NORMA HOLT AND COURTESY OF ROSLYN ROOSE; ILLUSTRATION: CHET LA MORE, COURTESY OF ROSLYN ROOSE.

out to be Roz's natural habitat. People were suffering in the building at least as much as anyone had suffered on 120th Street, and in ways that Roz had dreamed of suffering herself. Joe Julian, the radio actor with the pet monkey, on the tenth floor, was on the blacklist, and so was Sasha Pressman's husband, David, a brilliant director who had come home from the war with two Purple Hearts and ended up banned from television for twelve years; he had staged a Madison Square Garden revue that the State Committee of the Communist Party financed.

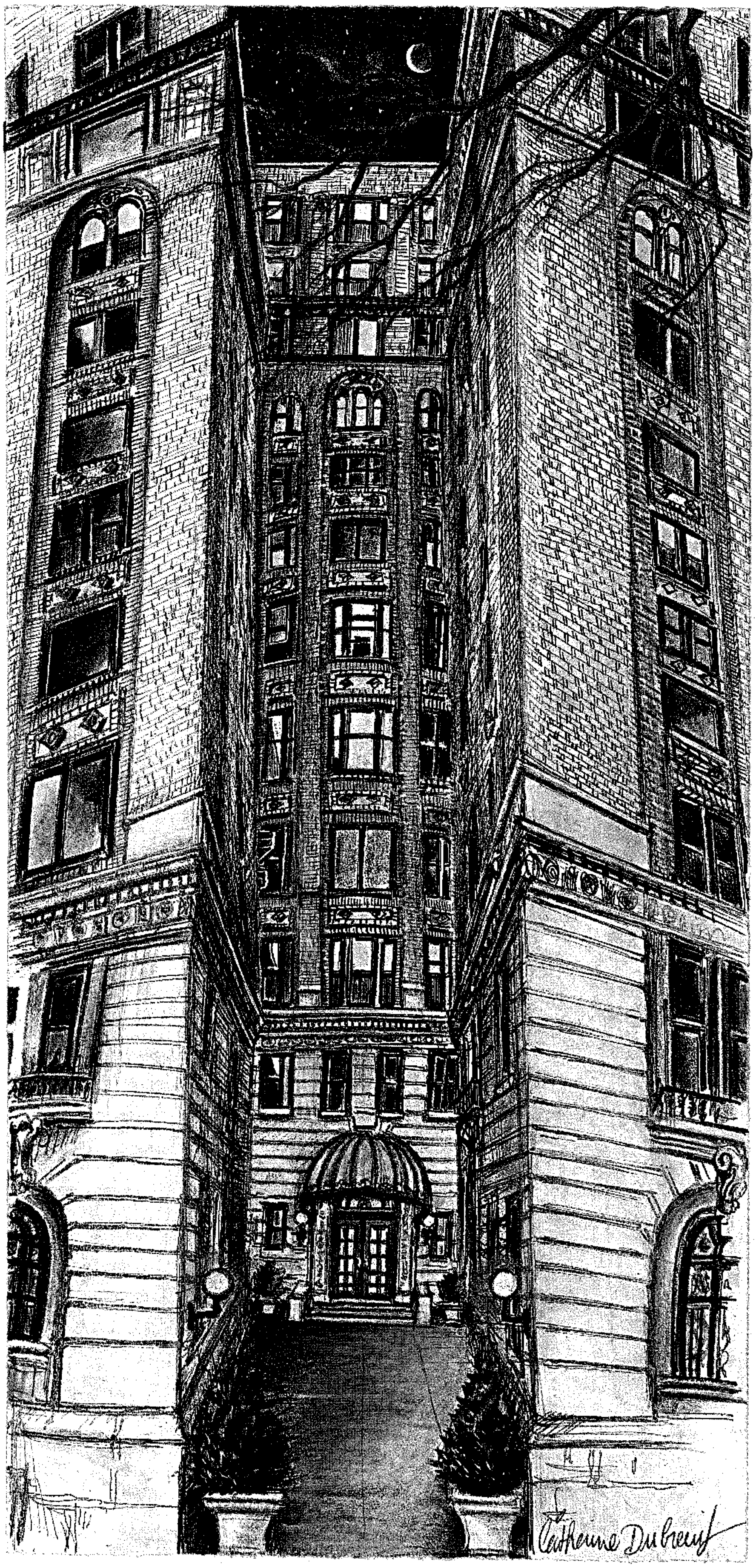
Roz, being just a painter, had—to her evident regret—nothing to be blacklisted from, but she fitted right into the building. She knew the Pressmans; she and Sasha Pressman, who was a dancer, had both modelled for the W.P.A. Artists Project. She knew the Russian pianist Alexander Uninsky, who, she likes to say, "had had his passport seized." She knocked on doors and got to know everybody else. She got to know the Wylers, whose daughter grew up in the building and is now the Manhattan Borough President, Ruth Messinger. She got to know the Adlers: Freyda Adler, who had written an article called "I Passed for Colored in a Jim Crow Bar," and her husband, the psychiatrist Kurt Adler, who was the son of Alfred Adler, and who moved into the building three years after Roz did, carrying the works of Stalin, Marx, and Gorky and a collection of Hanns Eisler songs that he had smuggled home from East Berlin labelled as Bach cantatas. (Their daughter, Margot, who lives in the building now, grew up to become the New York correspondent for National Public Radio, and a Wicca priestess.) Roz missed the French professor from her old building, but it pleased her to think that her neighbors now were the sort of people Joseph McCarthy considered subversive. The building incorporated all her enthusiasms and all her worlds. If there were not many artists in the building, there were "art people," like René d'Harnoncourt, the director of the Museum of Modern Art ("I'd give him rides; so did the Rockefellers," Roz says), and Peter Selz, who was one of the MOMA curators. There were book people, like Adrienne Rich, who had the apartment next door to Roz's ("Her husband, Alfred Conrad, was a Communist, from Harvard; I gave him a ride when he was on his way to commit suicide"), and whose public anguishes Roz watched, privately, from one of her living-room windows. And there were music people—Roz loves music, and subscribes to every chamber-music series in town—like the duo pianists Robert Fizdale and Arthur Gold, and the violinist Roman Totenberg, whose daughter, Nina, grew up to break the Clarence Thomas scandal. Roz collected people, and gave them rides, and the building was her resource. She told me once that what she loved about Larry—who died in 1989—was that "he wasn't dazzling but he was progressive," and she felt that way about the building, too. The building had so many progressive people that by the time it got to be known as "the building" it was said that if you lived there you could have the most inspiring social life in New York City without ever leaving home.

The writer Jane O'Reilly, who lived in the building for twenty years, thinks that Roz was able to make a community there because she had "that wonderful, Old Left, collective, biographical way of looking at things"—by which she means that "who Roz is is who she knew." Roz liked groups, for comfort, confirmation, and security. She had no appetite for private life, and it may be that the difference between Roz and, say, Diana Trilling (or any of the other famous hostesses of the Upper West Side left) was that Roz was joyously undiscriminating. Roz loved everybody except Richard Nixon, a woman who charged her seven hundred and fifty dollars in key money for some old curtains (which Roz dyed black), a neighbor who wouldn't lend her a book by Rilke that she wanted to read in 1976, and a right-wing superintendent by the name of Leo, who she claims stole the money and mink coats during her "Salvador Allende party," in 1973. I have heard it said that Roz's credo was "When you're in love, the whole world's Jewish *and* Communist *and* belongs in the building," and that seems to me to be an accurate description even now. I remember not long ago introducing her to a black Brazilian friend named Caetana, whose ex-husband had been active in the Party in Rio. Caetana had been seized and tortured during the military junta, and she told Roz how mad she had got at her husband every time a policeman pushed her head into a bucket of freezing water and held it down. Roz was so moved ("You're so courageous," Roz said. "It's like taking the Fifth") that she flung her arms around Caetana and announced, "I knew you were Jewish!" It took us an hour to persuade Roz that Caetana was black—"Mediterranean," Roz kept saying—and Caetana, seeing how disappointed Roz was, tried to cheer her up with the news that now she had a Jewish boyfriend. Roz said, "Marry him! They make the best husbands!" and presented her with a first edition of Langston Hughes. Roz, for all her causes, was untouched by feminism. Jane O'Reilly says that for years Roz told her, "We have to get a man for you!" and Margot Adler remembers complaining to Roz about doctors who lie to women and Roz saying, "The men know best."

ROZ'S genius was that she could raise a constituency. She put the Upper West Side left together at her parties, and people on that left—people who were making money, becoming prominent, gaining what Roz calls "an influence"—helped give the city the feisty, subversive tone that the rest of the country found so strange. The formula for a Roz Roose brunch was simple. Larry supplied the Bloody Marys, and I remember Alger Hiss's wife, Isabel Johnson, bringing the apple crisp. Roz did the serious shopping. For years, she went to "a nova outlet" in Brooklyn, and she could be seen on Saturdays at Zabar's and at Barney Greengrass the Sturgeon King, buying the bagels and the blueberry blintzes and the smoked whitefish and the herring in sour cream, so that Central Park West's progressive bourgeoisie would not go hungry on Sunday morning. "It was a fucking *salon* she maintained for half a century" is how the film director Nicholas Meyer—who is Ron Roose's oldest friend and "practically grew up in the building"—describes it. "It didn't matter if you came from across the hall or just dropped in from Czechoslovakia." Meyer says you were sucked in by her "absent-minded love" and by the reassurance that if you went to the revolution with Roz Roose you'd have a comfortable seat and a drink in your hand.

Some of the neighbors were unimpressed. Pauline Kael, who lived in the building in the late sixties, says that Roz's parties were "convivial" but that what she remembers most about them is Adrienne Rich, "gripping my hands with her little brown twiglike fingers." Some of the neighbors were skeptical. "Roz, in her effort to be friendly, invented connections she didn't have with people she thought you knew," the actor Michael Lombard, who used to live next door to the Rooses, on the ninth floor, says. He came anyway, the point being that in the end Roz made those connections and the people became your friends. She had learned in the Young Communist League that "with the right pitch you could sell anything, from Communism to cornflakes," and her life work was to sell the important people she collected to each other. Her parties were a hodgepodge of celebrities, friends, colleagues, and hangers-on, anointed mainly by her conviction that anybody who showed up at Apartment 94 was interesting. Her conversation was a string of names. David Pressman says, "Roz would meet me in the elevator and say, 'Oh, David, I just saw Arthur.' And I'd ask myself, 'Arthur who? Penn? Miller? Goldberg?' " It didn't matter, he says, because there was usually some Arthur you knew, and that made you feel connected, and you'd go to the next brunch and Arthur Penn would be standing there, and the next time Roz said, "I just saw Arthur," you'd be able to say, "What movie is he shooting now?" Avedon told me once that he went to Roz's because "the people there, the place, they stood for something"—which, more than money or neighborhood or suits-and-pearls, is what distinguished Roz's party from the one across the Park at, say, Nan Kempner's. Roz arguably served better food, and she knew everybody, with the possible exception of the people who went to Kempner's. Her network stretched from the shtetl where she was born to Hollywood, where, as she once told me, "the Spielberg boy has made a lot of money."

Her party these days is much reduced by age and attrition—Roz has no birth certificate; the family thinks she is seventy-eight or seventy-nine—but it still goes on, and Nick Meyer says it must be the longest-running salon in Manhattan. He wishes that Roz had kept a diary—as do most of her friends—because so many of what could be called Roz Roose's greatest hits exist now mainly in Roz's head, and in the dizzying recitation of names and relationships that makes up her conversation. "Leon Edel and Bob Motherwell were here, and discovered they had lived next door to each other in Paris,"



CATHERINE DUBREIL

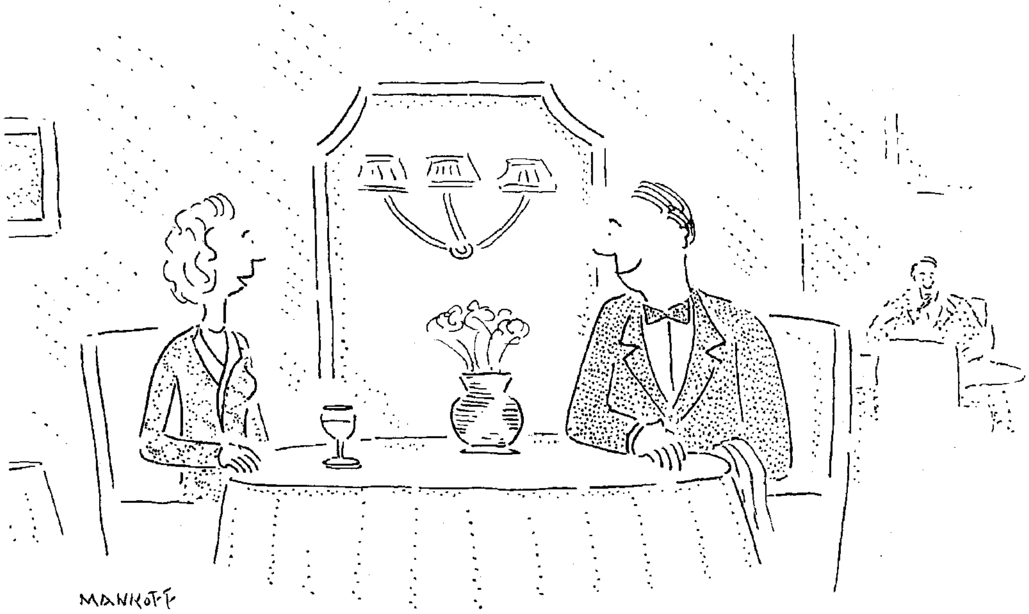
"The building": The most inspiring social life in Manhattan, without ever leaving home.

she will say suddenly, or "Anne Bancroft and Mel Brooks came twice." In the end, she brings everything back to the building. I have heard her describe the old voice teacher from the fourth floor as "Mrs. Gurewitsch, her husband's brother was Eleanor Roosevelt's doctor," and the pizza she serves as "from the place where Jackie Onassis bought her pizza." A Yoruba mask on her dining-room wall reminds her that "Elliott Wilk, the State Supreme Court judge—he was mean to Woody Allen—said, 'You have to show this mask to the Brooklyn Museum.' " Her only diary is a yellowing loose-leaf notebook—a hundred and twenty coffee-stained pages, each of them worn to shreds on the bottom-right-hand corner, from thumbing—that has served as her address book for forty or fifty years. I have been her neighbor for twenty of those years, and for me that notebook is a portrait: of a moment, of a place, of an optimism born, in equal parts, of Marx, money, and immigration; of people who "stood for something" and of the woman who brought them together. Ron, her elder son—he is a novelist and a film editor, and lives in Santa Monica with his family—says, "There was the Party, and there was Mom, who threw the party." He tells a story about a young actor who found himself sitting on a plane next to Zero Mostel and, wanting desperately to start a conversation, decided to open with "Have you been to Roz Roose's lately?" Mostel had.

ROZ'S shtetl was called Roshch. She puts it somewhere between the Byelorussian town of Grodno, the Russian town of Volkovysk, and the Lithuanian town of Vilna, and, while she doesn't know which country it belonged to then, she considers the neighborhood a kind of East European prototype of the Upper West Side, since at one time or another it produced "Max Weber and Al Jaffee"—Weber being a painter, and Jaffee being a friend who drew cartoons for *Mad* magazine. In Roshch, her name was Esther Razel Vlosky, but nobody has called her Esther since she arrived in New York, at the age (she thinks) of three or four, and began her odyssey of American self-invention. Her parents called her Razel, and she herself tried out Rosa and Elaine and, briefly, Estelle, before settling on Roslyn, or Roz, as a name to answer to. It was a while, anyway, before her teachers knew what Roz was called, because Roz was embarrassed at school—embarrassed about being an immigrant, embarrassed to be speaking Yiddish—and for a few years she signed her drawings and her ABCs with the name of whoever happened to be sitting next to her. She lived in Harlem first, and then in Washington Heights. Her first lie was to tell a boyfriend that she came from Riverside Drive. She was the youngest child and only girl in a family that had produced five sons and lost one. It was a family with no real prospects. Her father worked sometimes for a brother-in-law in Brooklyn, but mainly he was one of those mysterious survivors who came to be known in New York as "Jews without money." Roz slept in a chair at her grandmother's place and never knew where the smoked salmon came from or how her mother managed to get "the best white eggs" when she went to the grocery store.

Roz says that her parents had "great dignity." Her mother bargained with dignity for those "best white eggs," and her father, who prayed in a synagogue all day and emerged only at mealtimes, to read the *Forward*, once went out and bargained with dignity for "the best muskrat coat," which he presented to Roz when she started classes at Hunter College. She wore it to meetings of the Young Communist League and to the Irish bars where she peddled the *Daily Worker* and to the Friday pay lines of the Artists Project—though people who knew her from the Project remember her less for her coat than for her relentless sidewalk socializing, and a few of them claim to have been there on a day when she and a friend, who is now the fashion photographer Lillian Bassman, took off their clothes and picketed, naked, in front of the Art Students League. It was in the late thirties, and they were making twenty-three dollars and eighty-six cents a week. "Roz knew everybody on the pay line," Bassman says. "She talked to strangers. She introduced people. She was made to be a friend." Roz and Lillian were a team. They organized sitdown strikes. They handcuffed themselves to radiators. They shared their artists. When Roz got married, it was Lillian's mother-in-law who made the black dirndl that, as Bassman puts it, "was so well received in that Waspy officers' club."

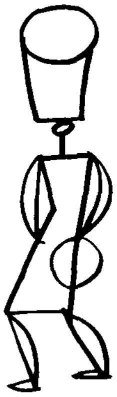
Roz had decided early "to live for art and Marx," and, while there is some indication that she thinks "The Eighteenth Brumaire" is a symphony, and that the Marx she really knew best was Maxine Marx, Chico's daughter, who used to come to her parties, there is no doubt that she was ar-



"My, oh, my! What a fascinating guy you are, Vincent! But now, if it's not too much trouble, I'd like you to take my order."

dent in the cause. Her mentor was never Marx, anyway, although she can actually quote the first sentence of Engels' eulogy at Karl Marx's funeral: "On the fourteenth of March, at a quarter to three in the afternoon, the greatest living thinker ceased to think." Her mentor was Lena Vlosky, an International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union dressmaker who had married Roz's brother Ben and kept a chicken-and-fruit farm with him in Rockland County, and who helped found the American League Against War and Fascism. "An authentic revolutionary," Roz says. "Her daughter, Edna, was Wendell Willkie's nurse at Lenox Hill Hospital." (Sometimes it's "The artist Peter Blume was her first cousin," and at other times it's "Her sister's daughter owns the Joffrey Ballet.") Roz says, "When Lena explained what Bolshevism was, I thought, How could anyone not be one?" And she was converted.

Lena taught Roz about agitprop; Roz proved a master. She organized the disruption of her Hunter graduation—it was in Carnegie Hall, and Roz likes to compare it to the day Steven Roose, her younger son, graduated from Harvard, and the students, protesting the Vietnam War, refused to wear their caps and gowns. She marched in May Day parades and in American Youth Congress demonstrations, and once she borrowed a friend's fur jacket "for the impression" (her muskrat had fallen apart) and marched her way into Harry Hopkins' office. She marched through graduate school—modelling for the Artists Project, modelling for friends, selling dresses in the Junior Deb department at Macy's. She ended up with a Master of Arts from New York University and a second master's, in social work, from Columbia. Even then, her style was distinctive. She had a teacher who told her not to bother signing her papers; the teacher knew a Roz Roose paper because it slipped the class struggle into any subject. And she must have been persuasive, because she once managed to persuade her father that the Hitler-Stalin pact was a mitzvah—a kindness—from Stalin to the Polish Jews, and her father even stood up in synagogue that day and repeated the news. "He did it for me," she says. "I was very good politically. I could give explanations." She may be the only person on earth who believes that Stalin was worrying about Jews when he signed a pact with Hitler. "Stalin was a paranoid, sick man, and we isolated him" is the most she would ever concede where Stalin was concerned. Now she says, "As Picasso said, no one gave up Christianity because of a few bad Popes." Her politics astonish and exasperate her friends. But no one who knows and loves Roz holds her politics against her, or even takes them seriously—something that exasperates *her*. She is so friendly, goofy, and benign that, whether or not she actually stayed in the Party—she won't say—it is extremely doubtful that the Party ever took them seriously, either. A woman who *was* in the Party, in the fifties, says, "Roz was not an intellectual. She was the person you called for parties, for contacts, but never for strategy or planning. The left, for Roz, was like baby's milk from a bottle. She drank it all down." And a friend who knew Roz from the S.N.C.C. protests says, "You'd never ask her to *think*. You'd ask her to fill a room. You'd call a meeting, and, if Roz heard about it, by nightfall fifty people would be there. She just knew so many more people than any of us did. She'd meet you, she'd hug you: 'What are you doing tonight? Come over for dinner.' People don't treat you like that in New York. So you'd respond to her. She was a very warm person."



What was obvious to all of Roz's friends was that, despite her best efforts to appear dangerous, her heart was clearly in the right place, if not precisely in the right country. She had fallen in love with the Soviet Union, and nothing could dissuade her—not even a visit she made there with Larry in 1960, when Khrushchev was chairman. "A thrilling, happy place," she said when she came home. Larry said, "Listen, it may be better than Russia in 1917, but I wouldn't live there if you paid me." She took up Lenin's children the way she took up the people at her parties: they belonged to the building; they belonged to her; they were Upper West Siders doing their best in a Republican world. She almost left Larry over the Doctors' Plot. Ron, Steve, and their sister, Gina, still remember the fights that went on in Apartment 94 when Larry defended the nine doctors, six of them Jews, whom Stalin had had arrested on trumped-up charges that ran from poisoning the Leningrad Party leader to spying for the United States. Roz insists, even now, that "what Stalin did was in the Marxist spirit of self-criticism." Once, in the middle of a sleepless night after the Berlin Wall fell, she called my husband to ask him whether she was going to have to "give up Leninism." It was the closest either of us had ever heard her come to doubt. Lionel Gilbert, a painter who is one of her best friends, says, "She is an unreconstructed sympathizer. I love her and she drives me crazy." Alexander Uninsky's son, Philippe—he is a lawyer, and devoted to Roz—says, "One of the most interesting things about Roz is that she's never de-Stalinized. She has a timeless politics." Her own son Steve, who is a doctor, like Larry, and is an associate professor of clinical psychiatry at Columbia, puts it this way: "The political memory of people like Mom has become their validating moment. It gives them 'significance.' You can never say to Mom, 'We see it differently, let's discuss it.' " And Ron says, "She's impassioned, but she's not reasoned. . . . All of her kids have reacted to her in the same way. We're not bourgeois, but there's a certain staidness in the way we try to recover the rational world." Ron thinks that maybe when he straightens out his desk, or his room, he's really trying to straighten out his mother's mind. He has never been able to talk her out of Stalin. (He once made "the idiotic mistake" of trying to talk to her about the Rosenbergs, and discovered that "to my mother the Rosenbergs were the Ten Commandments, the Koran, the Unassailable Truth.") My own opinion is that if Roz had ever met Stalin she would have said, "Oh, Joe, I just saw Arthur!"—and asked him to brunch.

ROZ likes to say that she spent the thirties in the Village—by which she means that she made her headquarters at her cousin Renee Gross's place, on Ninth Street, and started posing for the artists who became her friends. The list is long. There was Chaim Gross, Renee's husband. There was Raphael Soyer, and his brother Moses Soyer, and John Sloan, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Reginald Marsh, Louis Ribak, Federico Castellon, Alexander Brook, and Nicolai Cikovsky—a whole catalogue of what was then the American Realist school—and a lot of others whom Roz doesn't remember un-

TRANSLATED

The bereaved wore white. What was there to mourn?

If the message was true: Summer-Land, flowers, sky.
God's call, *Come home.*

Not "Died." "Translated."

Giving away the clothes, the toys;
emptying the closet.

Curtains drawn, eyes closed, around the table,
held hands and *heard* the rapping.

—Celia Gilbert

til she looks at her walls. Roz was shrewd: she took most of her pay in paintings, and has a large collection now. By all accounts, she was in great demand as a model. ("To the best model in Manhattan" is how Marsh signed the etchings that she took home.) She says the only painter she liked who never asked her to pose was Abraham Walkowitz, "who would only paint Isadora Duncan." She loved the studios, the life, the freedom, and especially the painters. "In those days, you slept around," she told me once, coyly. "To be good in bed was the best compliment. You got good values. You looked down on the bourgeoisie." Gina—her third child, and the only one to have been "born into the building"—says that, growing up, she was always "bumping into Mom" on other people's walls. It was an experience she could handle easily enough on the Upper West Side, but she has never forgotten the night it happened at a boyfriend's house, in Passaic. She wanted to make a good impression on these exotic, bourgeois people who went to temple and were something scandalous called "in business." (Scandalous but "not creative," Roz said.) Gina was nervous about Passaic to begin with—it was Rosh Hashanah and she had had to memorize the prayers "fast, at college, in the shower," because Roz had told her children about religion being the opiate of the people and had banned religion from the house. She got by until she discovered a large Chaim Gross nude of her mother hanging in her boyfriend's front hall. Gina looks like Roz—she is another Jewish beauty, with long lashes and huge blue eyes—and she spent the evening waiting for his parents to notice the resemblance.

In the thirties, Roz suited her politics to her poverty. She was always a shopper, but in those days she never shopped retail and only rarely wholesale. Her favorite dress came from a friend of a friend who stole from Saks, and years later, when she herself started painting, she got her Winsor & Newton and Rembrandt oils from an old Italian who made the rounds of the downtown studios with stolen paints. "It was not taking from the poor" is the way Roz looks at it. Once she married and had some money, she was at Saks often enough to make collages with the tickets she got for double-parking near the corner of Fiftieth and Fifth. Gina, who used to be a film editor, like Ron, and is now an editor at the magazine *Marie Claire*, says that her mother has always had "a cockeyed relationship" to money: "She'd love to be an incredibly successful starving artist, with a loft in SoHo—that's the contradiction that defines Roz." Roz herself prefers the word "conflict." ("Conflict" is the name of the bronze Roz Roose that Robert Russin made for Roz and Larry as a wedding present.) She claims sometimes that she can't remember the day, or even the year, she married Larry, and that she never wore the ring he gave her, because "everything conventional I fought against." But she insisted on buying the ring herself: "I said to Larry, 'They'll charge an officer too much money.' " Getting married was against her principles—she told me once that the love of her life was a like-minded writer named Leonard who went off to fight for the anarchists in Spain. But when she did get married it was before a Reform Jewish Army chaplain and it was to a handsome, blond, blue-eyed, born-in-America Jewish doctor "from Pomona and New York," whose mother was a public-school principal and whose own war was the Second World War.

Roz had met Larry at Rockland State Hospital. He had a residency there when Roz was hired as a social worker. She stayed five years. Today, she describes the hospital by the famous patients who were there. ("Tennessee Williams' sister was there!") She says that Jewish mothers would come up to her in the hall and tell her, "My son wouldn't be crazy if he was married to *you!*" Her "only failure" at Rockland was the case of two brothers who had grown up sleeping in the same bed; one of the brothers went crazy and thought he was pregnant. When Roz visited their mother to say that she didn't think the boys should sleep together anymore, their mother said, "What's the matter? The room is sunny."

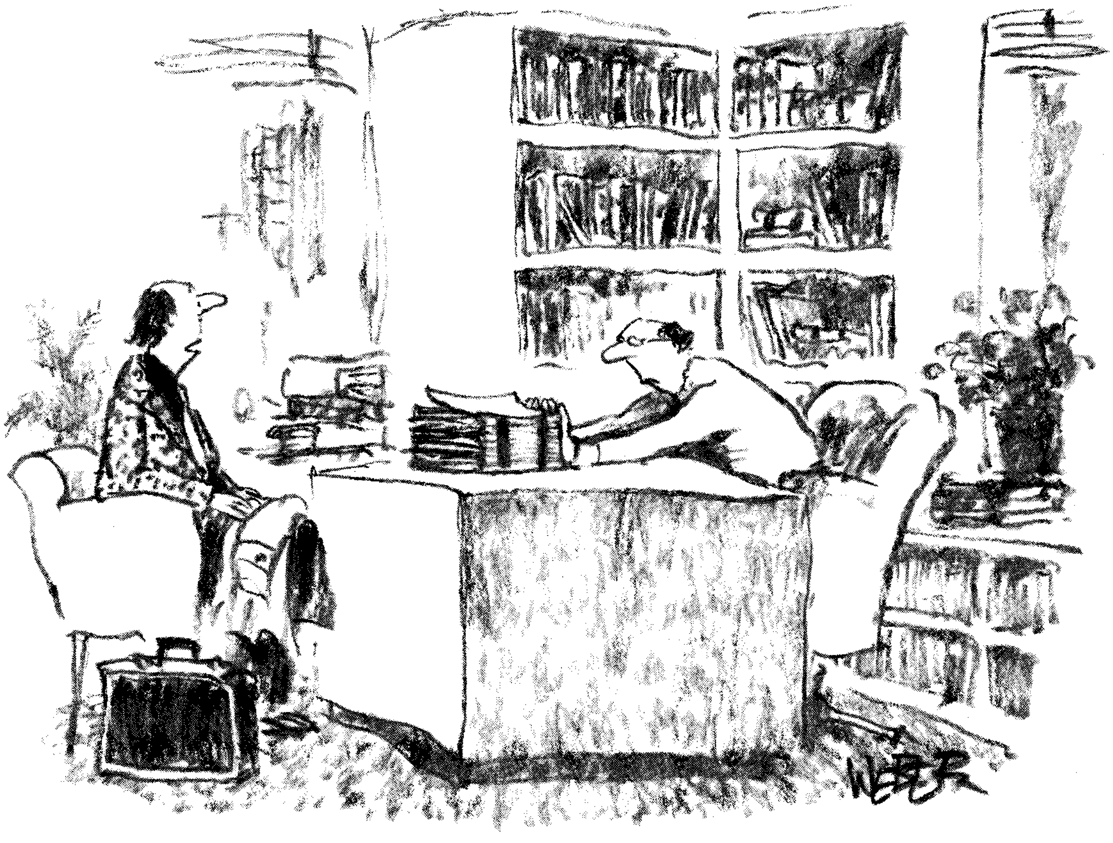
Larry told Roz that he represented "maturity and responsibility," to which Roz adds "stability, security, a car." Larry's father had had other plans for Larry—he didn't like it that Roz was poor and a Communist, and wanted Larry to marry the daughter of a rich jam manufacturer he knew—but Larry's mother loved Roz, and Roz put her faith in her, and was rewarded ten years later when her mother-in-law signed a petition about rents in Harlem and was promptly called before the superintendent of schools to explain herself. (Roz, to celebrate, took her to hear a speech by Earl Browder, who had been Roz's favorite American Communist Party secretary.) Actually, Larry Roose fitted easily into Roz's world. Roz has told me that she knew right off "he was a radical at heart," because he was already sleeping with *two* women when he spotted her, but Gina is probably closer to the truth of the attraction when she says to remember that "in 1940 in New York it was considered wildly avant-garde to be a Freudian psychoanalyst, like Larry"—as advanced as being a Communist or an artist, or even both. Roz's neighbor Edmund Leites—a philosopher who got to know the building when his father moved there in the late forties, and who moved there himself thirty years later—says, "In those days, the Upper West Side was full of women who had married analysts, rented studios, and started painting." It was the fashion then for psychoanalysts to marry painters. The artist and the analyst were the ur-Upper West Side couple—you could say the apotheosis of a brunch bohemia.

Larry Roose was a quiet, skeptical man with a dry sense of humor and a sharp mind—an authority on depression, the author of a classic essay on the dying patient. He was also a man who preferred Adlai Stevenson to Stalin, who liked his dinner at seven sharp and his house neat, and his parking tickets paid. Roz was a woman who forgot about dinner unless at least sixteen people were invited and who left a trail of disorder as long as the cord on her telephone. (Avedon took the publicity shots for "Come Back, Little Sheba" in Roz's kitchen.) Their marriage was stormy—their children say they would hear the shouting in the dining room and wonder whether it was those sixteen people arguing about the Soviet Union or Roz and Larry arguing about the mess—but it lasted for forty-six years, and when Larry died Roz missed him so violently that she suddenly started keeping house. It was a kind of homage. Their friends say that he could never have survived her, that Roz "gave Larry a life." They mean people and parties and gaiety and a world he had neither the time nor the temperament to create himself. My husband, who knew Larry well and liked him, suspects that "living with Roz was like living with the unconscious," and that maybe, for a Freudian like Larry, it was irresistible.

Other people suspect that Roz's unconscious is the craftiest thing about her. Her slips are famous. The father of her friend Anne Squadron, who was a doctor and then an Air Force brigadier general, becomes, in Roz's conversation, "the famous Surgeon General." Eleanor Roosevelt, who came to her friend Vivian Cadden's wedding and presented the bride and groom with a silver tray, becomes "Eleanor Roosevelt who gave Vivian away." Arthur Mayer, who ran the Rialto Theatre in Times Square, becomes "Louis B. Mayer." Her friends laugh and forgive her for it; they know that Roz's unconscious is hard at work to make *them* fascinating. Roz herself has never bothered getting analyzed—the only anomaly in a prototypical Upper West Side profile. She claims to have made an appointment once with the analyst Rudolf Lowenstein—Lowenstein and Heinz Hartmann had been Larry's mentors at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute—and came home proudly with the news that "Rudi says there's nothing analysis can do for me." Her family thought so, too. Ron says that he's still waiting for his mother to end a sentence, and Gina, putting it politely, says, "Mom never had trouble free-associating."

Roz didn't get around to renting her own studio for fifteen years. She had missed the women's movement by a couple of generations, and Arthur Penn, who is indeed one of her good friends, says that she was like a lot of women who came out of the art scene in the Depression: "There was a double standard. The girls were artists but ornamental—intelligent, talented, yet girls first." He means that once they married they were expected to stay at home, which is what Roz did. She studied with the painter Sol Wilson, and took some classes at the Workers' School, on Union Square, a kind of free university where professors fired from City University during the McCarthy years were teaching. But mainly she had her children and she had her causes, and, according to Lillian Bassman, she put her energy into "creating a world for Larry and the kids and a persona for herself."

Her headquarters—you could say her office—was the building, and her annex was a greasy spoon around the corner from the Walden School, at One West Eighty-eighth Street, where the mothers would sit and gossip and talk politics after dropping off their children at eight-thirty in the morning. (The same women meet today in a coffee shop around the corner from the 92nd Street Y, where they attempt aerobics at ten on Thursdays.) Walden was one of the stops on the circuit that, for Roz, began and ended in the building. There were certain



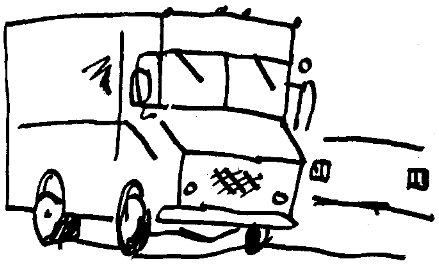
"What do you mean, you don't like it? It's the story of mankind."

schools where the Upper West Side left sent its children, and if the people at the Smolny Institute, up the street, sent theirs to the New Lincoln School (which eventually merged with Walden) or to Elisabeth Irwin, people in Roz's world chose Walden. (Some of them had gone there themselves.) It was a progressive, permissive, coeducational private school, where the left was comfortable and where the right never kept its children long enough to be uncomfortable, and Roz felt an obligation to keep it "in the family." The publishers Jeannette and Richard Seaver, who moved into the building in 1965 and were looking for a school for their daughter, remember the day Roz called Jeannette and said, "Sweetie, there's an opening!" Peggy and Arthur Penn sent their children to Walden on Roz's advice, and so did Estelle Parsons, who left her daughter Martha at Roz's when Penn put her in a movie called "Bonnie and Clyde" and she had to go on location. After that, Martha practically lived at Roz's, and her twin sister, Abbie, once stayed for half a year. "I couldn't have done my life without her," Parsons says. "She and Larry came to everything I did, and, let me tell you, it was not always terrific." (Roz says, "I have such respect for Estelle. I said, 'What are you doing in the Village? Your kids are at Walden.' And guess what. She moved uptown and met a man in her building, and he was divorced, and they got married!")

Roz's friend Vivian Cadden, who was an editor at *Redbook* and *McCall's*, thinks that Walden was "the central point of Roz's story." In any event, Walden was made for Roz, being the sort of place where you knew that the school psychologist had been analyzed by Freud; where you took your child for an interview and the admissions director wanted to know if you had breast-fed; where the kids wore third-party buttons at election time and asked their parents, as Roz's did, "How come none of your candidates ever get in?" In those days, the preëminent Walden family—"the dynasty," Gina calls them—was a family named Goodman, and the patriarch of that family was Charles Goodman, a civil engineer who had helped build the Eighth Avenue subway and the Holland Tunnel. Goodman had sat on the Walden board. One of his sons was the board chairman, and the last Walden building to go up on West Eighty-eighth Street before the school closed, in the early nineties (the Day School took it over), was named for his grandson Andrew Goodman, who went to Mississippi in 1964 to register black voters and was murdered there with two other young civil-rights volunteers, James Chaney and Michael Schwerner. Roz's boys grew up with Andy Goodman and his brothers, and with the other Goodman grandchildren, and Roz came to be good friends with Andy's mother, Carolyn, and with his aunt Annette Goodman Mark.

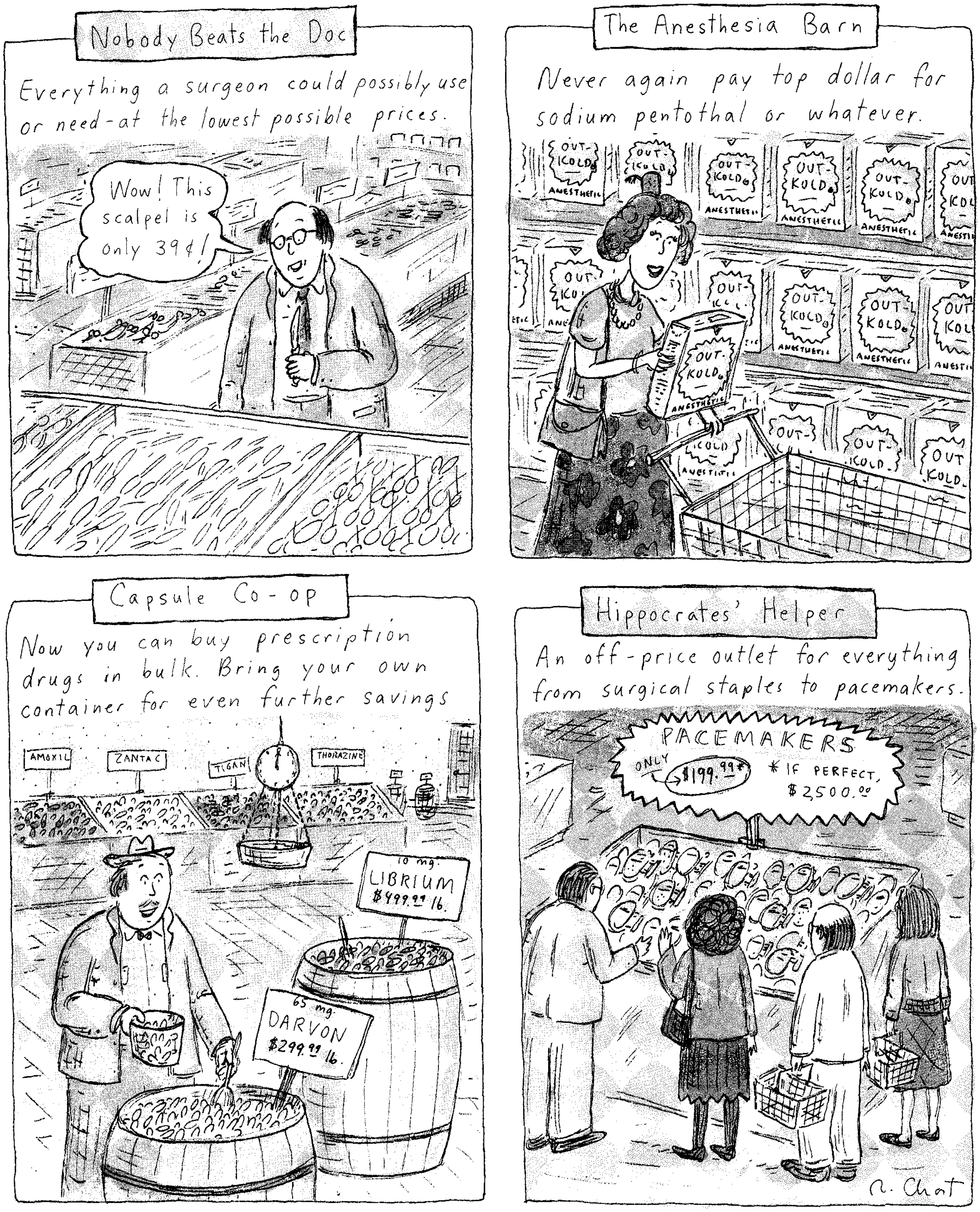
Carolyn Goodman, who became a psychologist and civil-rights activist, says that Roz in those days was "Roz now." She remembers Roz taking her kids to Altman's or Saks, putting them on the escalator, and saying "Play" before she disappeared for a couple of hours' shopping, but she says that Roz "was on the line, all the time, and still is." Roz started the Walden art auction and ran it for eight years. She would arrive at the last minute ("with the rest of us frantic," Goodman says) with Klees and Chagalls cadged from Clifford Odets, or with paintings from Robert Motherwell and Jack Levine. She would smile at everybody, hang the show, and charm the rich into bidding high.

Roz used the school the way she used the building, as a resource. Peggy Penn remembers "the long phone calls, the marches, the buses to Washington, the meetings of Walden parents on Sunday afternoons about Vietnam"—or, more specifically, "about how to protect your kids from Vietnam." (Larry did right by Roz and gave deferrals, and people say he found analysts for all her friends, from Motherwell to Alger Hiss.) Penn went enthusiastically, but Estelle Parsons failed at protest. "Rozzie was always asking me to march," she says. "I went on one march. In Washington. Rozzie knew practically everybody there, but I freaked out. The goddam trip, the sandwiches, the mobs—I couldn't do it." Roz never asked her to march again—she knows her friends—but she dragged everybody else she knew to demonstrations, including her children. She was never above lying for the cause, and she got the children to march on May Day by promising that Hopalong Cassidy would be there. Her last "great march" was the pro-choice march on Washington in 1992—she went with Gina—but her favorite marches will always be the old Women's Strike for Peace marches. The New York Women's Strike originated down the street, at 135 Central Park West, in her good friend Dorothy Monet's apartment. And her most successful march was the Vietnam protest when she supplied so many Walden parents that she could offer a service: a bus that everybody called the Roz Roose Special stopped at the building to collect them. ("She brought the cakes and cookies," Dick Seaver says. "Like Jesus on the Mount, she fed the bus.") Walden extended her world. She introduced the parents to the psychoanalysts, and the psychoanalysts to the painters, and made sure that most of them spent their winters protesting—Gina says, "I was old before I realized that people *lived* in Washington; I thought Washington was where you demonstrated"—and their summers in Provincetown, where she and Larry eventually bought two floors in a wing of a sprawling Commercial Street complex everybody called the Kibbutz.



Roz had thought, briefly, about finding a place in Taos; she had spent a summer in Taos after the war, and had been enchanted to find people dancing every night, and Frieda Lawrence and Mabel Dodge Luhan "fighting over D. H. Lawrence's ashes." And she had thought about Paris, because in Paris you could go to the Louvre all day and leave your children playing on the steps, and the tourists would babysit. But she moved the party to Provincetown. For a while, she and Larry rented an apartment in a condemned sailors' loft called Garbage Gables. (The garbage was collected once a week, on Sunday.) A lot of famous people had lived in Garbage Gables. John Reed, who helped found the American Communist Party, had stayed there, and so had Eugene O'Neill, and Roz likes to imagine him lugging his garbage down the stairs, "drunk but with great dignity." She remembers that her parents had the same dignity, but, of course, they never drank like people with names like O'Neill and Reed. (In Roz's world, Christians "drink" and Jews "like a drink." Once, talking to me about a poet who came to one of her

DISCOUNT HOSPITAL SUPPLIERS


Nobody Beats the Doc
Everything a surgeon could possibly use or need-at the lowest possible prices.
Wow! This scalpel is only 39¢!
The Anesthesia Barn
Never again pay top dollar for sodium pentothal or whatever.
OUT-KOLD® ANESTHETIC
Capsule Co-op
Now you can buy prescription drugs in bulk. Bring your own container for even further savings
AMOXIL
ZANTAC
TIGAN
THORAZINE
10 mg. LIBRIUM $999.99 lb.
65 mg. DARVON $299.99 lb.
Hippocrates' Helper
An off-price outlet for everything from surgical staples to pacemakers.
PACEMAKERS ONLY $199.99* *IF PERFECT, $2500.00
R. Chast

IN BLUE HAWAII
OH, YES, "ALOHA" ALSO MEANS "YOU'RE FIRED."

parties, she said, "You know. What was he called? The alcoholic? Robert Lowell!")

By the time Roz moved to the Kibbutz, in 1970, a lot of her friends were already in Provincetown, including her old art teacher, Sol Wilson, who gave summer classes there. The Grosses and the Motherwells had houses, and so did the Mark Rothkos, the Hans Hofmanns, the Fritz Boltmans, the Leo Mansos, and the families of a lot of other painters Roz knew. Norman Mailer, who had once rented a studio in the apartment Roz bought, was in Provincetown, too, although when I asked him about Roz he was in a Maileresque mood, and said, "Roz was never part of the pot gang. I ran with that gang. That was the good group." Roz's view of Mailer is that "if Norman gave a party and the police didn't come he was unhappy." She suspects that she disappointed him the day he went to court and she didn't show. "Norman picked a fight with the police to show how brutal they were," she says. "We had to go to court to defend him. But Gina was a baby and I got busy and didn't go." She still counts Mailer as a friend. "All of Norman's wives come to my parties," she says.

Roz had discovered the Kibbutz through a friend from New York who lived there—a businessman named John Kapstein, who was in Russian cultural trade ("icons, movies, everything," Roz says), and who rode around Provincetown in an old Russian Army jeep. Roz describes him as "the contact man for the Soviet Union and America." She was "in conflict" about buying, she says, because "the people rent—we don't believe in property." But Kapstein solved her problem. He wired Roz, who was in Teheran with Larry for a psychoanalysts' meeting, saying that he had found them an apartment "in the commune." It cost twenty-four thousand dollars, and it was Larry who wrote the check. Roz responded to the "property problem" by telling more of her friends to buy some. (John Garfield's widow, Robbe, soon moved into the Kibbutz with her second husband, a New York lawyer named Sidney Cohn.) And, as Estelle Parsons, who takes her family to stay with Roz every summer, says, "she shepherded all those people through their lives." Larry always arrived in August. Every morning, he drove to the Truro golf course. He came home at lunchtime, and then he took a nap for an hour and disappeared into a room upstairs to read, leaving Roz to all the people who had arrived at the Kibbutz "for a couple of days," and who were usually still there when the boys came home from camp and demanded their beds. It was, of course, a properly progressive camp. Steve and Ron say that Buck's Rock Work Camp, in New Milford, Connecticut, was probably the only camp in the country where baseball was optional; pickling, farming, and madrigals were the required sports; no one could find the swimming hole; and the camp teams, such as they were, went by the names the Paranoids and the Schizophrenics. Steve stopped going when he was fourteen, but Ron stayed, he says, because he had heard that the girls made out.

STEVE once told me that the most conservative person he remembers meeting as a child was a black Walden friend whose family summered at Sag Harbor. "You could grow up like that—Provincetown, Walden, the building, the camp—and never meet anybody different, anybody who was not a socialist. It was comfortable and safe, but it was a totally insular community. There was an absence of debate, an absence of ideas, an us-and-them quality. The politics defined and created what was essentially a family." It was, at any rate, the family that Roz presented to her kids, and she put so much confidence in that family that, having presented it to them, she tended to leave them there. Her "absent-minded love" was not always something that the kids appreciated. She and Larry would be halfway out the door on their way to a party when the children would have to remind their mother to call a sitter. There is one famous story about the day she took Ron and his friend Nick, who were six at the time, to the Central Park Zoo and got so engrossed in talking politics with a friend at the café that when she finally looked up it was five o'clock and the children had disappeared. She found them at Nick's, but not before she had volunteered to take home two black children who had got lost and ended up at the Park precinct. (Vivian Cadden says, "There are lots of apocryphal stories of Roz leaving the children hither and yon, but the fact is that she had brought them with her. The kids were with her wherever she was.") "We were relaxed with the kids" is how Roz puts it. "When that woman jumped out of the window at the Eldorado and they saw it—I only walked them to school once after that. Lucie Uninsky walked *her* kids every day." But she did what Gina calls "all the right cultural things" for them. She took them to piano lessons and art lessons, and put Gina in the School of American Ballet, and by now it doesn't bother Gina when Roz says, "Jackie Kennedy came to the opening of 'The Nutcracker' and said to Gina, 'You have beautiful eyes.' "

Her children complain sometimes that her expectations for them were as low as her expectations for herself. Sometimes they complain that she had no expectations for them at all—that they grew up in the shadow of her enthusiasms—and when they do Roz tells them about Doris Lessing, who actually left her children for the cause, saying, "I'm going to build a better world and you will live in that world." But when I asked Roz's permission to write this piece, she spent a sleepless night and then called up and said, "Please, don't say 'Communist,' because, you never know, the Republicans are in—you can't imagine what's happening in this country—and maybe the kids will lose their jobs." She told me about her nephew Marvin, Lena's son, who had gone without work as a young man because of *his* mother's politics. "Lena told him, 'I didn't do this to you. I'm fighting against what *they're* doing to you.' " Roz has never forgotten that her brother Ben died of a heart attack after the F.B.I. started coming around. Ron told her, "Look, the Party is discarded, no one cares about those battles." He told *me*, "Maybe, to think you were actively besieged, and then to find out it's all irrelevant—maybe she *has* to believe in the threat. It gives her life a context. If she was C.P., then we, the kids, have to be in danger." Gina said, "Maybe she never really joined the Party. Maybe that's it. Maybe she's embarrassed." In any case, nothing would change her mind until Ron called from California and asked if she really wanted to turn him into the only guy in Hollywood whose mother *wasn't* a Communist. "She was a great mother," Arthur Penn says. "Look at the marvellous kids she raised."

Steve wonders. "I identified with Pop," he says. He means with the father who spent his August mornings on a golf course and his afternoons reading in a quiet room, the father who took his children to Yankee games and lavished his attention on them, and not on "the world" or "society" or "the downtrodden," or even the Upper West Side. Steve says, "I'm traditional," and he adds, "Maybe I wasn't pure enough. I wanted to go to Harvard. I wanted to play tennis. I wanted to *win* at tennis." He lives in Scarsdale now—"the 'S' word," he calls it—and sends his own son to hockey camp. He loves his mother, but he says he was lonely in his mother's world, and decided that it was not the world for him. "Look," he says, "there can be a terrible real cost. . . . The blacklisting of David Pressman, the death of Andy—those things were a white-liberal reality check. I was in the tenth grade, in June, when Andy disappeared. And it was clear that when you disappeared you were gone. In this struggle, people die. But the outward reaction *here* to Andy's death was: Build a building, bring Ben Chaney"—James Chaney's brother—"up to Walden for a year. The other side was: We're not sacrificing our kids to this. Nobody would have let his son get sent to Vietnam. Nobody was going to lose *his* job. The brutal totalitarianism of the U.S.S.R. was *not* part of their socialism. The party Mom created was not 'the Party.' "

Steve stayed at Walden until he left for Harvard. Ron eventually left Walden, for the High School of Music and Art, and went to the University of Wisconsin. Gina, who had followed them to Walden, went to Washington University in St. Louis. Now she lives with her family on the Upper West Side, twelve blocks from the building—"back where I started," she likes to say. She has lived at one time or another in Munich and Paris and Los Angeles, but she says that the only time she went to the East Side as a little girl was for "galleries and Schrafft's" on Saturday mornings with her father, and for family dinners at Nick Meyer's house, in the East Sixties. She calls this *her* "traditional" part. All the children remember their shock at encountering what they still refer to as "the real world." They had always wanted their mother to be more like "other mothers," but by "other mothers" Gina meant mothers with sunken living rooms—"My dream was a sunken living room," she says—and a string of pearls to go with their Bellodgia perfume, and Ron meant mothers who were on time and washed the paint off their skirts before a teacher's conference and didn't leave their kids on escalators or museum steps, saying "Wait here." Ron remembers Sunday afternoons in Pomona, at his grandmother's house: it was "barbecue and baseball," with Larry talking on about Babe Ruth's first home run, and all the old analysts—"Viennese analysts, with thick accents"—crying, "Ah, this is America!" But when Ron got to Wisconsin and met his freshman roommate he discovered a Goldwater Republican from a farm town in Illinois who thought *he* was America, and who had never heard of Freud or Marx or a building in Manhattan that wasn't called the Empire State. Ron says that he began to appreciate his mother through other people: people like the college friend who brought his girlfriend to Apartment 94 for the weekend and was given a double bed; or the music teacher at Music and Art who had studied with Paul Hindemith and survived the camps and was teased by the kids because of his puckered mouth and old, dandruffy, double-breasted suits, and who never smiled until "Roz reached out to him." Ron says, "My father was the psychiatrist, but the calls of desperation were also to her, and were answered by her. I got to know my mother in bits and pieces—when the acute embarrassment of youth was gone."

ROZ'S day usually goes like this: She heads for the Y for what she calls her workout ("I brought Claire Bloom once; she didn't want to go alone"), and then she heads downtown to her studio, at 41 Union Square, and stops off at a couple of galleries, makes the rounds of everyone else's parties, and falls asleep at the theatre or a concert or an opening. Sometimes she will skip the opening or the concert, but rarely the studio. The studio is her secret garden. I have visited her there, but some of her oldest friends have never seen it. The most she will tell them about the studio is "Billy Crystal's uncle has a gallery in the building." Peggy Penn, who is a family therapist, thinks that maybe the real conflict in Roz has had to do with commitment—the commitment she needed for her painting, and never really acknowledged, and the commitment she persuaded herself she owed to other people. Penn says, "She was uncomfortably enthusiastic about you, and you had to separate yourself from the description," but she was always uncomfortably *un*enthusiastic about herself and her own talent. For years, she refused to sign or date her paintings unless a collector or a museum (the Hirshhorn has a Roz Roose) talked her into it, and when the painters at 41 Union Square had their "open studio" weekend late last year she sold two of her best paintings to Gina's children for sixty cents but ignored the calls of a German collector who had offered her fifteen hundred dollars for one. Usually, she gives away her paintings—along with her cake plates, her jewelry, and anything else you admire. Nick Meyer, who finally talked his way into her studio a couple of years ago and was so taken with her work that he bought eleven paintings, says that she followed him around a supermarket in Provincetown that summer, trying to give him back the check he had sent her. Roz has been going to Union Square since she posed for Raphael Soyer and Reginald Marsh at One Union Square—the building where Arshile Gorky had his studio—and she treats 41 Union Square the way she treats the building. She knows everybody; she has organized, introduced, and entertained, and created a world. But it is *her* world, and she guards it at least as stubbornly as she guards her alarming opinions. Lionel Gilbert, who has had studios in the neighborhood since the sixties, remembers the parties she gave downtown when they were both in a building on Twenty-second Street, and all the painters would come, "but never Larry." She never invited Larry. Gilbert says, "Roz likes showing work, but she's self-effacing." He thinks that her painting suffers for it. "She puts paint down, and something is resolved that way, but when it doesn't work it's a mess. . . . She's clever with people, but in politics and painting she's intuitive, she's beyond reason."

Steve says, "Remember, she was the youngest of six children, she was an immigrant, she was estranged from herself." He thinks that Roz decided early on that everybody else was brighter, better, much more talented than she was, and that she has never really changed her mind. She brings a few of her paintings home. There is one large and quite lovely oil over the piano. It is a study in blues, oranges, and greens, with wheeling forms and a shadowy, bearded figure, vaguely familiar, that I took for Solzhenitsyn ("You see, Solzhenitsyn is against capi-

SHOWCASE

PHILOSOPHER PRINCE

BY PAUL BERMAN

The French journalist Françoise Giroud asks the philosopher, "Have you ever been in love with an ugly woman?"

He replies, " 'In love'—let's not exaggerate."

"Desired one?"

"Of course," he says. "As all real lovers know, desire is a weird thing. You can be moved by a voice, a form, a kind of smile, sometimes a name, a family name, the curve of a back, an image or phrase she's spoken, by some unexpected vulgarity. . . . And all that can add up—or come down—to a woman who, by all the usual standards, might be regarded as a monster."

"A monster! Good Lord!" she replies. "I didn't mean to go that far! Have you ever made love to a monster?"

Suddenly shy, Bernard-Henri Lévy demurs. "My case is of no interest . . ."

There you have it, the B.-H. L. phenomenon. Yes, he makes a bit of sense; he's even eloquent. He has struck an interesting pose—he, the Paris talk-show intellectual, the notoriously handsome husband of the actress Arielle Dombasle (of "Pauline at the Beach"), working up (for philosophy's sake) a rhetorical passion for an ugly woman. But he can't help himself. His own posturing pushes him onward. Mere ugliness is not enough; the ugly woman has got to be a monster. Good Lord!

It was the destiny of B.-H. L., together with a large number of other people his age, to participate in the Paris student uprising of May, 1968, and in the radical movements of the seventies. He lined up with the extremest of the extreme, the Maoists. Then he and his little circle, the New Philosophers, woke up one day to the horrors of the Soviet Union, and he wrote his "Barbarism with a Human Face." It was not the most profound book on anti-Communist themes ever published, but it helped wean his generation in France away from what until then had passed as left-wing thought. Nobody among his peers in the United States, veterans of American student radicalism in those same years, managed to write such a book—not such a clever one, anyway. (Which is our loss.) And, having done that, he ascended into the Parisian heavens of television celebrity, and became famous for being smart—or was it for being famous?

Pomposity and self-promotion are his vices. He wrote a book, "Elegy for the Intellectuals," describing the truest intellectuals—himself, he meant—as heroic, virtuous, individualist, transcendental, passionate, clearheaded, lonely, tragic. He is unbearable. His discussion with Françoise Giroud—it has just been published, by Little, Brown, as "Women and Men: A Philosophical Conversation"—teeters between perception and provocation. He regards feminism as a product of the '68 uprising, and, since the uprising was a failure in other respects, he insists that feminism must be a failure, too. He wants sex to retain its dark stain of error, evil, guilt. Feminism seeks the happiness of women, but happiness means dullness, he says.

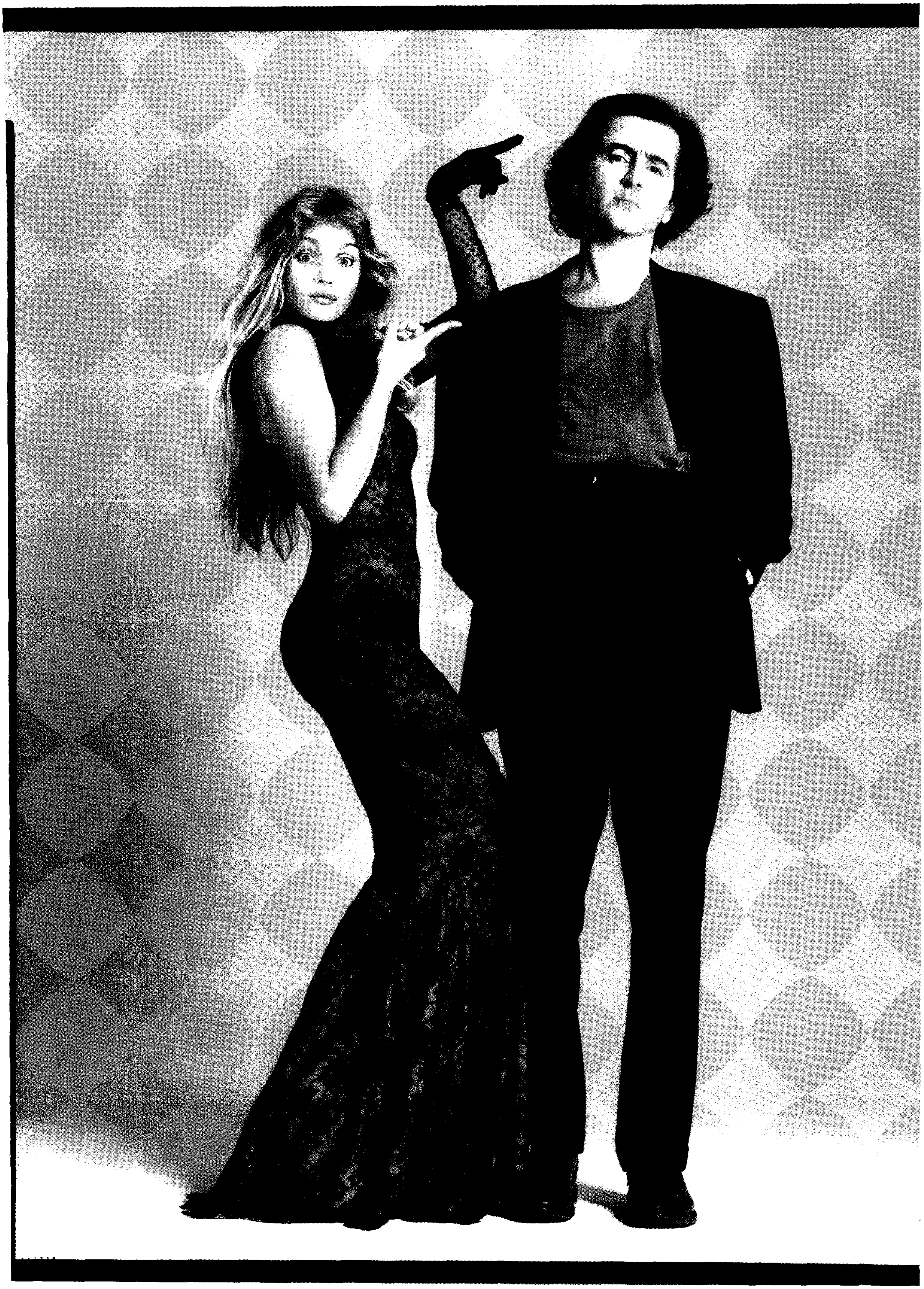
B.-H. L.: "I personally am convinced that there is no female eroticism without at least a touch of masochism."

Giroud, indignant: "That's the male viewpoint if I ever heard it! A world in which women might possibly be happy would be a dull one! Dull for whom, I'd like to know?"

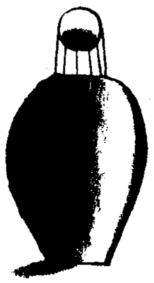
He himself, never dull, sometimes manages to be genuinely interesting, not just entertaining. It is B.-H. L., more than anyone else in France, who has fought to make the Western democracies play a responsible role in Bosnia, to intervene in force, to stand up against something very like fascism. Has he succeeded? At least he persists. Say what you will, the preener is a fighter. ♦

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

Arielle Dombasle and Bernard-Henri Lévy, Paris, October 4, 1994.



talism, too," Roz had announced one morning, handing me the *Times*) but that Roz tells me is Cézanne and his bicycle. There is a sepia etching. There used to be a still-life of a vase of flowers. She gave it away. "Every time I'm feeling low, I paint flowers," she says, and it may be an indication of a mood she otherwise hides assiduously from her friends that most of them have a Roose flower still-life in their apartments. Roz prefers paintings like "Murder on the Sidewalk," which is a dark abstract slashed with white—she painted it after reading a story in the paper about a young film editor who was shot on the street, trying to save someone else—but her flowers are beautiful, and sad. "I don't use real flowers. I *know* flowers," she says, and she does. Her apartment is full of flowers and plants, and her living room, with its windows turning onto the Park, looks almost like a greenhouse. There are palms fanning up onto the ceiling and flowerpots on every sill. The shelves are crammed with art books, and with books her friends have written, and with Old Left literature. (She knocked on my door last month with a copy of the May, 1962, *Monthly Review* with Adam Schaff's essay on "Marxism and Existentialism," and a stained paperback of a Khrushchev tract called "To Avert War, Our Prime Task.") And the walls are covered with paintings, so many that they blur, and you really have to look at them close up to see them clearly. When you do, you find—along with the Soyers and the Grosses—drawings by Motherwell, Matisse, Bonnard, and Toulouse-Lautrec, and lithographs by Renoir and Chagall. Roz has collected art the way she collected people—eclectically. She bought Persian miniatures and Baroque angels and Puerto Rican saints, and she owns a lot of African sculpture, some of it picked up over the years from *brocanteurs* and some acquired in the course of six weeks that she and Larry spent in Africa. ("Michael Wood, the famous flying doctor, gave us a ride in his plane.")



Most of the apartment is painted white, and so is most of the furniture, some of it by design and some because an old building housepainter—a camp survivor I remember only as Eugene, who had lost his mind and would spend his lunch hours stretched out in my bathtub, repeating, "Have a nice weekend"—had decided that white was nice and spread it over everything he saw. Roz, who didn't want to hurt his feelings, made do. "I never cared about things," she says. "I wanted money for people, for travel." She lives on investments that Larry left her, but the fact that Larry had money in the market is not something she admits to everyone. She wants you to know that she has never spent money on herself—that everything she owns was "a bargain." The huge Toulouse-Lautrec lithograph in the dining room cost seventy-five dollars, in Paris after the war; the mahogany table, with three big leaves, was a hundred dollars, in Nyack; the six handsome Federal chairs, with their original bronze stars, cost ninety. But Roz is sly, and she also wants you to know that they are worth a fortune now.

In the old days, Roz had a car, and she drove to her studio. No one would willingly drive with her, because she was a terrible driver. She would brake in the middle of traffic to call to a friend she spotted, and sometimes she would even get out and run into a store or a gallery for what she called "just a look around." Her happiest moments, her children say, were during transit strikes, when her friends were desperate, and actually got in. Once, she offered a neighbor a lift downtown, where he had an appointment, and immediately turned around and headed north, toward Harlem, where he left her at a gas station, arguing over her monthly bill. Carolyn Goodman tells a story about a friend Roz saw waiting for a bus on Central Park West and offered to drive to work. First, Roz stopped at the Cohns' for a cup of coffee. "I always have coffee with Robbe," she said as she left him. "Watch the car." Then she drove to Russ & Daughters, on the Lower East Side, for cheese. Then it was Grand Street for a sale. Finally—it was three in the afternoon by then—she pulled up at the studio of an artist she knew named Joe Kaplan. The day was shot, so her friend went in and bought a painting. Roz says, "It was a steal."

Roz's cars were technically Larry's cars—they had medical plates—but every cop in Manhattan knew they were really her cars and came, reluctantly, to recognize them: the blue DeSoto, the gold Plymouth, the black Chevy, the blue Ford. The cop near Saks would hear Roz screech to a stop in the middle of the street, across from the front door, and plead, "Roz, you can't do this anymore." And Ron (who keeps one of her parking-ticket collages hanging in his house in Santa Monica) remembers the day his father came home from work and found a Central Park West patrolman sitting in the kitchen, his gun and holster on the table, eating Roz's pot roast and voiding fifty tickets. (Ron says she drove the cops so crazy that Larry once considered offering his psychiatric services to the Police Department.) Sometimes she paid—Lionel Gilbert says that every six months or so she would grab a bunch of tickets, stuff them in a bag, and head downtown to "negotiate"—but usually she counted on charm and pot roast. When the city nearly went bankrupt, in 1975, her friend Sidney Cohn told people, "It was Roz Roose." Her last car was a black-and-white Dodge Dart, and when it was a day old she "ran in somewhere" and left the keys in the door. Larry said, "That's it, no more cars," and Roz never complained. She deferred to Larry in everything but politics.

Roz is usually in a rush—running late, running for a taxi or a bus, running *somewhere*—and she was rushing down Broadway the other day and tripped and fractured her knee, and the doctor grounded her. She hates being grounded, although she has her phone and she has always spent so much time on the phone that Gina, watching her pack for a trip once, is said to have cried, "Mommy, you can't go anywhere! You haven't packed your phone!" And she has her friends: they hover like hens, bringing her food, making her coffee, keeping the party going. It is a kind of revenge on the woman who has always arranged everything for *them*—their marches, their marriages, their analysts, their husbands' funerals—and has never let them arrange anything for her. Roz says they drive her crazy. Otherwise, she refuses to complain—about the arthritis in her hands, or the insomnia that has kept her up most nights since Larry died, or even the pain in her knee now. And Roz has the building. The neighbors call. The doormen call. Benny Vergez, who has worked in the building for nearly thirty years, dotes on Roz, despite the fact that he is Dominican and a Catholic and her politics must horrify him. Benny brings mail

SUBSTANCE

I could see that there was a kind of distance lighted
behind the face of that time in its very days
as they appeared to me but I could not think of any
words that spoke of it truly or point to anything
except what was there at the moment it was beginning
to be gone and certainly it could not have been proven
or held however I might reach toward it touching
the warm lichens the features of the stones the skin
of the river and I could tell then that it was
the animals themselves that were the weight and place
of the hour as it happened and that the mass of the cow's neck
the flash of the swallow the trout's flutter were
where it was coming to pass they were bearing the sense of it
without questions through the speechless cloud of light

—W. S. Merwin

---

to her door, and lectures her the way he lectures the plants he waters for her, summers, when she goes to Provincetown. He keeps her up to date on the building gossip; he is famously discreet and would never do that for anybody else. Taki and Taso Mastakouris, the grocers who opened a corner store on Columbus Avenue in 1990, and now, on Roz's advice, stock everything from smoked mozzarella to smoked salmon, drop everything to deliver Roz one bagel and a cup of coffee, and usually refuse to let her pay. And I imagine that Harry Oppenheimer, the butcher who once banned Roz from his store after she started using his order phone to make her calls, would have sent a porterhouse if anyone had told *him*. Everyone else in the neighborhood heard about Roz's fall, and then it seemed that everyone in the country heard; I was visiting one day when the phone rang and it was "Courtney, in Chicago," who turned out to be a stranger who had helped Roz up and taken her home after another fall, on Ninety-third Street in 1993, and became her friend. Courtney flew back to New York to see Roz, and Roz, of course, had a brunch. It was only a small brunch, not like the old days. Leo Braudy, the man who introduced me to Roz when I moved into the building, says that in the old days "Roz was very interested in the famous people, the interesting people, the Freudians and their pipes, Steven Marcus and *his* pipe." Braudy met Roz when he was twenty-six. He is an English professor now, and he has written a book about fame called "The Frenzy of Renown." It starts with Alexander the Great and Jesus Christ and ends with Elvis, and, while it doesn't include Roz, Braudy says that by any standard Roz is famous herself. "It wasn't the Algonquin Round Table. Nobody sat around Roz's table making stabbing, slashing remarks. Her parties were my dream of New York."

Roz passes the time at home talking about her parties. "Let me tell you about my famous parties," she will say, apropos of nothing, in the middle of a conversation. She can describe them all, from the guests to the food. There was the War and Peace party, in 1968, when "all the Russian movie stars came." There was the Salvador Allende party, in 1973, when the minks got stolen and "the Swedish ambassador to Chile came." There was the Reopen the Rosenberg Case party, ten years later, when Ossie Davis, E. L. Doctorow, Grace Paley, Joseph Papp, Paul Robeson, Jr., and Raphael Soyer (among others) came, and "Vincent carved." (Roz means when she "borrowed" my husband to slice a turkey, and he fled after four hours, three turkeys, a roast beef, and a couple of hams.) And there was the Children of El Salvador party, in 1984. She threw that party with her friend Annette Mark, who described it to me by saying, "The whole thing with Roz was, it's a serious subject but you have a great time." That party got so big that Roz had to move it out of the building and into her cousin Marsha's penthouse, on Riverside Drive—"I had made a match between Marsha and one of the Goodman boys," she says, meaning her friend Billy Goodman, who was nearly fifty when she made it—and even into the penthouse next door. "I knocked on the door," Roz told me. "I said to the woman, 'You're a mother. Would you lend us your house?' So the doors were open. It was for medical supplies. The Salvador women cooked. We made fourteen thousand dollars." That was her favorite party—the one, she feels, where she was at her most resourceful, having talked the manager at Fairway into donating the food. Admission was only fifteen dollars, so that anyone who wanted to come could afford it. Roz told me, "I always said, 'Let the people come.' "

It's getting hard to find women like Roz. There is, of course, nobody *quite* like Roz, but there used to be a lot more women in New York with something of the same spirit, women who would like to have run the world but who ended up doing (mostly) good by opening the door, women who, in a crisis, called up everyone they knew and said, "I'm having a party." Some of those women were old money, like Marietta Tree; some had arrived on a boat to a hardscrabble life, and eventually made their way to Central Park West, like Roz. Roz is famous for being generous, but maybe the most generous thing about her is that she thinks the people she likes are just like Roz Roose—kindly, quixotic, exasperatingly oppositional people who if anyone bothered to introduce them would happily take the Upper West Side and turn it into a Masada. In a way, she's right.

You could say that her art is people. You could call this nurture or activism or ambition or social energy or noblesse oblige or—Roz would prefer it—Marx. It is, in any event, in disrepute now. People who go to the barricades today tend to be self-righteous and sanctimonious and "correct"—solitary in their ambitions—and Roz was never correct and certainly never solitary. She had "convictions." She wanted to come to the party, and so she gave the party. She is a champion of lost causes—she thinks that lost causes are the glamorous causes—but her weapons have always been charm, guile, ebullience, and agitprop, and the best stuffed cabbage in New York. She's not an innocent; she knew her options. She grew up in a man's world. In the world I came from, she would have "volunteered"; in the world my daughter comes from, she would be running for President, "on a third-party ticket." She wasn't a Motherwell or a Rothko, although she tried once to find Rothko an apartment in the building. She says, "I did what I could. He wanted a Park view." And she wasn't rich. Her friends often are. She confers her convictions on all her friends. (I fight with Roz about Stalin the way I used to fight with my mother about sex.) They are a thorny gift. "Take it, it's yours," as she likes to say.

THE building has changed. When Roz moved in, the rents were controlled, and the lobby was peeling, and the biggest apartment on the third floor was a dormitory for the women in something called Phil Spitalny and His All-girl Orchestra. Old black men ran the elevators. The landlord's answer to security was a used glass cage—it looked like a foreman's cage from a sweatshop—inside the front door. And the neighborhood was rough. The tenements began a few doors west of the Park—"just past Howard Fast's place," Roz says—and the police had already designated the corner one block west, on Columbus Avenue, "the bad corner" of Manhattan. Dick Seaver remembers that back in the fifties, when he showed his wife, Jeannette, New York for the first time, she took a look at the neighborhood and said, "I'll never live here!" The landlord lived in the building then—his name was Sheldon, and his wife's father had built the Turin in 1909, lost it in the Crash, and eventually raised the money to reclaim it—and, while he was notably tightfisted when it came to service, it has to be said that he had a weakness for the kind of people who made it "the Kremlin" and then "the building." Pauline Kael, who was seriously underpaid at this magazine and had to leave the building in 1970, when her rent was raised by fifty dollars, says that when Sheldon heard about her moving out he called and told her to forget the money—and that she would have stayed if she hadn't already been "halfway to Massachusetts." By that time, the building was a family, and the only dormitory was the Roose apartment, which sometimes had so many stray demonstrators camped there that they spilled out into the ninth-floor hall. It was "a cross between chaos and vanity," Steve says. Roz's party was in its heyday then, and Roz invited everyone she saw—meaning everyone she ran into when she went to the market to pick up extra food. "At ten, the bell would ring, and it would be the whole building coming," Peggy Penn says. "It would never have happened in our building."

But the building got old. People started dying. Michael Heidelberger, who was known as the father of immunochemistry, died three years after the building threw him a hundredth-birthday party. Florence Bower, whose family had helped found the *Forward*—the paper Roz's father liked reading—died. Milbourne Christopher, who was a famous magician, died, and Sandor Rado, who was a famous analyst, died, and so did Joe Julian and René d'Harnoncourt and Marinka Gurewitsch and Arthur Gold. And Larry. Roz has thought a lot about death since Larry died. She will look at a big photograph of Larry in their bedroom—his last photograph—and shake her head and say, "Death is mysterious." She asks me if I ever think about death. She says that when Charlie Rose asked Arthur Miller that question Miller said, "Not more than once or twice a day." But then the phone rings, and I hear her advising a friend—"Listen, I adore you, and I worry about you"—or talking about the Republicans, or rattling off opinions, with what amounts to a reviving clarity. She is coming into her own: the pronouncements that used to sound comical or ingenuous sound shrewd now, which probably they always were. (California is "a sunny place," and her description of Parsons' latest play was two words: "Estelle dies.") She has a new enemy—William Safire. I listen to her talk about Safire, and it's clear that the good old bad days are returning. It is a climate she finds exhilarating. When she puts on her makeup, and her new pink sweater with the notched collar, she is beautiful—like one of her old pictures—and so vain that you have to keep her from taking the brace off her knee whenever the doorbell rings.

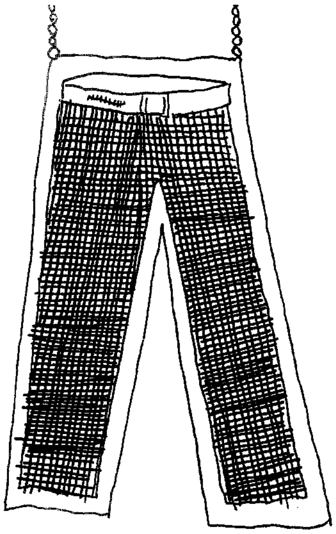
Roz still misses running into Pauline Kael in the elevator. ("She asked me to fix her bra strap once. I was so thrilled.") And she wishes that Alexander and Andrew Cockburn, the journalists, had stayed. ("Their father wrote for the London *Daily Worker*, he was a famous Communist" is how she describes them.) But she was pleased when a philosopher called Marx Wartofsky, who was actually named for Marx, moved in, and she was ecstatic the day she stepped into the elevator and discovered a new tenant named William Hurt. Hurt had dogs, and Roz, who wanted to ask him to brunch, started walking *my* dog. She would ring the bell, grab the leash, and say, "You're so busy! I'll take Romeo." He kissed her once, after the Academy Awards. By then, the tenants had tried halfheartedly to buy the building. A couple of years went by before the landlord sold, and when he did, it was not to them. He sold to a real-estate speculator named Francis Greenberger, who turned it into a co-op, at some profit to himself, and people who were referred to in the building as "the new people" started buying apartments, at prices that Roz suspected could feed whole Central American countries for a year. The elevator men were put into braided uniforms and became doormen. The glass cage disappeared, and a decorating committee hired "consultants" to advise it on the proper marbling of the lobby paint. Eighties millionaires bought apartments and went bankrupt, and sold them to newer millionaires, and, while Roz was solicitous—she says "property is bad," but she remembers the details of every real-estate deal she could have made and didn't, "on principle," and she knows what every apartment in the building went for—a lot of the new people were not the sort of people whose idea of a great night out was dinner with Alger Hiss. Some of them had never heard of the Spanish Civil War, let alone the civil-rights movement here. They were "in business," and some of them were even Republicans, and they would see Roz working the lobby—talking to everyone, her sneakers unlaced, her Zabar's bags spilling onto the floor—and hurry into the elevator as if Roz were a bag lady who had wandered in off the sidewalk. James Walsh, the theatre producer, who has lived in the building for eighteen years and loves Roz, told me once that his bottom line for the new people was Roz. Did they love Roz, too? Did they appreciate Roz? Did they know what she *represented*? If they didn't, they would always be the new people. If they did, they became "the building." ◆

SKETCHBOOK

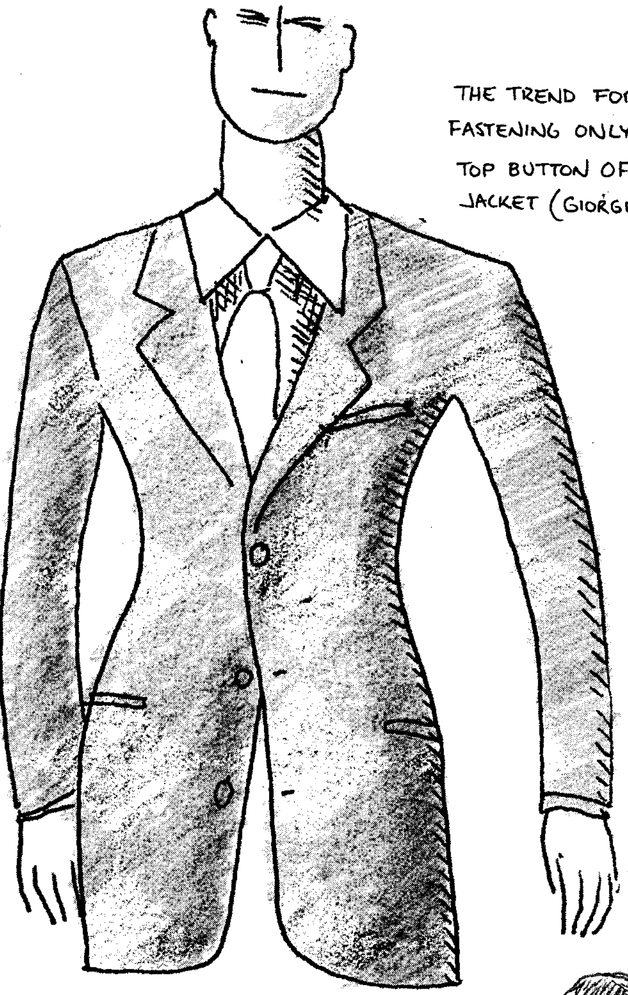
THIS YEAR'S MEN

Moments from the 1995 Milan ready-to-wear fall collections, where new trends included cigarette holders, curtain hair—and even snow.

BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

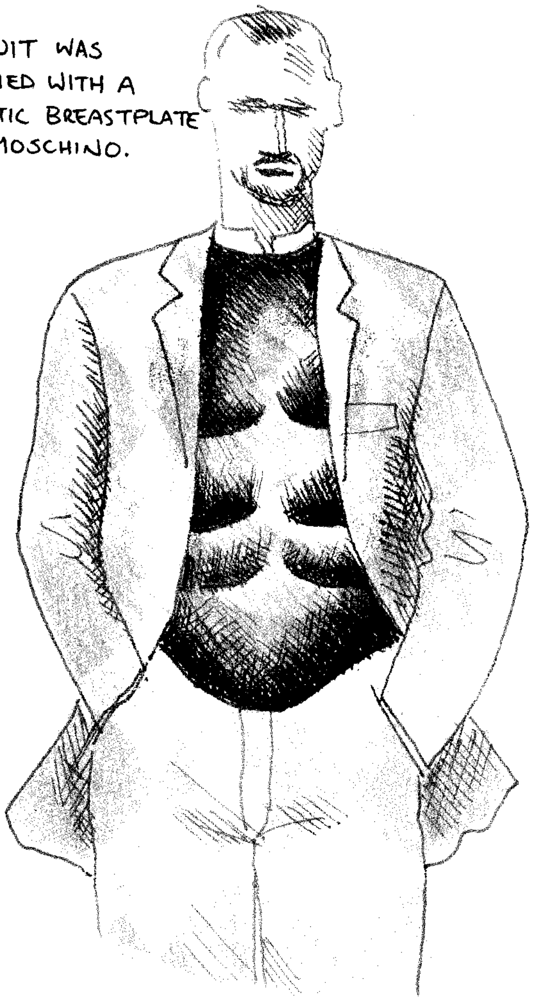


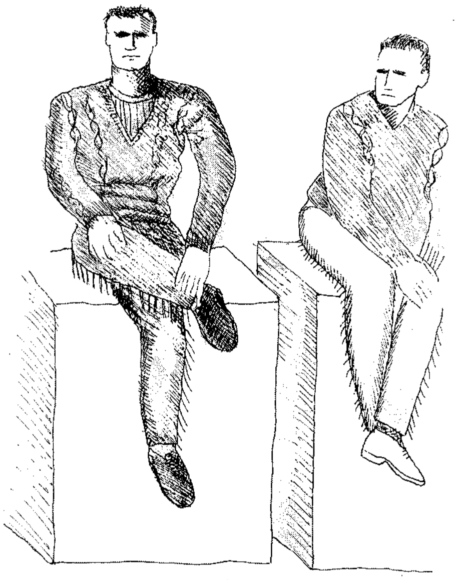
CLOTHES - LIKE THIS PAIR OF TROUSERS - WERE ENCASED IN PLASTIC AND HUNG ON THE WALLS AT THE ICEBERG SHOWROOM.



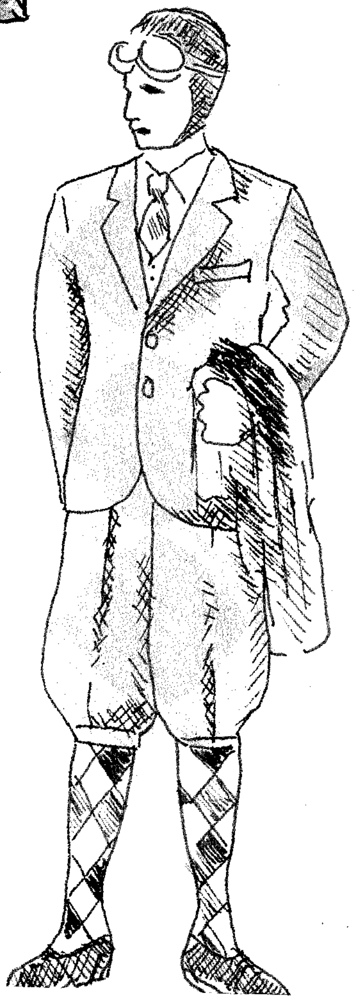
THE TREND FOR FASTENING ONLY THE TOP BUTTON OF YOUR JACKET (GIORGIO ARMANI).

SUIT WAS
EAMED WITH A
ASTIC BREASTPLATE
T MOSCHINO.

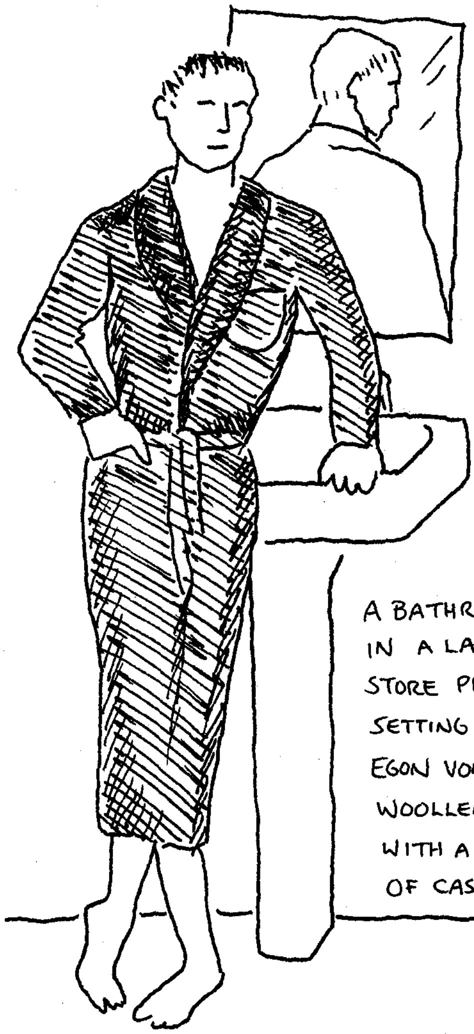




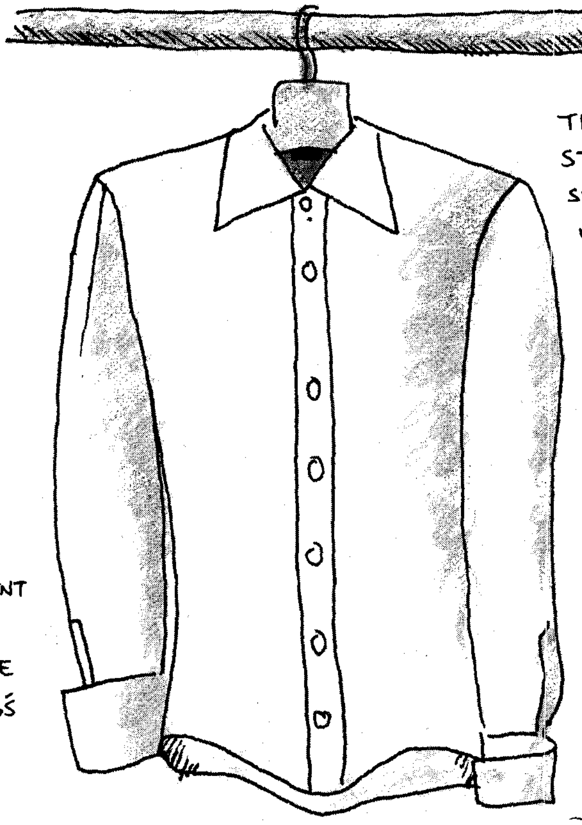
LAURA BIAGIOTTI'S MODELS WERE PLACED ON LARGE WHITE CUBES. "WE'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR TWO HOURS," ONE SAID GRUMPILY.



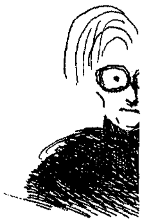
THE BUGATTI COLLECTION CONTAINED MORE THAN A FEW REFERENCES TO OLD RACING CARS.



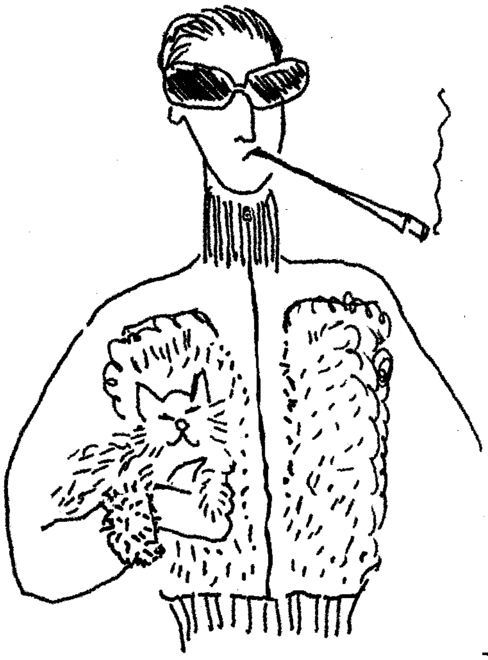
A BATHROOM SINK
IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT
STORE PROVIDED THE
SETTING FOR PRINCE
EGON VON FURSTENBERG'S
WOOLLEN BATHROBE
WITH A MILD TOUCH
OF CASHMERE.



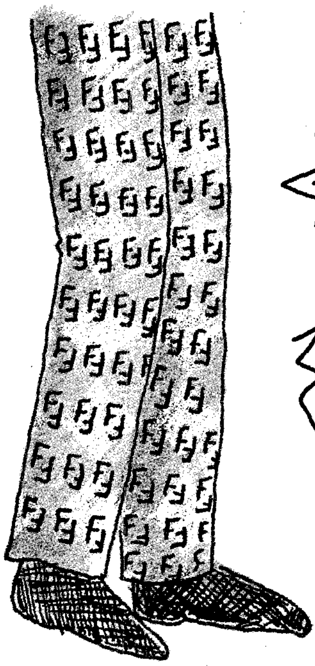
THIS WHITE
STRETCH POPLI
SHIRT, BY PRAD
WILL COST
AROUND THR
HUNDRED
AND TWENT
DOLLARS.



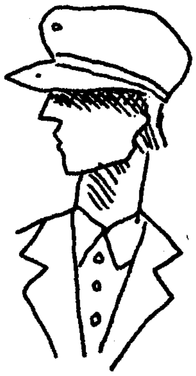
SEASONAL THEMES



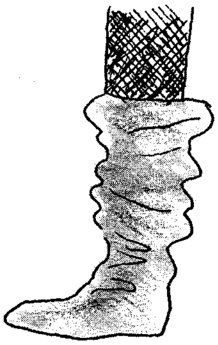
THE TREND
FOR LOOKING LIKE
LUCHINO VISCONTI
CIRCA 1953
(DOLCE & GABBANA).

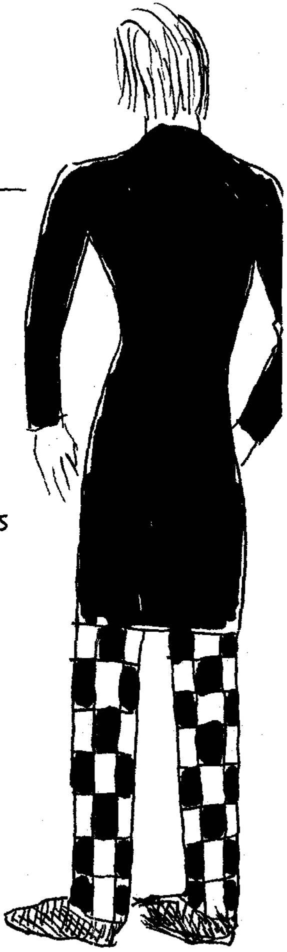


THE TREND FOR LOGOS.
HERE THE DOUBLE "F" OF
FENDI CLUB ON
A PAIR OF TROUSERS.

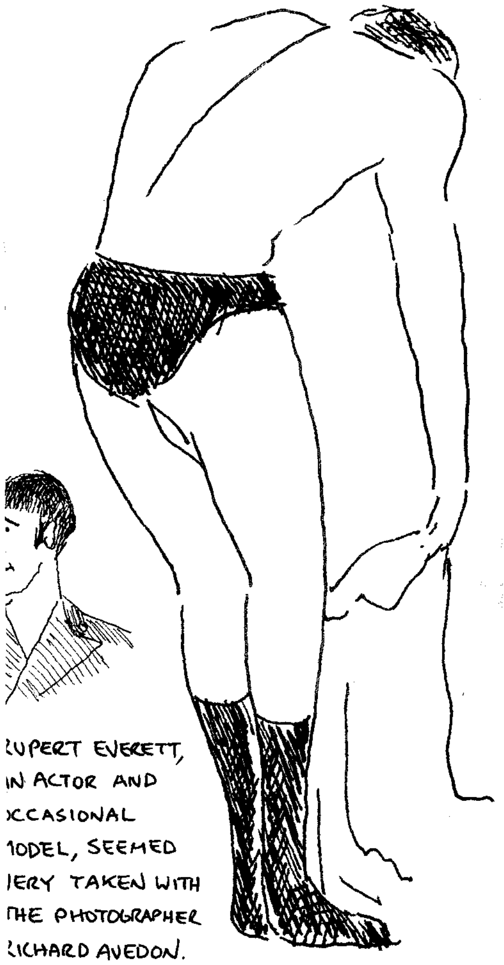


THE
TREND FOR
COSSACK BOOTS
AND
TOLSTOY HATS
(GIANFRANCO
FERRÈ).



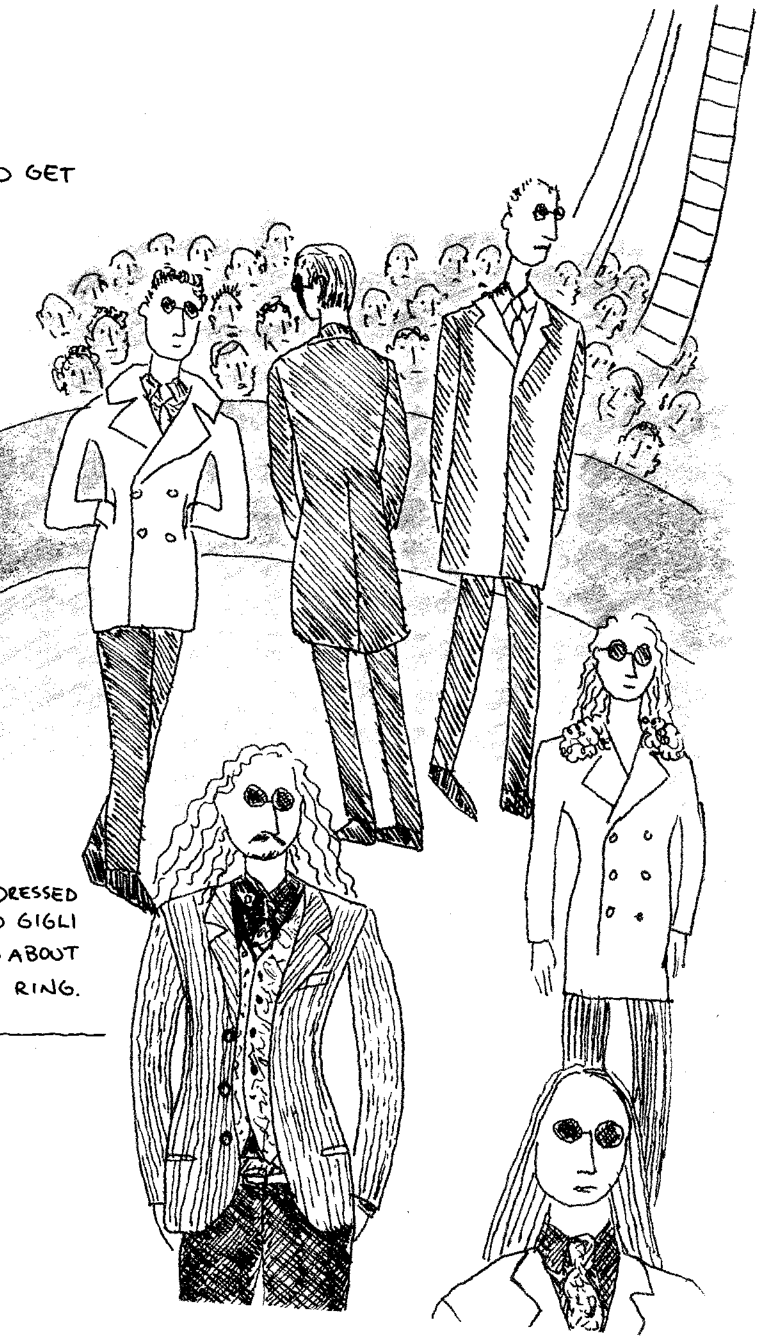


VERY LOUD CHECKS
AND TIGHT COATS
SEEMED TO BE THE THING
AT GIANNI VERSACE.



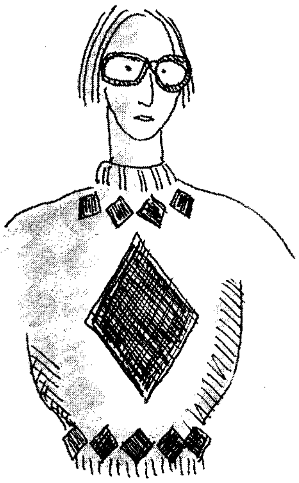
MODELS BACKSTAGE HURRIED TO GET READY.

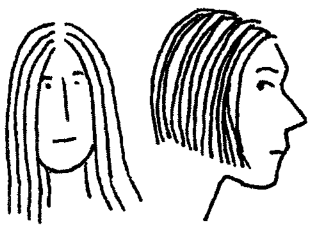
UPERT EVERETT,
N ACTOR AND
CCASIONAL
ODEL, SEEMED
ERY TAKEN WITH
HE PHOTOGRAPHER
ICHARD AVEDON.



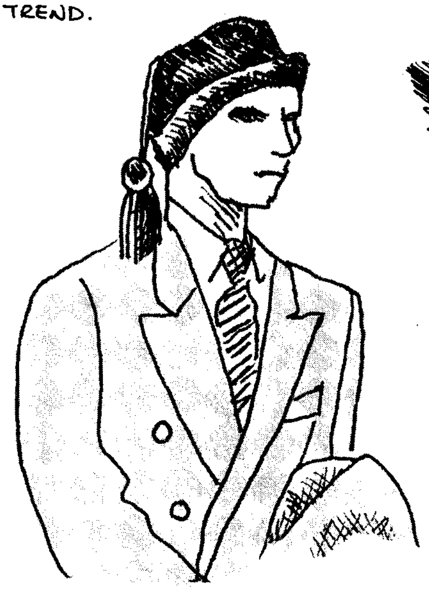
MEN DRESSED BY ROMEO GIGLI WANDERED ABOUT A CIRCUS RING.

THE TREND FOR "INTELLECTUAL" GLASSES AND GAUDY APRÈS-SKI SWEATERS (VERSACE).

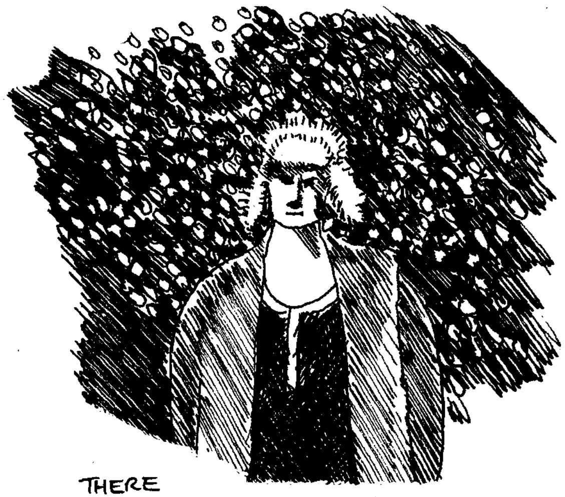




LONG CURTAINS OF HAIR WERE A BIG TREND.



LUCIANO SOPRANI ADDED A KNITTED HAT WITH A TASSEL TO THIS DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT.



THERE WAS FAKE SNOW AT FERRÈ'S SHOW. THERE WAS SNOW IN ARMANI'S OPENING SLIDES, AND SNOW MAGICALLY APPEARED OUTSIDE VERSACE.

FICTION

MUSIC FOR TORCHING

BY A. M. HOMES

It is after midnight on one of those Saturday nights when the guests have all gone home and the host and hostess are left in their drunkenness to try and put things right.

"Too much fat," Paul says, carrying in dishes from the dining room. "The potatoes were swimming in butter, the salad was drenched in dressing."

Elaine stands at the sink, in an apron, in Playtex gloves, trying to protect herself. She doesn't see it yet, but despite her prophylactic efforts, her clothing is stained. Later, she will wonder if the spot can be gotten out, if her clothing can be made clean. She will regret having bought the outfit, having cooked the dinner, having made the enormous effort to make everything good again.

Paul goes into the dining room, this time returning with the wineglasses, the bottle tucked under his arm.

Elaine scrapes plates into the trash can.

Paul puts the glasses down, brings the bottle to his lips, and finishes it, swishing the last sip round and round before bending over her shoulder and spitting it into the sink, splashing her.

"Watch it," she says.

"Gristle," he says. "You're doing it on purpose. Poisoning me. I could taste the fat—going right to the artery."

Again she doesn't say anything.

"I should be eating legumes."

"I can't make legumes for eight."

She loads the dishwasher. "What about her?" she asks.

"Who?"

"The girlfriend, the date." The woman that Henry—who recently left Lucy, whom they all liked a lot—carried around all night like a trophy.

"Nice," he says, not telling his wife that when he asked the date what she did—as in what her occupation was—she said, What would you like me to do? And when he asked, Where do you live? she said, Where would you like me to live? He doesn't tell his wife that before she left she said, Give me your phone number, and he willingly jotted it down for her. Paul doesn't tell Elaine that the date promised to call him tomorrow. He goes back into the living room for the dessert plates.

"How old do you think she is?" Elaine calls out.

Paul returns, his hands filled with wadded-up napkins. He shakes crumbs into the sink. "How old would you like her to be?"

"Sixty," Elaine says.

She finishes loading the dishwasher, mumbling, "Hope it's fixed, hope it doesn't flood, hope the gasket isn't gone, hope you were right."

"Hope so," he says.

She adds detergent. "Sink's stopping up," she says. "The house is falling apart. Everything is made of shit."

"It only lasts so long," he says, thinking about the date. How many children do you have? she had asked him. Two, he'd said. Isn't that below average? Aren't you supposed to have two point three?

"We need so many things," Elaine says.

Paul doesn't hear her. Aren't you supposed to have two point three? she'd asked, seriously, as though it were a possibility. He hadn't responded. What was there to say? He had poured her another glass of wine. Every time he hadn't known what to say, he'd poured her another glass of wine. They'd had two bottles between them. You know how to get to me, she'd said, drinking it.

Paul looks at Elaine—Elaine from the back, Elaine bent over the sink. He looks at Elaine and lifts up her skirt, he presses against her, he starts to pull her panty hose down.

"Is this supposed to be funny?" she asks, still washing dishes.

"I don't know," he says, looking at the pan where the roast had lain, the bottom of it thick with congealed white fat, veined with bloody juice. He looks at the pan on the counter, imagines dipping his hand into the grease, smearing it over Elaine's ass and fucking her.

Her panty hose are down, just above her knees. The water is running, the dishwasher is running.

Unbeknownst to them, the slipper-feet of his pajamas making him stealthy, silent, and indetectable, their older son, Daniel, has slipped into the room. The kid opens the refrigerator door.

Paul turns, sees him, and quickly pulls Elaine's skirt down. Elaine stands, embarrassed, at the sink.

"What are you doing?" Paul demands.

"Is there any caviar? Mom said that if there was any caviar left over I could have it."

"You should be asleep," Elaine says.

Paul points to a small dish on the counter. The kid takes white bread out of the fridge and smears caviar over a piece.

Elaine, trying to pretend everything is normal, walks around the kitchen putting things away. She walks with peculiar half steps, the panty hose holding her legs together like a big rubber band.

The kid makes himself a second caviar sandwich. "Enough," Elaine says, taking the dish away from him. "It's a delicacy, not a snack. You don't make a meal of it."

"Do you think I'm weird?" the kid asks—he's ten now, and suddenly, as if he were two again, everything is a question. "Is it weird that I'm eating caviar in the middle of the night?"

"Go to bed," Paul says.

The kid leaves the room. Paul goes back to Elaine and lifts her skirt again. She turns around.

"Don't fuck with me," she says, grabbing a carving knife from the counter and pressing it against his neck.

"What do you mean?"

"You insult me, my cooking. I *am* my cooking," she says. "I'm a good cook. I tried hard, very hard, to make a nice dinner. You used to like lamb roast. You once said it was your favorite food. Even tonight, you took four pieces—there almost wasn't enough to go around. Luckily, Ben is a vegetarian." She holds the knife against his neck. Her panty hose are still bunched between her legs. She feels exposed.

"I was teasing," Paul says. "Musing about whether anyone had ever been charged with murder by the 'Joy of Cooking.' "

"If I wanted to kill you, I would just

go like this." She pulls the knife across his neck, and the blade barely breaks his skin, making a shallow slash like a paper cut. A thin line of red springs up on his neck.

He runs for the bathroom. She follows him, doing her awkward duck walk. He slams the door, locking her out. The molding around the doorframe falls to the floor.

"It's nothing," she says through the door, pulling her panty hose up—just in case they have to go to the hospital. "Let me see. I'm sure it's fine. It was an accident. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to really cut you."

"Bitch," he says, opening the door.

"I said I was sorry." She pours peroxide onto a Kleenex and dabs his wound. He winces.

"Don't be a baby," she says. "We were playing your game."

She finishes in the kitchen. He holds an ice pack against his neck, "to keep the swelling down," he says.

"What swelling?" she asks. "It's a cut, not a bite."

"What do you know about it?"

They go upstairs. "The light in the hall is out," she tells him.

"We're out of bulbs," he says.

"Put it on the list," she says.

They undress. There is nothing more to say.

IN the morning, in her half-sleep, Elaine's thoughts race, speeding through a giant checklist, a litany of all she has ever done, all she has never done, all she meant to do, all her ideas and good intentions. Her thoughts spin until there is nothing left. She looks up at the ceiling. The paint is cracked and peeling. It needs to be scraped, redone. Exhausted, she gets up.

"Did you see Ben's gut?" she asks. "And Henry's hair—who does he think he's fooling? It's awful. And what about Joan? That's who I'm really worried about. She's so depressed she can hardly speak, and Ted doesn't even notice."

"He notices," Paul says, still sleeping.

"And what does he do?"

"Fucks the secretary."

"The assistant," Elaine says.

"Sorry."

Elaine pulls up the sheets and blankets on her side of the bed. Last year they traded in their bed; they went from queen to king because they wanted more room. "After so many years," the salesman in the mattress store had said, "it's hard to sleep on top of somebody else." Now they sleep easily, without touching.

"If our friends are disgusting, does it mean we're disgusting?" Elaine asks.

"Probably," Paul says.

"Disgusting," Elaine says, going into the bathroom. "Horrible, hateful, and ugly." She closes the door and then opens it again immediately. "Don't forget," she says. "The Nielsons' barbecue is this afternoon. We get to see everybody again."

The phone rings. Paul dives across the bed to Elaine's side and answers it. "Hello," he says breathlessly. Then he calls to Elaine, "Your mother."

"Can I stay at your place tonight?" the mother asks Elaine.

"What do you mean?" Elaine says.

"Your father is driving me crazy. I thought I'd come and stay with you, unless, of course, you tell me I can't."

"I would never tell you you couldn't."

"So, I can," she says. "It's all right?"

"Yes," Elaine says. "We have a barbecue this afternoon, but we'll be home early. The sitter will be here."

Mother is coming—without Father, which is a little odd, but who cares. Mother is coming—that's what counts. Mother will make everything all right again.

"Oh, don't worry," the mother says. "I won't even get there before nine-thirty or ten."

"My mother is coming," Elaine tells Paul, already stripping the bed. She goes down the hall to the linen closet and gets clean sheets.

Sammy comes out of his room. "Did you wet your bed?" he asks.

"Grandma is coming," Elaine says.

Sammy goes back into his room and closes the door. "I don't like Grandma," he says through the door.

"If she's by herself do we really need to give her our room?" Paul asks. "Couldn't she sleep in one of the boys' rooms?"

"Let's not make a thing out of it," Elaine says. "Let's just do it the way we always do it. Otherwise it'll mean something that she came alone, and we didn't think enough of her to give her our room. Help me," she says, pulling the fitted sheet across the bed. "Help me."

IN the bathroom mirror, Paul looks at himself. He rubs the cut on his neck, rubs until blood seeps out. He wonders if the date will call, wonders what he will do with the date if she calls. Will they make a plan to meet? Where will he take her? The Carlyle? Or Ardsley Arms, the motel by the highway that advertises cozy cabins? No. He can't spend the money. If he spends money Elaine will find out—she's better at math than he is; she does the bills. They'll either go to the date's place, or they'll meet somewhere public, like Rye Playland. He'll buy lots of ride tickets. They'll go through the haunted house, rushing to be finished, released and relieved, before their car kicks through the double doors and back into the daylight. They'll go through two or three times. The first time, they'll kiss, long and tenderly, as if they mean it. He'll fondle her. The second time, his head will be in her crotch, her mouth on his cock. The third time she'll straddle him—she'll sit so tall that her head will bang against the fabricated fibreglass rafters, the pseudo timbers, which will crack at well-timed intervals over their heads. The things that go bump in the night will be entirely real.

"And what about Henry's hair?" Elaine had said. Paul looks at himself in the mirror and wonders what's wrong with Henry's hair. Paul is just like his friends, as is Elaine. Their friends are just like them. They like it that way. When one of the friends changes, when something is different, they all get nervous, as if it will be contagious—as if a bit of bad luck or ill fortune will now be visited upon the rest of them. Elaine's words echo in his head: "Who does he think he's fooling?"

The phone rings again. "I'll get it," Paul screams through the house. "I'll get it! Hello?" he says.

"What are you wearing?" the date asks.

Elaine picks up the phone downstairs. "Hello?" she says.

"I've got it," Paul says. Elaine hangs up.

"You didn't answer me," the date says. "I asked you what you were wearing."

"What if my wife had gotten it?" Paul says.

"Perhaps she would have answered me already."

"What are *you* wearing?" Paul asks her.

"What would you like me to wear?" she asks back.

"Very little," he says. "Something, but not much."

"Are you a doctor?"

He starts to say no, but then stops

himself. “Would you like me to be a doctor?”

“I'm in pain,” she says.

“Tell me about it,” he says.

“Examine me and I will.”

“You were on an awfully long time,” Elaine says when Paul finally comes downstairs. “I made pancakes. Daniel spread the rest of the caviar on his. It's out of control.”

They look out the kitchen window. “Grass needs cutting,” Paul says. The children are playing in the yard. Daniel has Sammy trapped, with a butterfly net over his head.

“Big-game hunt,” Paul says. “Next he'll attach a tag to Sammy's ear.”

“You were whispering,” Elaine says.

“Big deal,” Paul says. It's unclear whether he means big deal as in “none of your business,” or big deal as in “a large business transaction.”

Elaine stuffs clothes into the washing machine.

“Aren't you supposed to separate the coloreds and the whites?” Paul asks.

“Segregation ended,” she says, closing the lid.

“But I thought—”

“If you want to do the laundry, feel free.” She picks up her purse. “I'm going to Liz's. I need some time to myself. Keep an eye on the kids.”

“Why do you go to Liz's? Isn't she there? And what about Jennifer, isn't Jennifer there? Is that really time to yourself?”

“Jennifer stays in the basement,” Elaine says.

“You spend more time with Liz than you do with me.”

“I like her better,” Elaine says, leaving.

At the cookout, regardless of the fact that they were all together the night before, they act glad to see each other. Perhaps they are not acting, perhaps they are genuinely glad to see each other. Perhaps it was difficult being left to their own devices for twenty-four hours. Who knows? But they are in surprisingly good spirits; they are the kind of people who believe in putting on their party clothes and a party face, or at least starting off with a smile.

“Can I get you a drink?” George Nielson, the host, asks at regular intervals. “Freshen that? Are you running out? Pour you another? More ice? Splash?”

Henry is there, with the date.

Paul sees her from across the yard and blushes bright red.

“Are you all right?” Elaine asks. “Are you ill?”

He sips his drink. “Spices,” he says. “Bloody Mary.”

“Joan is here without Ted?” someone says.

“He's not well, he ate too much last night.”

“Call him, tell him to come anyway,” Pat Nielson says. “We miss him. He doesn't have to eat, he can just drink. He can still drink, can't he?”

Ted's wife, Joan, shakes her head. “He's better off in front of the TV.”

“And where are the Montgomerys?” Elaine asks. “They didn't come last night, either.” The tsk-tsk-don't-ask face is made.

“Lost his job,” Joan whispers. “They don't know what to do. A mortgage, two in prep school, one in that special place—it's a lot, an awful lot.”

The subject is changed.

“You have such a beautiful home,” Elaine says to Pat.

“Thank you,” Pat says. “You don't know how much it means to me to hear that. It's all I do. House, house, house, as though nothing else mattered, as though that's all there was in the world.” She smiles.

“It's lovely,” Elaine says.

The Nielson twins, Molly and Mary, play waitress. They wear little black dresses with white aprons tied on. The guests applaud their servitude and wonder aloud how much Pat and George are paying the girls. The guests can't tell the girls apart and so just call them both Mmmm. . . , and the girls each fill in the rest accordingly.

The men hover around the grill, their faces slowly turning red in the charcoal glow. The women are bathed in the cold blue fluorescent light of the kitchen. Each side eyes the other, hoping the gossip being traded doesn't really give the goods away. Henry's date stands in the dark, in a kind of no man's land between the two groups, with only the citronella torch as her guide. Paul keeps her company.

“How are you feeling?” he asks.

“I think I'm having a recurrence,” she says.

“Stubborn case,” Paul says. “You probably need further treatment.”

The date looks at Paul. “Your hair,” she says. She starts to say something about Paul's hair, but Elaine comes between them.

Later, when they are roasting marshmallows, when he's got the date eating off his stick, Paul will try to touch her. He'll rest his hand high on her thigh.

“I'd rather you not,” she'll say. “For now, I prefer to just touch myself.”

Far away there is the sound of another party, voices in a distant back yard. Through the trees they can see lights in other houses. Every lit window is like a small stage, a miniature color television set where little dramas play themselves out.

“Shall I put on some music?” George Nielson asks.

“That would be lovely,” Pat says, and George goes into the house, throws open the living-room windows, and Sinatra wafts into the night.

“Sinatra!” Henry shouts in to George. “Why are we listening to Sinatra? Are we our parents?”

The Nielsons begin to dance. Hearts are warmed. “Isn't it nice,” someone says, watching Pat and George go cheek to cheek across the yard. “They still enjoy each other so much.”

Henry pulls Paul aside. “So,” he asks, “what do you think of the girl?”

“Nice,” Paul says. He doesn't tell Henry that she telephoned, that they played doctor, that he scheduled her for a return visit. He doesn't tell Henry that chances are the date has a serious problem, something thoroughly beyond both of them, and that he's beginning to think she's incurable. Instead, he asks, “Where'd you meet her?”

“In an elevator,” Henry says. “Can you believe it? Isn't that unbelievable?”

“What does she do for a living?”

“You won't believe it,” Henry says. “Psychic.”

“Psychotic?”

“No, psychic.”

“And she makes a living that way?”

Henry nods.

“Unbelievable,” Paul says, looking at Henry's hair. Henry runs his hand through what's left of it.

“Who sits where?” Joan asks when the hamburgers are ready. “Is there an order, a special plan?”

Pat Nielson tells everyone exactly where to go. She seats Paul next to Elaine's best friend, Liz.

"Long time no see," Liz says, kidding.

"I keep forgetting exactly what it is you've gone back to get your Ph.D. in," Paul says.

"Women's studies," Liz says.

"So, I guess you don't want to get married again?"

"Prick," Liz says.

"Asshole," Elaine says later when they're walking home. "You did it on purpose."

Paul doesn't say anything. He ducks behind a tree and urinates.

Elaine waits for him. "The Esterhazys have done something to their house," she says.

Paul peers out from behind the tree. "Deck?"

"Nope, porch. They glassed in the screen porch."

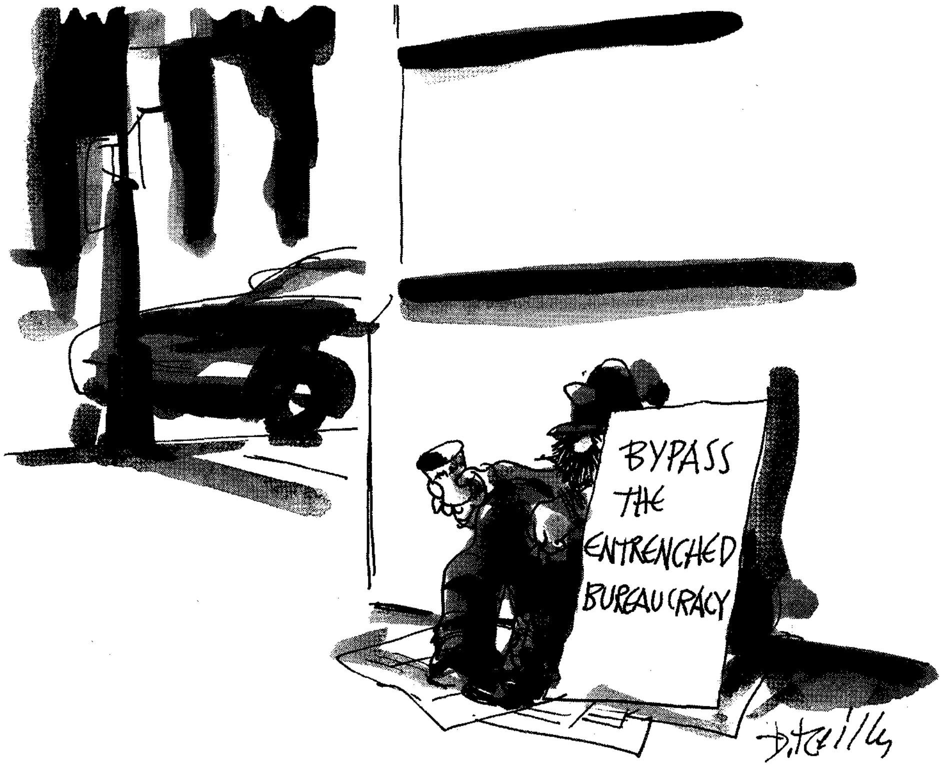
Paul comes out from behind the tree. "Looks good," he says, zipping up.

They have walked to the Nielsons'. Walking and drinking is the way it is done. That way they can drink too much, eat too much, and get home still feeling decent about themselves: it could have been worse, at least they got a little exercise, a taste of the night air, at least no one got killed. The problem comes a few minutes later, when Paul has to get in the car to drive Jennifer, the babysitter, who is Liz's daughter, home. He sits in the car waiting for Jennifer. He sits looking up at the house, thinking it looks shabby. Even in the dim glow of the street lights, it looks less promising, less hopeful than the other houses up and down the block.

Jennifer comes out of the house and gets into the car. "Was that incredibly painful?" he asks, gesturing toward the side of her head, which is shaved as though she'd been prepped for surgery, and then to her eyebrow and lip, both of which are pierced by silver rings. He touches his own lip and eyebrow as if he were speaking sign language.

"Only equal to the pain I'm already in," she says.

He nods. Jennifer was five when he and Elaine moved in. She is his first memory of the neighborhood. He spotted her playing on the lawn of what was then Roger and Liz's house, and somehow the sight of her, staging a party with her Raggedy Anns—she was dressed like a Raggedy Ann herself—made him think that they could live here, that everything would be O.K. He doesn't know why.



"Great scar," she says, pointing to the red line on his neck. "Did you do it yourself?"

"No," he says. "I had help."

"Cool."

He makes a turn. "Can I ask you a question?" he says, and without waiting for a reply goes on, "What does my wife do at your house all day?"

"She fucks my mother," Jennifer says, without a pause.

His fantasy. His nightmare. He has no idea whether she's lying or not.

ELAINE is in the living room, waiting for Paul. She is talking to her mother, who has apparently run away from home. As Elaine talks she rearranges the furniture as though this will make all the difference.

"What's wrong?" Elaine asks, pushing a chair across the floor as quietly as possible. "Why are you leaving Daddy?"

"I'm not leaving," the mother says, helping to switch a lamp from one end table to another. "I'm taking a night off. After fifty-three years, every now and then you need a night off. By the way," the mother says, "when I got here Daniel was puffy, like he was having an allergy. So I gave him an antihistamine."

"Fish eggs," Elaine says, plugging the lamp in. Her words come off with the dismissive intonation of someone saying "fiddlesticks." The mother looks confused. "He eats too much caviar."

The mother shakes her head. "I'll never understand."

Paul comes in, makes himself a drink, and carries it into the living room.

"You drink too much," Elaine says, pushing the coffee table farther away from the sofa.

"I'll call it a night," the mother says, going upstairs. "See you in the morning."

Paul quickly finishes the drink and goes back for another.

"It's fattening," Elaine calls after him. "I thought you were watching your gut."

"Cunt," Paul says to Elaine, who is now remaking the L-shaped sofa into a bed for the night.

"Are you flirting with me?"

Paul does a strange and suspicious dance, circling around the sofa, around Elaine—like an animal, like a boxer. He circles and drinks. "Fucking whore." He grabs her with his free hand. He is drunk, his breath Scotchy, tainted with bitter belches. "Show me," he says, squeezing her. "Show me what you do."

"Go to hell," she says, eying a chair she thinks would look better on the left side of the room.

"I'm there already."

"So leave." She tries to twist away from him. He holds on. He bends to put his glass on the coffee table, but the table has been moved. The glass lands on the floor and the drink spills.

"You're hurting me," she says.

"You hurt me, too," he says.

The mother comes to the top of the stairs. "Keep it down," she whispers loudly, "or I'll have trouble sleeping."

"You're ruining my life," Paul hisses. He tears at his wife's clothing. He bites her. He does to Elaine what he'd like to do to Henry's date.

"I hate you," Elaine says, when Paul is on top of her. "I used to like you. I thought you were cute. But look at you now."

He fucks her, using the sofa for leverage, his feet pressing against the armrest.

She begins to cry. "I'm bored," she says. "I'm so bored it's not even funny." She digs her fingers into his back. Her nails sink into his flesh and stay there.

"I'm unhappy," he says, still humping her. His few remaining strands of hair come unglued and fall forward, hanging in his face. He stops humping her for a moment, flips them back, then starts humping her again. "I'm unbelievably unhappy," he says loudly, and begins to cry.

They stop fucking. They don't finish, they simply stop.

"Remember when we smoked the crack," he says. "Right here in this living room. You were the fountain, the fountain in front of the Plaza Hotel? You were a Roman candle. What could we do now that would be like that?"

"Nothing," she says. "There's nothing we can do."

"Do you want a drink?" he asks her.

"No," she says. "Nothing."

"Have you had enough?" he asks, rolling off of her.

They are both crying.

PAUL is in the bathroom, looking at himself in the mirror again. He looks at his hair. He takes Elaine's nail scissors and cuts it all off. Embarrassed, liberated, gleeful like a little kid, he runs his hand over his head. He is ruining something, actively destroying it. He hasn't felt this powerful in years. All the neatly combed strands are gone. He squirts Barbasol over his head; he looks like a transvestite wearing a bathing cap. He scrapes the razor over his scalp, round and round he goes. Paul finishes, thinking he looks better, healthier, more accepting of what he's become.

"Damn it!" Elaine shouts. "Damn it to hell!" She has tripped on a loose board, spilling clean clothing down the stairs.

Paul comes out of the bedroom. "What happened?" he asks. All the clothing has been dyed pink by a red shirt that got mixed in with the whites.

"Fucking floor," Elaine says, collecting the clothing, handing Paul his pink underwear. Then she notices his shaved head. "What the hell were you thinking?" she asks.

"I'm equal to it," he says. He looks at his underwear. "You're crazy," he says. "You can't even do the laundry."

"So fire me," Elaine says, going down the hall to wake Sammy and Daniel.

"I'm not wearing this underwear and I'm not going to school—and you can't make me," Daniel says.

"You have to go to school. It's the law. If you don't go, the police will come and take your father and me away."

As she says this, it seems to occur to her that this might be a solution, a way out—let them come and take her away, so be it.

"Fine," she says through Daniel's door. "Don't go to school. Don't wear any underwear, either. It's your life; I'm only your mother."

Paul leaves with Sammy, promising to stop at the five-and-ten and buy new underwear on the way.

"But I like pink, pink is good, pink is pretty," Sammy insists.

"I don't care what you like," Paul says. "What you like doesn't matter here. It's what's good for you. Pink is not good for you."

"Don't worry," Elaine's mother says, sitting at the kitchen table, checking her reflection in a kitchen knife. "It happens." The mother tilts the knife back and forth, making strange exaggerated expressions with her eyes and mouth. She puts the knife down. "It happened to your father and me. And we survived."

"What did you do?" Elaine asks.

"We went to Italy," the mother says, finishing her coffee. She draws a breath and clasps her hands together. "It's time for me to get myself together and go home."

"You're leaving already?"

"Your father is lost without me."

"But I thought we might be able to spend some time together," Elaine says.

"You'll be fine," the mother says.

Elaine starts to say something, but the mother holds up her hand like a stop sign, silencing her. "You'll be fine," she says again. "I'm telling you."

"But Mama," Elaine says. "Mama."

"Elaine," the mother says, getting up from the kitchen table, "grow up."

The mother has come; the mother has gone; everything is the same as it was. She didn't make it all right again. She was no help at all.

The telephone rings. Elaine answers it, and the caller hangs up.

PAUL is in his office. He has changed his underwear. The pink underwear is in the trash can under his desk. He thinks about the cleaning lady finding it—pulling it out, taking it home, and giving it to her husband, the cross-dresser. He takes the underwear out of the trash and puts it in his briefcase. His secretary puts through a call from Henry. "Hi," Paul says. "What's up?"

"Conference call," Henry says.

"Ménage à trois," the date says.

Paul doesn't say anything. His heart has stopped for the moment.

"Come on," Henry says. "Play along. I'm Bond, James Bond."

"And I'm the Russian spy," the date says.

"Who am I?" Paul asks.

"A diplomat from the U.N.," Henry says.

Paul's secretary interrupts. "You have a meeting in ten minutes."

He puts his hand over the receiver. "In eight minutes, knock on my door."

"Of course," the secretary says, closing his door. He goes back to the phone. Henry is talking to the date, doing a poor imitation of Sean Connery. The date moans, with a Russian accent. Paul just listens.

ELAINE is home. She goes from room to room, thinking she should clean, she should dust, she should vacuum. Elaine thinks she should sit down, make some calls; she should get the dishwasher repaired, the disposal replaced, the leak under the sink fixed, oven tested, shower re-grouted, floorboard fixed, house painted. She should go to the nursery and buy flowers for outside. She should clean out all the closets and give away what they don't need anymore.

Elaine goes from room to room, lying on every bed, sitting in every chair—room to room, thinking. Round and round. Upstairs, downstairs. Faster, faster. She makes mental notes: what is missing, absent, or in need of attention. She makes notes until she feels sick and then she goes downstairs and opens the refrigerator to get a drink. The bulb blows out while she is trying to decide what she wants. It is enough. More than enough. She goes outside and sits on the steps. She can't go back in the house. She can't go in the house again.

She sits on the steps. The air is thick. The mailman comes.

"It seems too soon for this," he tells her, gesturing to the invisible air. "Hot, humid, and it's only the beginning of June."

Daniel comes out of the house; Elaine had forgotten he was home.

"I'm bored," he says. "And there's nothing to eat. All the caviar is gone."

"Then go to school," she says. "You'll get there just in time for lunch."

"Fine," he says, defiantly, "I will," and he heads off down the driveway.

Elaine sits on the steps all day. She sits until Sammy and Daniel come home from school.

"Go in and bring me a Coke, will you?" she asks Sammy, and he does, delivering the ice-cold can, apparently without noticing that the refrigerator light is out.

Daniel drags a beach chair out of the garage and sets it up for her. She lies down in the back yard.

Paul comes home, goes into the house, makes himself a drink.

"You want one?" he yells out the kitchen window.

"Please," she says.

He comes out into the yard with their drinks in hand. He takes off his tie, his shoes, his socks. He wiggles his feet in the grass.

"I can't cook dinner," she says. "I just can't do it."

"We'll grill," he says. "We'll just slap everything on the grill."

She doesn't say any more. They have their drinks. They have more drinks. The bleating bellow of mothers calling their children home echoes up and down the street. "Wendy, Jonathan, Danielle, Michael, dinner's ready." Elaine's stomach growls; she hasn't eaten since breakfast. Paul sets up the grill—a little too close to the house, Elaine thinks, but she doesn't say anything. He lights the coals.

"I don't think you realize what I'm saying," Elaine says. "I can't do it anymore."

"What do you want to do?" Paul asks.

"Where are the children?"

"In the front yard."

Elaine and Paul are silent, listening for Sammy and Daniel's game. The static of the children's walkie-talkies cuts through the air.

"What are you wearing?" Daniel squawks.

"Blue shorts," Sammy squawks back.

"And what color are your socks?"

"Mine are red," Sammy says, and then, as if they know the parents are listening, the children begin beeping each other with the Morse-code button, talking in an unintelligible language of longs and shorts, dots and dashes.

Paul picks up the can of charcoal-starter fluid and squirts it against the house. "Is this what you want?" he asks.

Elaine sucks in her breath. She can't tell if Paul is joking or not.

"Tell me," he says, emptying the can against the house, spraying a swath over the grass, a line that leads straight to the grill. "You have to tell me."

"I don't know," Elaine says.

The briquettes are almost ready; the coals are dead-white, red-edged, glowing. Elaine goes to Paul and puts her hand around his waist. She balances herself, then raises her leg, her foot, her toe, and taps her toe against the leg of the grill.

"Harder," Paul says.

Elaine pulls her leg back and kicks the grill. The coals fly up and out, the grill tips over. Everything sputters and smokes for a minute, and then slowly the fire builds up from the ground, the grass, and moves toward the house. They stand watching as fire creeps up the back wall of the house. Wordless, each wonders if it is a game—a dare to see who will run for the garden hose. As the fire builds their nervousness and excitement grow. Elaine begins to laugh and then stops herself, pinching her cheeks together with her hands. In the early-evening light, the blue flame is nearly invisible. Fire seeps into a crack in the wall. A line of white smoke rises. Elaine watches, wishing she could hurry it, wishing she could be sure.

Paul leans on Elaine and puts his shoes and socks back on. "Get the kids and get in the car," he says.

Elaine walks away, turning back to see Paul blowing on the fire, fanning it with his hands, encouraging the flame.

"We're going out for dinner," Elaine tells Sammy and Daniel.

"Roger," they say into their walkie-talkies.

They get in the car and wait for Paul. A few minutes later, red-faced, breathless, he joins them. They drive to a nearby restaurant. The waitress fills their water glasses. Paul and Elaine smile at each other.

"I'll have the steak," Paul tells the waitress. "And the baked potato with sour cream."

"The fat," Elaine starts to say.

"I just want to live," Paul says. "Live and not worry. Is that possible?"

"I'll have the same," Elaine says, closing her menu.

During dinner they hear sirens. They linger over coffee. The children eat ice-cream sundaes. When the check is paid, they get back in the car and head toward home. The street is blocked off; there are fire engines and police cars. In the distance, they can see their house in flames, with fire coming out of the roof.

In the back seat, the children are oddly silent.

"Is that our house?" Daniel asks.

"Yes," Paul and Elaine say.

They watch for a few minutes, and then, worried that someone will recognize them, they drive away.

They check into a motel. The children, stunned by the spectacle, stoned on hot fudge, go quickly and quietly to sleep.

"We're awful," Elaine says, crawling into bed next to Paul. "Really bad."

"We have to try harder," Paul says.

"We have to be nicer to each other," Elaine says.

Paul plays with the blankets, pulling them up over their heads. "We should build a fortress to protect ourselves from the world," he says.

"To protect us from each other," Elaine adds.

"From ourselves," Paul says, letting the blankets fall down over them.

They are quiet. Paul curls up against Elaine and wraps himself around her.

"What are you wearing?" he whispers in her ear. ♦

ADVERTISEMENT

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

R.S.V.P.

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS BY TELEPHONE.

CULTURAL ATTRACTIONS

The Museum of Modern Art. Painting, sculpture, photography, architecture, design, film, video. For exhibition and film schedule, call: **1-212-708-9480.** For membership information, call: **1-212-708-9696.** For Sette MoMA Restaurant reservations, call: **1-212-708-9710.**

FINANCIAL SERVICES

The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A. Chase PC Banking puts you in complete control of your money any time, any place, from your desktop or notebook PC. For more information, call: **1-800-CHASE-24.**

The Franklin Templeton Group. For more information on any of the Franklin or Templeton Funds, please call: **1-800-342-FUND ext. F496.**

G.T. Global Theme Funds. Telecommunications, infrastructure, natural resources, health care, and financial services. Call today for our special report on theme fund investing, with a prospectus describing associated risks. **1-800-824-1580.**

Intuit – Quicken. Quicken is the fastest, easiest way to organize personal and small business finances. And, it's the World's #1 bestseller! Quicken tracks it all – checking, savings, credit cards, investments, loans, and more. **1-800-781-5999 ext. 810 040.**

Intuit – QuickBooks. Eliminate bookkeeping hassles with QuickBooks, the hassle-free accounting software from the makers of Quicken. Try QuickBooks for only $8. Call: **1-800-781-6999 ext. 700 202.**

HEALTH CARE

Cancer Treatment Centers of America™. "A place that believes in treating the whole person, not just the cancer." To speak to an oncology information specialist, or receive literature by mail, please call: **1-800-234-2406.**

Urology & You – Health Newsletter. The newsletter of genitourinary information written by Edward Moss, M.D., F.A.C.S., a urologist and a nephrologist, oncologist, and psychologist. The newsletter provides information for men and women about the prostate, bladder, impotence, kidney stones, sexual function, voiding disorders, infertility and other topics. Published four times a year, $19.95. Call to subscribe: **1-718-275-7440.**

HOME FURNISHINGS

Country Casual Garden Furnishings. A sixty-four-page catalogue of natural teak and painted mahogany furniture, modular trelliswork, and arbors. Immediate shipment from stock. Country Casual pays the freight. **1-301-540-0040.**

Global Accents – *Collectibles for Connoisseurs.* Unique gift – an ostrich egg shell from Africa. Nature's largest egg in lustrous creamy color. With brass stand, a stunning decorative accent. $49.95. **1-800-863-0323.**

MEDIA

International Herald Tribune. Now the global village has its own hometown newspaper...and you can have it on your doorstep every morning in time for breakfast! For risk-free subscription offer call: **1-800-882-2884.**

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATIONS

The Humane Society of the United States. Protects animals across the globe. To join call **1-800-4-HUMANE**; for information call: **1-202-452-1100.**

RETAIL FASHION

Tilley Endurables. Secret pockets, security pockets, "Give 'em hell!" washing instructions. "The best travel clothing in the world." The (free to you) 68-page catalogue is a hoot! Call: **1-800-884-2795.**

RETAIL SUNDRY

Filmclips. Your monthly guide to the best films on video. A unique newsletter of reviews, movie facts, and quotable quotes. $24 for yearly subscription. For a free introductory issue call: **1-800-395-9344.**

Mondoes – A Double Decker of a Card Game. Discover Mondoes, the mind-tingling, Mondrian-inspired card game with vertical, horizontal, and diagonal scoring. Compact, challenging, and creative...with all the magic of math. **1-410-727-3100.**

Pipestone China. Looking for interesting and unique dinnerware? Our distinctive patterns vary from graceful 1200 AD Mimbres Indian designs to the nostalgic and increasingly popular Moose Lake. Call today for a catalog. **1-410-357-5899.**

Military Mites. Toy Soldiers: Britain, Tradition, and others; sets or single figures, limited editions. Also WW1 vintage tinplate aircraft and vehicles. For serious collectors. Set of catalogs $8 (VISA/MasterCard). Write to Military Mites, Box 2324, Rockville, MD 20847-2324, or call: **1-800-296-6483.**

Sidney Mobell Fine Jewelry. Sidney Mobell, world-famous for unusual jeweled creations. Seen on television, in magazines, and newspapers around the world. Famous diamond hourglass honored in two museums. Brochure. Call: **1-800-442-7999.**

The Stand-up Desk Company. Free literature describing our custom-crafted stand-up desks and stools. Now also offering handsome SOLID CHERRY DICTIONARY STANDS for home or office. **1-301-657-3630.**

SCHOOLS

England/Queens' College Cambridge University Summer Programmes. Teens: (14-19) 7/23-8/12, recommended by *Excellence* magazine for honor students. Adults: 7/30-8/6. Lectures/excursions. Call U.S. office: **1-800-922-3552 or fax 1-312-988-7268.**

The New School. For a free New School Bulletin providing information on more than 1,500 Spring adult education courses including distance instruction, B.A., M.A., and M.S.T. degree programs, please call: **1-800-319-4321 ext. 46.**

TRAVEL

1-800-CALL-ATT. No matter where you travel in the U.S., Know The Code and your calling card calls will always get through from any phone. Dial: **1-800-CALL-ATT.**

Canoe Canada Arctic – Fly-in Canoe Trips. Wolves, Musk Oxen, Caribou, Moose, Grizzly Bears, and Arctic Birds. Wildlife biologist guide, operating 21 years. For a brochure, call: **1-403-872-2308.**

The Educated Traveler®. An insider's network for learning vacations abroad. Special interest guides, classes, tours, private entrée. Newsletter subscription ($39.00/year) includes exclusive "Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours." Please call: **1-800-648-5168.**

1995 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions. "For art lovers who travel, and travelers who love art..." The only annual guide to over 1,000 exhibitions in the U.S. and abroad. Only $15. Call: **1-800-2-LOVE-ART.**

Seabourn Cruise Line. All-suite luxury cruising for the discriminating traveler. Named World's Best Cruise Line three years in a row by *Condé Nast Traveler.* For complimentary Cruise Annual, call: **1-415-391-7444.**

Womanship – Learn-to-Sail Cruises for and by Women. Gain skill and confidence onboard. "Nobody Yells." Annapolis, Caribbean, Florida, New England, Pacific Northwest, Greece, Tahiti, New Zealand. **1-800-342-9295.**

TRAVEL ACCOMMODATIONS

Hotel Bel-Air Mexico. In the tradition of the famed Hotel Bel-Air in Los Angeles, the Hotel Bel-Air Costa Careyes and the Hotel Bel-Air Puerto Vallarta are now offering exceptional Winter Getaway Packages. **1-800-457-7676.**

Italian Rentals. Rent an apartment, farmhouse, or villa...simple to luxurious. I inspect them personally. Call for a beautiful catalogue: **1-202-244-5345.**

Sanibel and Captiva Islands. A tropical paradise in Southwest Florida. Secluded beaches, golf, tennis, fishing, biking, nature trails, wildlife sanctuary, fine dining, shopping, and ROMANCE. Call Priscilla Murphy Realty: **1-800-237-6008.**

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES**, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036, 212-536-5600.

BOOKS

CHRISTINA'S WORLD

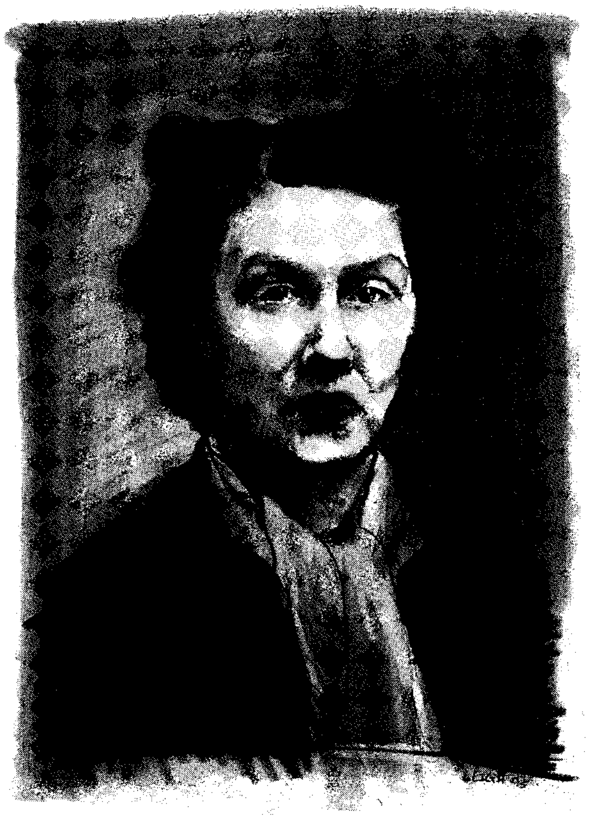
Christina Stead and the critic who loved "The Man Who Loved Children."

BY CLAUDIA ROTH PIERPONT

"If all mankind had been reared in orphan asylums for a thousand years," the great critic Randall Jarrell wrote in 1964, "it could learn to have families again by reading 'The Man Who Loved Children.'" The note of *extremis* was characteristic of Jarrell's highest praise, as was the perfect trust in art's power to teach us to be human. Jarrell was a master of reëxamination, able to make writers worn and familiar appear rich again, and newly powerful. Beginning in the late forties, he had detailed an unthinkably dark and adult Robert Frost, far from snowy fields and folksy wisdom, and concerned with the most painful relations between men and women. For Kipling he'd sought to recapture a place in the eternal literature of the family romance—a place, like Frost's, unexpectedly dark. This was also Jarrell's special territory in the poems and children's stories he was writing at the time. In Jarrell's view, people generally married strangers; children were commonly brought up by wolves.

But there was no literary reclamation that Jarrell attached himself to with more passionate excitement than that of "The Man Who Loved Children," a novel by Christina Stead, which had been published in 1940 and largely forgotten. "A better book, I think, than most of the novels people call great," he announced in a virtuoso showpiece of his own, a forty-page critical outpouring of analytic sympathy. According to Jarrell, this forgotten book did what no other had done so well: it made the reader fully "a part of one family's immediate existence."

This extraordinary testimonial appeared in abridged form in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and then as the introduction to a reprint of Stead's novel, in the spring of 1965, just at the time of Jarrell's nervous breakdown and suicide attempt, and six months before his death. In a single week that April, the book sold twelve hundred copies, and reviews of the "long-neglected masterpiece" started piling up. It has remained in print ever since, and Everyman's Library, devoted to the classics, will issue a new edition this spring. A question for the decades of readers summoned by Jarrell to Stead's magnificent but frequently maddening work is why one would ever wish to be a part of this family's immediate existence, and—current political promptings aside—whether the orphan asylum isn't worth some serious reconsideration.



Stead's novel was forgotten until Randall Jarrell rediscovered it—and it has been in print ever since.

"The Man Who Loved Children" opens in the tenth year of a Trojan War of a marriage—a conflict no less bitter than that larger domestic escalation, and locked in a similar moment of stalemate. Sam Pollit was a widower with an infant daughter when he married Henrietta Collyer, a high-strung Baltimore beauty well above him in station, and they soon began to fill their sprawling, crumbling Georgetown house with babies. Sam loses his job, and the family lurches into a grim poverty, which he hardly notices but which Henny, the girl in silks become a scarecrow, finds unbearable. The Pollits' seven children—including Louie, the ungainly and inevitably bookish stepdaughter, a budding writer who serves as the author's eyes and consciousness—are the only means by which the parents have come to communicate. These little breathless messengers shuttle between the father's bursting outdoor world and the mother's cloistered lair upstairs. To the children, each world is an enchantment—of noisy games or musk and treasure boxes, of exuberance or mystery—and each parent the exacting idol of an exclusive cult. Increasingly, the children live in terror of the moments when these beloved forces of their lives converge.

Stead called her book a "celebration of unhappy family life," and the celebration is in the astonishing beauty of her style. The novel's opening sections are light and swift and nearly radiant, a restless idyll of the children gliding and skipping and chirring on their skates, always in motion or in chorus, blowing about their mother's skirts or rushing off, like water down the sink, or tumbling, Dickens style, from room to room. Stead's remarkable achievement is to combine the highly wrought language of a poet ("The children poured through the bars of sun and window shadows, nodding in the winds of jollity") with a compulsive storyteller's forward drive and quirky specificity. It is an immensely difficult and finally unsustained equilibrium, but in the atmospheric fullness of the book's miraculous first seventy pages even a line such as "Sam heard nothing but the crepitations of arboreal night" slips easily into Sam's idling walk home from his job in the Bureau of Fisheries. Caught in the moment, the reader absorbs the words as though directly through their sounds ("You don't read it so much as listen to it," Jarrell said of the book), as an effect of the murmuring summer landscape.

Sam Pollit, the man who loves children, is so colossally moral that he neither drinks nor swears, so genial that all children love him in return. "The little, tin Jesus," Henny calls him. Life itself cannot wipe the smile of self-satisfaction from his face. Sam talks incessantly, either in sententious placards of wisdom or, worse, in a concocted baby talk by way of Uncle Remus—a proliferating mess of wheedling and rhyming with which he plies the children for entirely convincing and monumentally irritating pages at a time. Henny, too, is a talker—a storyteller as pointed and scurrilous as Sam is vague and high-minded. Sam has never met anyone like the thrillingly horrid characters who populate the accounts of his wife's merest shopping trip, "full of scandal, slander, and filth, financially deplorable and physically revolting, dubiously born, and going awry to a desquamating end." Sam sees no evil; he is impervious to squalor, truth, and tragedy. Henny is the bitter spirit who knows they are the same. Stead implies—and Jarrell insisted—that these irreconcilable mates are the male and female principles of the world.

It is Henny who faces the opposition dead on. She is the dying domestic gladiator, her eternal battle that of "woman the house-jailed and child-chained against the keycarrier, childnamer, and riothaver." Every room of the house to which she belongs is "full of living cancers of insult, leprosies of disillusion, abscesses of grudge, gangrene of nevermore, quintan fevers of divorce." Her children are the meaning of her life, and she would have been much better off (as she often says) without them. Her threats to murder them all and to burn down the house arise from her need to find a little peace and quiet—a jail cell would do—beyond the reach and, especially, the sound of her husband.

In one of several scenes so harrowing that one can hardly bear to read on, Sam groups the children at the bottom of the stairs leading to Henny's bedroom to listen for the cry of a new little brother coming into the world. While Sam expatiates on the happy miracle of life emergent, the children can hear only that their mother has lost her mind in pain or rage, in wild, hoarse screams, which go on unendurably until the very moment when a baby is dropped in somehow through the roof. This is one of the few major scenes in the novel that Stead said she invented. The rest, she swore, was simply fact.

"A READER of 'The Man Who Loved Children' naturally will want to know something about Christina Stead," Jarrell wrote in 1964. He could offer only the minimal information to be found in outdated reference books. But, thanks to the process of rediscovery that Jarrell himself set in motion, we now have the second biography to appear in six years—Hazel Rowley's "Christina Stead" (Holt; $37.50), weighing in at six hundred and forty-six pages. The essential outline of Stead's life, however, remains just as Jarrell had sketched it.

Stead was born in Australia in 1902. Her mother died when she was small, and after her father remarried she became the eldest in a swiftly growing family. She told the other children stories—mostly from Grimm and Andersen, but also stories she'd made up. They lived in Sydney, and her father worked as a naturalist in the Fisheries Department. After finishing school, she taught for a while, but disliked it. She left for London in 1928, went on to Paris, and settled in New York in the late nineteen-thirties—where she wrote "The Man Who Loved Children"—and remained through the war. Her husband, an American named William Blake, was the author of—in Jarrell's winning phrase—"the best and most entertaining textbook of Marxian economics that I know." She published four books before her masterpiece, and four more after it; the last appeared in 1952 and quickly vanished.

On the merits of her earlier novels Jarrell was uncharacteristically silent. The later ones he excused, on the ground that a writer whose most profound and imaginative book is neglected may unconsciously work ever after in a more limited way. The world's incomprehension, he charged, had robbed it of Stead's great novel for a quarter of a century, and had robbed it forever of what might have followed. Christina Stead herself objected to this last statement. "I do not think the absence of appreciation of T.M.W.L.C. stopped me writing. I have grit," she informed Jarrell in an otherwise profoundly grateful letter of response to his essay. Still, she conceded, perhaps he was right after all: "You are on the outside and see."

At sixty-three, Stead and her husband were living in penury and isolation near London ("Not since Virgil has a more imbecile life been led in the countryside," her husband told a friend), barely subsisting on their combined pensions. She spent most of every day at her typewriter, and she had a trunk full of manuscripts that seemed highly unlikely ever to see print. And then the trumpets of literary glory shrilled from New York, and the direction of her life reversed. "Cotters' England," a novel that had been widely rejected in the fifties, was published in both England and the United States; a book of novellas called "The Puzzleheaded Girl" appeared; earlier works were published for the first time in her native Australia. Stead wrote little after her husband died, in 1968, but two more novels emerged from the trunk in the nineteen-seventies, and in 1979 "A Christina Stead Reader" was brought out by Random House. But, unlike other such happily-ever-after revivals of a neglected writer by an influential admirer—say, Barbara Pym's by Philip Larkin—Stead's never caught on; the books met with general confusion and disappointment. No sales, no Pym-like cults, no ripples of attention.

The books might have passed away quietly again had an era of redress for women writers not arrived. Stead—prolific and serious, possessed of a leftist history and a certified masterpiece—was the perfect candidate for literary renewal. At the end of the seventies, Virago Press embarked on a campaign to return the body of her work to print; nine volumes have since appeared under this important life-support imprint. (Stead generally relished biting the tube that fed her: "I adore men. While there is a man left on earth, I'll never be a feminist.") Within a few years of her death, in 1983, she was the subject of monographs in series entitled Key Women Writers and Women Writers, and in 1989 a trim biography, by Chris Williams, was published, also by Virago. Two volumes of her letters appeared in 1992. And now Rowley's substantial volume is before us, packed with information and analysis and so narrowly conceived that the author gives little evidence of having read any books *but* those by Christina Stead.

And so, thirty years after Jarrell's essay, the reader can know a great deal by and about the once mysterious author. Perhaps most important, one can know that although "The Man Who Loved Children" was transposed from Australia to America and from the teens to the thirties, it is Stead's own story, as she claimed, and is emotionally true. And that the truest emotion is anger: at her mother's death, when she was two; at her father's remarriage, when she was four; at the psychological brutality of her upbringing. "They just made an etching out of me," she explained in a letter of 1939. "I am deep-bitten."

David Stead, the life study for "sanguine and sun-haired Sam Pollit," was a beautiful man who was grossly offended by his eldest daughter's notable lack of beauty. The merciless taunting to which Sam subjects Louie—for being fat or clumsy or dreamy or stubborn—seems almost tolerably episodic compared with the everyday fact that Peg, Christina's family nickname, turns out to have been an aunt's kindly adaptation of Pig Face or Piggy, which her father had chosen. But if the anger was her father's legacy so was the writing—the storytelling, the endless talk, the swimming and drowning and living in words. If he taught her to curse, he taught her how to write the curses down. And although she doesn't kill off her father in the course of the novel that commemorates him—it is Henny to whom Louie holds out a merciful cup of tea and cyanide—one of the author's chief accomplishments is to make the reader wish fervently that she had. But Sam Pollit is never brought low, never made to see himself as others see him—at least, not until the day Christina Stead sends a copy of her book back home.

The good news of the biography is that no one in Stead's immediate family actually committed murder or suicide: Henny's death is invented. The bad news is that these people were able to continue year after year in such a day-by-day hell. (Christina's stepmother moved out, but only after more than twenty years of marriage.) Rowley's volume is crammed with news, useful or not, of the whole progress of Stead's eighty years. There are the details of her marriage to the kind and ebullient William Blake—born William James Blech, in St. Louis—who saw himself as a George Henry Lewes to her George Eliot. (Stead reported dryly that she was not much pleased by the comparison: "G.E. was not a pretty girl.") There are the travails of Blake's divorce from his first wife—it took more than twenty-two years—and of his failing business career, and there is the question of Stead's various passions and crushes, and whether or not she had love affairs, and with whom. There are no children. There is Blake's ardent Marxism and her more tepid variety, composed of personal devotion and proximity to interesting men. And there are years of travel from city to city, from Antwerp to Brussels, and Brussels to London—years of moving on, staying in ever cheaper quarters, while Blake worked at his mysterious business. One old acquaintance interviewed by Rowley suggests that Blake was a Soviet agent. Not even that, however, would explain why they both spoke defensively of Stalin long after the Soviets themselves had permission to stop.

If Stead's life in summary sounds worldly or intellectually glamorous—Simone de Beauvoirish—in fact it was not, and, while this is no fault of the biographer, it remains her problem. When Blake was out working or exploring, Stead stayed in the hotel or the flat all day and typed. Chambermaids muttered at her that this was no life; in London, a madwoman stood outside her window and shouted, "Poor girl, poor child, they have locked her up and she must work there all day," as though writing were a tragic fate in a fairy tale. Stead was dedicated and ambitious, and kept at it year after year—typing furiously, sometimes as many as twenty thousand words a day, suffering rejections and making revisions, rewriting and hating it, filling up the trunk, spinning life into pages. Enough good pages, the gamble goes, and life is well lost. Others will come to find it again: the genteel hotel, the unconsummated love affair, the months when little or nothing happened except the writing of pages that matter enough to give their author's history a measure of importance. And if the pages aren't good enough?

Even so devoted a biographer as Hazel Rowley cannot convince us that this life was well lost. Stead's early books were ambitious: prodigal in language, learned in reference, widely varied in subject and style, they lacked only direction, concentration, and full-bodied characters. Works ranging from the florid Arabian Nights stories of "The Salzburg Tales" (1934) to the Paris-banking society of "House of All Nations" (1938) earned her wide praise for the promise of her gift, if not yet for its realization. Clifton Fadiman, in this magazine, was her greatest champion, awarding her the laurel of Virginia Woolf in 1936 for "The Beauties and Furies," a bloodless work that Stead herself had worried was so patched over and stripped of context as to have lost its meaning. Fadiman cared less for "The Man Who Loved Children," in 1940, but he compared its author to Joyce and to Emily Brontë—both evident influences—and declared flatly that Stead would one day impose her presence on English literature despite the uncompromising difficulty of her work and what might be called the sheer unfriendliness of her genius.

That is essentially the argument of the literary feminists who have taken up Stead's cause, although the emphasis now tends to fall on the later novels, which often deal with the discovery or misuse of a woman's sexual freedom, and so provide thematic grist for the academic mills. Yet there is nothing in any of them that can pass as pleasurably sensual: as Rowley observes, Stead is an adept of frustration, rejection, dissatisfaction. ("I am certain that as I lie here now, frenzied with desire and want, all women have lain for centuries, since innocent times and never an ounce of bravado to throw off the servitude of timidity," Stead writes in the person of herself when young in "For Love Alone.") The most sexually anarchic of Stead's books is probably "Letty Fox: Her Luck," of 1946, which is set in New York and opens with some wonderfully breezy gum-snapping patter by the heroine, whose definition of "a room of my own" is a place to bring men, to keep the bills paid while nailing a husband. The suggestion of bawdy fun lasts for some thirty pages without quite materializing, and then returns for a brief coda to remind us of what never happened. In between are four hundred impacted pages of faceless characters engaged in complex but perfunctory nonsexual acts in an atmosphere entirely deprived of literary oxygen, and the great forties city is identifiable chiefly through its street names. How one longs for the heady New York carnivals of Henry Miller, Joseph Mitchell, Dawn Powell!

The state of authorial distraction is equally great in the later and currently lauded "Cotters' England"—one of Stead's "extraordinary and excoriating masterpieces," according to Lorna Sage in the *Times Literary Supplement*—in which it is impossible to discern what turn out to have been the author's chief points. The female protagonist of this tale of a working-class family in northern England is interfering, manipulative, and self-righteous. But Stead was astonished and much annoyed when a 1967 review failed to recognize the character's real significance. "It is a picture of how a Lesbian operates in left circles," she explained in a corrective letter to a student of her work. "And from the first utterance to the last she is that and nothing else, a determined Lesbian, so mad about it, she doesn't understand any other views." If this comes as a surprise to the dim but earnest reader, riffling back through pages to check for missed cues, there is solace in Stead's added note that "one of the editors (then) at Holt's did not even understand that Nellie was a Lesbian." But it is another order of shock to learn that the aforementioned lesbian is meant to have "seduced her brother and sister to sex, when they were little," since none of these characters give any evidence of the fact. No one who has acclaimed the book has appeared to notice either what Stead thought it was about or the substantial discrepancy between what she thought she was writing and what she wrote.

How is it possible for the author of one novel so acutely drawn to write disconnectedly of so much else? How does a writer produce one book that is stunningly good and deep amid a life's exhausting course of digression and miscalculation? Worrying in 1936 about the dullnesses in her work, Stead wrote to a friend that her understanding was not always up to the situations that she set in motion, and that "when these days come, one writes because it is the chore-of-the-day and eventually I find it standing there, shameful but permanent in the printed book." In later years, she claimed an ethic of authorial nonintervention—of leaving a subject to speak for itself, without judgment, as her father, the naturalist, would have done. This ethic has added to Stead's current prestige in the arena of literary politics: critics have taken her "functional, often unbeautiful style" for a moral achievement, and praised her for providing an experience "unlike reading fiction." To transcend the literary is one of the oldest literary dreams, requiring not an abdication of technique but the highest skills of an illusionist. It is by an entirely unaccountable sleight of hand that "The Man Who Loved Children" takes place in the sonorous realm of myth and yet—beyond anything in her avowedly realist books—is absolutely and unbearably real.

The violent, singing passion of so much of "The Man Who Loved Children" has nothing chore-of-the-day about it. The book has a quality of possession, of speaking in tongues. The individual voices of Sam, of Henny, of Louie's schoolgirl compositions join in their intensity with the voice of the storyteller, who wants so much to let us know precisely how it was that—against whatever limits of habit or ethic—she takes on the fullest burden of imaginative responsibility. Clearly, Stead was inspired by her raw material, inspired to ruthlessly shape and even more ruthlessly judge. Perhaps it couldn't happen a second time. Stead's biography reveals the book to be just what it seems: one long, unsteady effort to hold her head under, in the depths of her reasons for writing, in order to complete chapters so painful that one's eyes rest with relief on the white at the bottom of the page, and one not only knows but feels in muscles and protesting nerves what these children see and love and fear.

"OH, please don't let me be like Sam!" Jarrell fairly howls from his essay. Jarrell believed Sam to be "so idealistically, hypocritically, transcendentally masculine that a male reader worries, 'Ought I to be a man?' " In fact, Jarrell was famed for his Sam-like prudishness, moral superiority, and physical vanity, for being a teetotaller in a culture of high romantic alcoholism, and for being what John Crowe Ransom called an "insistent and almost overbearing talker." Everyone who speaks of him casts some private doubt on his state of adulthood (Child Randall, Robert Lowell called him), but Jarrell seemed to doubt it most of all. Childhood was the great, absorbing subject of his poetry, and, even as a critic, he sat on Eliot's throne with his feet swinging above the floor. It is with a knowledge not owed to Stead that he explained that Sam Pollit loved children because he was "a great child" himself, and because loving grownups is so much harder.

If Stead's novel was clearly far more to Jarrell than a literary event, his sense of personal involvement was understandable: his mother had been high-spirited and extravagant, his father hadn't made enough money, the two fought bitterly. The boy dreamed of escape, of orphanhood, of the kindness of strangers. Throughout his work, and most openly in the children's books of the nineteen-sixties, Jarrell was busy reimagining a lost chance of rescue. In his perfect family, the parents were, as like as not, a mermaid and a hunter who took in a lynx and a bear before adopting an abandoned boy. And why not, when children come into the world in the charge of beings as incomprehensibly strange?

Read side by side, Jarrell's last poems and his marvellous last essays—on Stead and Kipling and Frost—seem part of a single interwoven meditation on the subject of the unhappy family. Thoughts and phrases are freely traded:

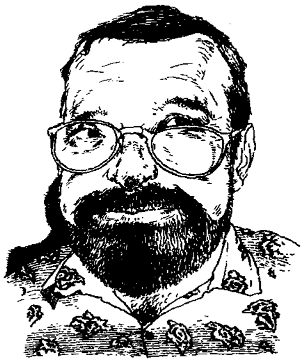
"The upright right-handed puzzle that men fit together from their deeds," voiced by Nature herself in a poem, becomes Jarrell's formulation of Henny's natural alliance with all women, who, "left-handed, sidelong in the right-handed, upright world of men, try to get around by hook or by crook, by a last weak winning sexual smile, the laws men have made for them." In another essay, a helplessly bullying husband who "sounds like a giant child" is not Sam Pollit but the farmer of Frost's "Home Burial"—a domestic tragedy that Jarrell virtually rediscovered in his line-by-line study of 1962. The young wife in Frost, whose child has died, clings to grief as Henny clings to anger, as if she were the sole representative of the only righteous emotion on the blighted earth. Determinedly inconsolable, each woman stands for the whole race of women, who sink into weeping or rail their objections at what Henny calls "the darn muck of existence" and yet must live among men, who—infuriatingly—carry on and build and thrive.

To Jarrell, these stories were all the same—a single story. And in the last years of his life (he could not answer Stead's letter of gratitude until the wrist he'd slashed had healed; her second letter arrived after his death, a still disputed case of accident or suicide) he showed us that this story was, in many ways, his own. He was Henny and Sam, but even more he was Louie, he was Mowgli, he was the child in the grave that Frost's farmer dug behind his house. Like Stead, Jarrell had no children. Like her, he tried hard at the end to forgive. In one of his last poems he looks at a photograph of his parents: "If I could I'd go back, sit down by you both, / And sign our true armistice: you weren't to blame." Stead, at sixty-nine, published a biographical essay about her father and her "gay and lively" home: "It was a splendid place for children . . . a colorful house, a good life for children." But the children in the story are not to be convinced by these matured, placating voices: they will never turn into grown-ups—only into authors. They have learned that every family buries its own. ♦

SPANISH LESSONS

A father offers pleasingly un-American paternal advice.

BY DEBORAH GARRISON



Fernando Savater.

FERNANDO SAVATER'S "Amador (in which a father addresses his son on questions of ethics)" is a diminutive volume of paternal advice, designed to fit snugly in the palm of your hand. It could only have been written by a European father. Savater is a Spanish academic, who set out to compose a high-minded guide to living for his fifteen-year-old son, Amador, and produced a crowd-pleaser. Published by a very small press in Madrid, the book sold a hundred and fifty thousand copies in Spain (that's the equivalent of a million in this country), and went on to become a best-seller in Italy and France. Here "Amador" (Holt; $16.95) has been a mostly overlooked gem, since it's completely lacking in the kind of practical instruction Americans crave: it won't tell you what to take for a hangover or which mutual funds to invest in or how to light the grill. And isn't that what fathers are for?

Not Savater. He begins his contribution to the category that bookstores call "Advice, How to, and Miscellaneous" with a discussion of the different kinds of knowledge:

> Quite simply, among all the kinds of knowing, there is one at least that is essential to us: knowing that certain things *suit* us, while others do not. Certain foods don't sit well with us, neither do certain kinds of behavior, certain attitudes. Clearly, I mean that they don't suit us if we want to go on living.

This is philosophy, however gentle,

—OUR FACULTY—
—REACH FAR—
—BEYOND THE—
—CLASSROOM—
"Reengineering Yourself"
Bob Adams, Inc.
Professor Daniel L. Araoz, Ed.D.
Department of Counseling & Development
C.W. Post
LONG ISLAND UNIVERSITY
Education That Works®

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
WINNER! Five major awards for design and reference excellence.
HAMMOND Atlas of the World
Defining Today's World
HAMMOND

Our Family Abroad℠
Global tours offering the congenial companionship of gay men and women in a gay-friendly, yet discreet, environment.
For our 32-page brochure, call (800) 999-5500.

QUEENS' COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY
Summer Programmes in Cambridge, England
Teens 14-19 July 23 - Aug. 12
Adults July 30 - Aug. 6
Brochures U.S. Office: 800-922-3552

Travel with Scholars

Summer 1995
3-week programs

Oxford
☐ 26th Annual Oxford/Berkeley Program
24 courses taught by English dons

Paris
☐ 5 courses: Impressionism, History of Paris, American Writers in Paris, The Belle Époque (all in English), Beginning Conversational French (in French)

Legendary Greece
☐ Myth and archaeology in Athens, Crete & Santorini

London
☐ Inside the London theater scene

Ireland
☐ Myth and literature in Dublin, Sligo & the Aran Islands

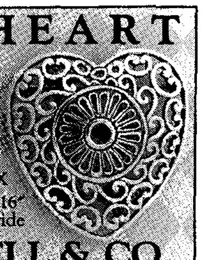
Venice & the Veneto
☐ Art & architecture

New Orleans
☐ History & culture (1 week)

FREE BROCHURE:
(510) 642-3112, ext. 12
Or send this coupon with name and address to: Marketing Dept. 12A, University of California Extension, 2223 Fulton St., Berkeley, CA 94720.

UC Berkeley Extension

What's in Turkey?
Prophet Abraham, St. Paul, St. Nicholas, Homer, Herodotus, Strabo all lived in Turkey.
Troy, Ephesus, Philadelphia, Antioch, Aphrodisias, Cappadocia and Mt. Ararat are all in Turkey.
Cultural Folk Tours Int'l & Bora Özkök
present their 17th year of:
TURKEY
Greece, Egypt & Hungary
GOURMET, MUSIC TOUR
YACHTING & CRUISES
Individual & Group Travel • Convention • Air Tickets
For a free brochure: Call:
9939 Hibert Street **1-800-935-8875**
Suite 207
San Diego, CA 92131-1031 (619) 566-5951



DEAR HEART
This classic Victorian brooch from silversmith James Breakell is $35 in sterling or $330 in 14k gold. Add $3.50 handling. VISA/MC/AMEX 1-800-767-6411 1 7/16" wide
Brochure on request.
J.H. BREAKELL & CO.
Dept. NYH 69 Mill St., Newport RI 02840

Historic Chapel Hill's Finest Hotel
SIENA HOTEL
Combining European Elegance With Southern Hospitality
SUMMIT
For reservations **(800) 223-7379**
THE SIENA HOTEL 1505 E. FRANKLIN STREET CHAPEL HILL, NC

and Savater has a quiverful of the philosopher's arrows, which he lets fly with masterly offhandedness: his sly, arcing "clearly"s are not at all clear, and land exactly where he wants them to. Each chapter is like a brief lecture—written as though it were spoken, with informal introductory and closing remarks, like "We were saying before that most of the things we do, we do because we are told to" and "Come on, let's go to the movies. We'll continue tomorrow." This seductively simple language (translated with graceful invisibility by Alastair Reid) is the means by which Savater draws us into his unsimple examinations: of freedom, the tie that binds us; of what is "good" and what is "bad"; of what it means to live according to the principle that life "matters"; and—the poor teen-ager has to wade through seven chapters to get to it—of the proper value of pleasure, including sex. Savater teaches by example: to illustrate his lessons he retells classic stories in nutshell form (Jacob and Esau, "Richard III," "Citizen Kane") and conjures up everyone from Diego Maradona (whose "goodness" as a soccer player is plain enough but doesn't equal the kind of "goodness" we seek in the study of ethics) to the cast of the Iliad ("And yet Hector could have said, 'Forget the whole business!' He could have dressed as a woman and escaped from Troy by night"). He also makes Amador a minor player in the ethical Hall of Fame. "Let's get back to your case, which is the one that interests us," he says. "You would like to have a motorbike but you don't want to take a spill on the highway; you would like to have friends but you don't want to lose your independence. . . . You want me not to pester you, to give you room to be, but you also want me to be there to help you when you need help."

Amador—and every other reader of the book, since the reader is standing in Amador's shoes—will probably feel somewhat pestered by all this fatherly wisdom. I hovered uncertainly, torn between Amador's motorbike lust and the "Selections for Further Reading" that end each chapter—passages of Spinoza and Hannah Arendt and Martin Buber. "It's all an exercise in getting me to read more!" you can almost hear the young Amador complaining, and surely the false-naïve tone of some of the teacher's leading questions—"Do you know why it is not at all easy to say when a human being is good or not?"—was enough to make him roll his eyes. But no doubt the answers, each one an introduction to a much more challenging question—a shard of mirror in which we catch a flash of our own cosmic uncertainty—gave him a start, as this one did me: "*Because we don't know what human beings are for.*"

The allure of this strange, intimate treatise has something to do with the mysterious gap between any question and its answer, or, to put it another way, with the chasm between youth and maturity. Savater's tone implies that youth is an inquiry to which adulthood is a not entirely satisfactory reply, but he still can't resist telling his son things about life that Amador will surely have to learn for himself. This father doesn't try to be his son's best buddy: he actually enjoys being the grownup, enjoys his son's callowness. Annoying as that must be for the son, Amador is lucky to be loved by someone who understands the uses of narrative. Savater's discourse penetrated the dim reaches of my rock-video-cluttered mind, where I retain a vague memory of the way I used to read at Amador's age—the way I mined "Gulliver's Travels" and "Franny and Zooey" for news of what life was supposed to be like, what I should be like. Savater doesn't make too much of his suggestive power as narrator and patriarch. He winks at himself in an epigraph from Poe: " 'Listen to *me*,' said the Demon, as he placed his hand upon my head." No one can make Amador listen to what his father says, of course. But he doesn't have to stand fidgeting in his father's study while the sermon is being delivered. It's coming to him in an almost forgotten medium of instruction—prose. This book is a reminder that we still read, at least some of the time, in order to figure out how we should live. ♦

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT
[*From the London (Ontario) Free Press*]

"I have to be deplorable anywhere in the world that the Canadian military may go in any operation," says spokesperson Captain Susan Gray.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Last Bongo Sunset

by Les Plesko
(Simon & Schuster; $21)

"Please kill me," says the thirteen-year-old prostitute to the couple who pimp her and provide her with the three fixes a day which they all need. "We are," they answer. "It takes time." While they work on it, however, you hope that the Hungarian-born college dropout who narrates their adventures will rescue the girl—and himself. Though the other three taunt him for his perceived privileges, he is in fact the son of a concentration-camp survivor who killed himself and a mother who sells herself. For the narrator of such extravagant, ravaging prose, it would be impossible to commit a cliché.

A Void

by Georges Perec; translated
from the French by Gilbert Adair
(HarperCollins; $24)

Here is a true tour de force: a full-length novel containing not a single "E." It is an entertaining postmodern detective story about the disappearance of a character called A. Vowl, offering a rich variety of mayhem—and of diction. The translator's dazzling feat of re-creation conveys the author's near-magical cleverness while preserving an underlying seriousness that makes the book much more than a mere curiosity.

Albion's Story

by Kate Grenville
(Harcourt Brace; $21.95)

How many square feet is the average human skin? What are the rivers of Australia, recited clockwise? These are the sorts of facts that Albion Gidley Singer, a gentleman's son growing up in Sidney, feverishly consumes in order to suffocate the screaming nothingness he feels within. He takes over the family business, joins the club, bullies his wife, and eventually rapes his daughter to prove that he really exists. A companion novel to "Lilian's Story," this is a dark tale, told with surprising humor. Albion tries to stamp out what he can't control, but life scatters like mercury beneath his boot.

Aristocrats

by Stella Tillyard
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $30)

This engrossing, beautifully illustrated family history chronicles the lives of the four eighteenth-century Lennox sisters, who were great-grandchildren of Charles II and became wives and mothers of the leading politicians and peers of the day. The story of the sisters' secret marriages, love affairs, quarrels, and many lyings-in makes for the kind of delicious reading that the sisters themselves—animated letter writers and great fans of the latest novel—would have adored.

StairMaster®
SPORTS/MEDICAL PRODUCTS, INC.

Call 1.800.635.2936

When you buy the genuine StairMaster® 4000 PT® exercise system factory direct for only $2,195* or $69** a month, you won't start paying it off for 90 days. But, your 4000 PT® starts paying off immediately.

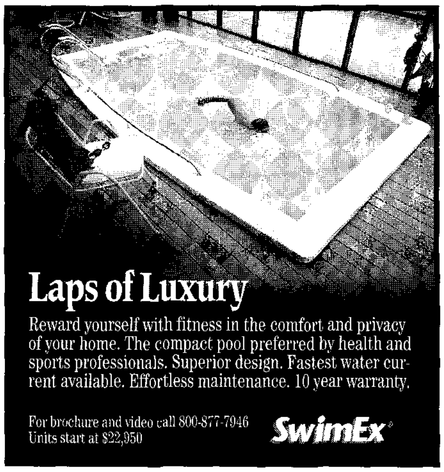
THREE MONTHS OF STEPPING. ON US.

0% interest† and no payment for 90 days.

Offer ends 2/28/95. Call today and ask for a free copy of the video, "Strong Heart, Strong Muscles."™

Don't Leave Home Without It®

†0% interest if paid in full before 90 days. *$2,195.00 plus shipping and applicable sales tax. **On approval of credit and subject to applicable state law through our consumer financing plan. (Minimum deposit plus sales tax must be paid before delivery) A.P.R. 16.90%. Some restrictions may apply. StairMaster, StairMaster and 4000 PT are registered trademarks and Strong Heart, Strong Muscles is a trademark of StairMaster Sports/Medical Products, Inc. Corporate Offices: 12421 Willows Road N.E. Suite 100, Kirkland, Washington 98034 © 1994 StairMaster Sports/Medical Products, Inc.



Laps of Luxury

Reward yourself with fitness in the comfort and privacy of your home. The compact pool preferred by health and sports professionals. Superior design. Fastest water current available. Effortless maintenance. 10 year warranty.

For brochure and video call 800-877-7946
Units start at $22,950

SwimEx®

DUKE

Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change. Personalized care from Duke physicians and health professionals.

Diet and Fitness Center

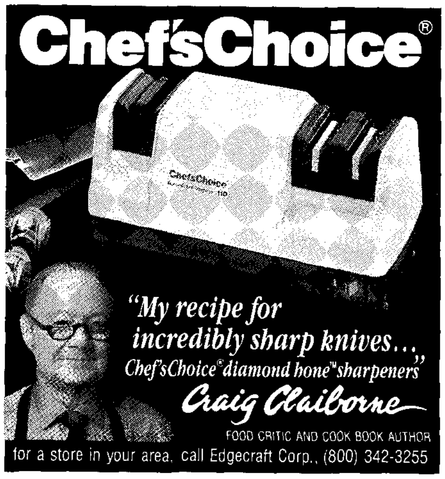
Duke University Medical Center
804 W. Trinity Avenue
Durham, NC 27701
800-362-8446

LOCATORS
INCORPORATED

SPECIALISTS IN DISCONTINUED
CHINA • CRYSTAL • SILVER
908 Rock Street
Little Rock, Arkansas 72202
800/367-9690
Call today to speak with our
customer service representative.

ORIGINAL DRAWING OF YOUR HOME

Quality pen & ink drawing of your home. Great gift from your photo for home or office. Matted artwork $295. 100 notecards $119.
Call **Allison Mollner**
(206) 746-2981



Chef'sChoice®

"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives…
Chef'sChoice® diamond hone® sharpeners"
Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR
for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255

ALE IN THE MAIL'S
CUPID's BREW

VALENTINE'S SPECIAL
4 distinctive microbrewed beers;
2 authentic beer glasses filled with
Hershey's Hugs & Kisses shipped in a gift pail $27.95 + S&H

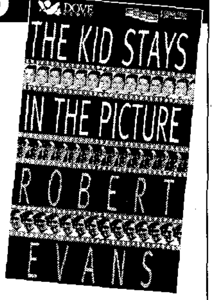
ALE IN A PAIL
8 gourmet bottles of beer (4 twin paks) in a gift pail. $21.95 + S&H

ALE IN THE MAIL CLUB MEMBERSHIPS
Experience a wide selection of microbrewed beers each month From $13.95 Per Mo. +S&H

1•800•5•SEND•ALE
1-800-573-6325
VISA MasterCard
Void where prohibited. Participants must be 21 or older.

AWARD-WINNING AUDIO

DOVE AUDIO



Read by the Author
4 Cas. $24.95
ISBN 0-7871-0136-2

"Best of the Best"
--Publishers Weekly

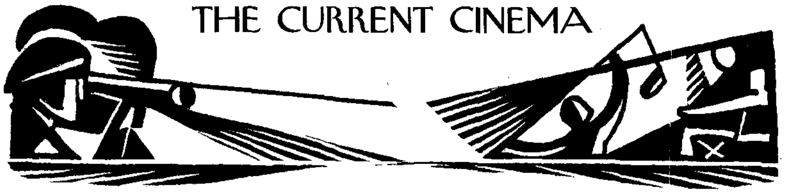
"The best Hollywood memoir I've ever read."
--Mike Fleming, Variety

AT BOOKSTORES OR CALL 1-800-328-DOVE

filmclips
Your monthly guide to the best films on video
"A unique newsletter for movie lovers."
— great gift idea! —
FREE intro issue 800.395.9344 anytime

CANADA BY RAFT!
An 11 day array of British Columbia's most outstanding landscapes: explore coastal fjords by yacht, glacier flight to a wilderness mountain lake, raft 200 miles down the sparkling Chilcotin and mighty Fraser rivers. $2325.
CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS • 1-800-898-7238
#402, 9571 Emerald Dr., Whistler, BC, Canada VON 1B9 (604) 938-6651

THE CURRENT CINEMA



DOUBLE GODARD

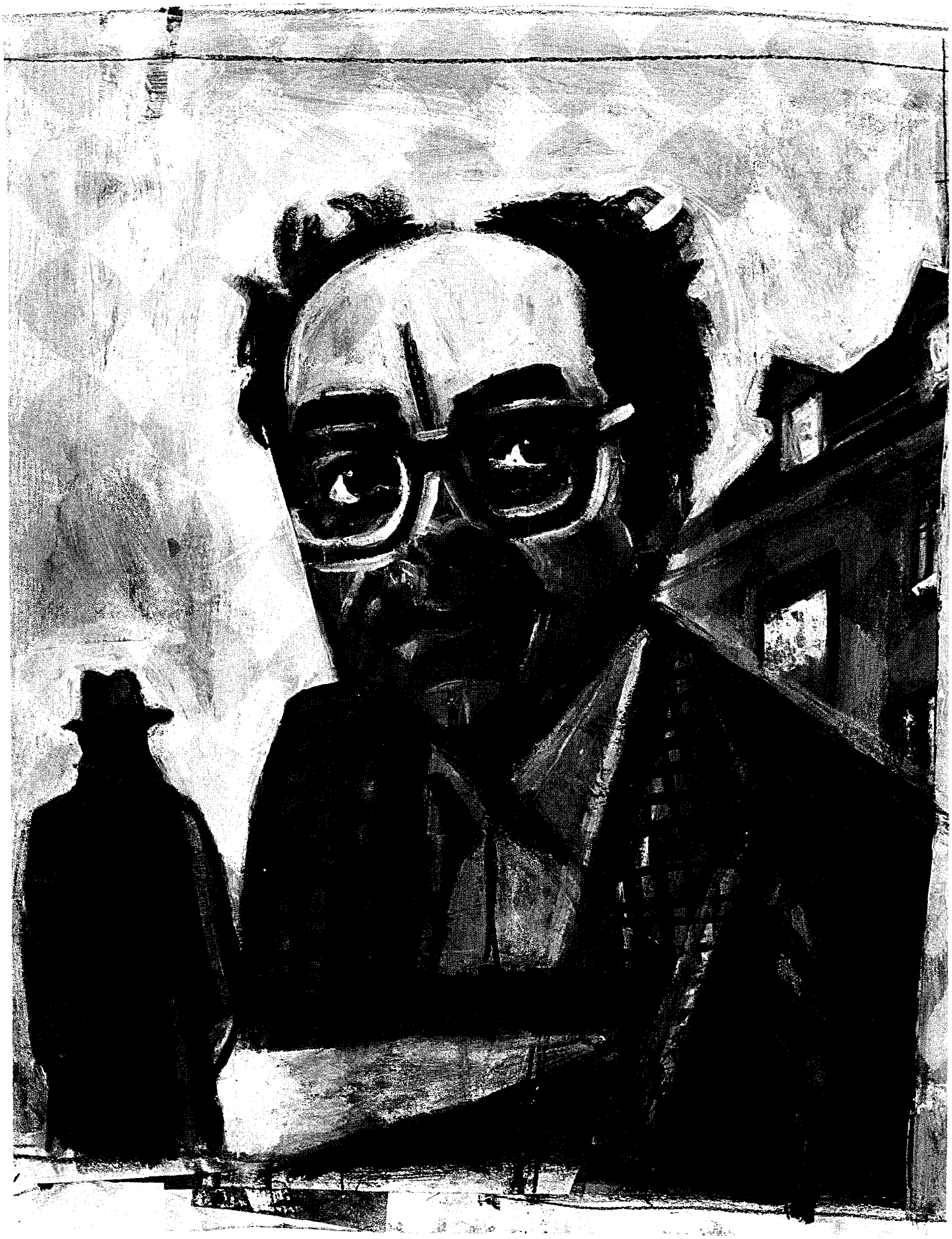
The director revisits "Alphaville" and presents a self-portrait.

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

"Germany Year 90 Nine Zero" and "JLG by JLG," two recent films by Jean-Luc Godard, are now showing at the Public Theatre, and this bracing double bill reveals what the great provocateur of the sixties and the seventies has been up to these days. Godard is sixty-four now; he lives mostly in Switzerland, which allows him, it seems, to spend his time contemplating the ends of things—watching the decline of the West and the fading of the twentieth century from across the serene expanse of Lake Geneva. In "JLG," which has the subtitle "A Self-Portrait in December," the filmmaker, looking like a dishevelled, distracted old crank, rattles around in his dimly lit apartment and goes for solitary, bundled-up walks in the wintry landscape, with no apparent purpose except to sort through his mind's jumbled inventory of words and images and music. Everything he sees or hears seems to call up something from the past—a snippet of dialogue from a Nicholas Ray film, a few sentences of Dostoyevski, a snatch of melody from a Beethoven symphony. The memories bob unpredictably, almost randomly, to the surface of his consciousness, and vanish just as abruptly. Notebook entries flash past, just a word or two per page, and they have a similar wistful quality: each of the terse, allusive phrases, surrounded by whiteness, looks rather forlorn, like an island glimpsed briefly from the air and then left behind.

In both movies, Godard's tone is elegiac, reflective; on these return trips, he seems to have decided to take his time—to stop off at every place he sped past and have a long look around. The hero of "Germany Year 90" is an American secret agent named Lemmy Caution, who was also the protagonist of Godard's 1965 film "Alphaville" (and who is played in both pictures by Eddie Constantine). The new movie isn't in any sense a sequel; it doesn't have even the kind of casual, rudimentary thriller plot that gave the very abstract "Alphaville" a semblance of narrative continuity. In "Germany Year 90," Lemmy Caution is simply an observer, a figure wandering in a daze through a post-Cold War landscape. He is, we're told, "the last spy"—an agent of the West who has remained, inexplicably, in the East, huddled inside a false identity he no longer needs. Soon after the movie begins, he's ordered to return to the West, and Godard follows him on his slow trek back, through rubble, ominous-looking construction projects, and streets that unexpectedly summon ghosts of German culture. In reunified Germany, the old spy, slouching toward the now imaginary border, seems to be the only person who suspects that there's still a war on, in the shadows, between the principle of the state (represented, in several film clips, by flickering images of Hitler) and the spirit of individuals (invoked by allusions to Bach, Goethe, Schiller, Murnau, and many others). The movie's central joke is that no one appears to know where the West is, as if the collapse of the Wall had made the question superfluous; whenever Lemmy asks directions, he's answered with a headshake or a shrug. It's all the same, and that's what frightens both the filmmaker and his anachronistic hero. "The dream of the state," a voice-over tells us, "is to be one, while the dream of individuals is to be two." The nightmare landscape that the last spy is moving through is the achieved dream of an undivided Germany—and, by implication, of a new Europe, unified by commerce.

"Germany Year 90" demonstrates that the more lyrical and more elegant manner of Godard's recent films shouldn't be taken as evidence of mellowing. This picture's rhythm is graceful, its sound-



At sixty-four, the great provocateur has adopted a lyrical, elegiac tone; but even his elegies are provocations.

XANDRIA COLLECTION
SENSUAL PRODUCTS

If you've been reluctant to purchase **sensual products** through the mail, we would like to offer you three things that might change your mind.

First, we guarantee your privacy.
Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we never sell, rent or trade any customer's name.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction.
If a product is unsatisfactory, simply return it for replacement or refund.

Third, we guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure.
Should it malfunction, simply return it to us for a replacement.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of the finest and most effective sensual products from around the world. It is designed for the timid, the bold, or for anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasures.

The Xandria Gold Collection celebrates the possibilities for pleasure you each have within. Send for the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue.** Its price of $4.00 is applied, *in full*, to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose, and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. NY2695
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131
Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue.** Enclosed is my check or money order for $4.00 which will be applied towards my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)
I am an adult over 21 years of age:
Signature required ____________
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________
Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, California 94005-1340
Void where prohibited by law.

track is filled with gorgeous classical music, and its images of nature are so beautifully composed that they verge on the ecstatic. But even Godard's elegies are provocations: it's perverse to adopt a mournful attitude toward the end of the Cold War. The implicit argument of "Germany Year 90" is that the absence of conflict is, in a way, a sign of the diminished vitality of European culture. Godard's art, even with its sharp edges smoothed a little by age, is still based on the modernist principles of juxtaposition and collision and asymmetry, and his goal, like that of the twentieth-century adventurers who shaped his sensibility—Joyce, Stravinsky, Faulkner, and Eisenstein, among others—is to shock the audience into fresh perceptions. The smug irony of postmodernism is as alien to him as the eerie, somnolent peace of the new Germany is to Lemmy Caution. The last words in the film, spoken by the hero as he sits, alone, on a bed in a high-rise Berlin hotel, are "The bastards!" At the end of his journey, he has arrived at the sterile dystopia that "Alphaville" warned us against: neither East nor West, neither here nor there—a place that simulates peace by pretending to exist outside history. (History, however, seeps in, like the muffled sounds of city traffic: Lemmy tries to discuss the pleasures of freedom with a diligent chambermaid and is stunned to hear her say, with a straight face, "Work makes you free.") The sputtered, angry expletive that brings "Germany Year 90" to a full stop is a funny and weirdly inspiring cry of protest against the blankness and sleek indifference of the present. Godard's nostalgia for the stimulating contentiousness of the twentieth century expresses itself, finally, in a brilliant joke: the last spy gives voice to the baffled rage of the last modernist.

IN "JLG by JLG," it's Godard himself who is trying to come in from the cold. He lives, as Lemmy Caution does, a life of studied anonymity. In his book-lined sanctuary, he drifts from room to room, scribbling notes and talking to himself or, when he feels the need for human contact, quoting passages from favorite authors (Diderot, Wittgenstein), as if he were conducting conversations with the dead. He seems to be working on a script, but if he is the process is indistinguishable from depression. He's restless, solitary, wary; the artist at work looks like a lonely child consoling himself with imaginary friends. The first sound in the film is that of a ringing phone, which isn't answered, and the first image discovered by the camera eye roaming through the stark apartment is a photograph of Godard as a boy, with the filmmaker's shadow partly covering it. On the soundtrack, Godard, speaking in a hoarse, breathy, deathbed voice, meditates self-pityingly on his childhood. "I was already," he intones, "in mourning for myself." Before long, he's generalizing his personal melancholia into a universal principle, a lament for the despised, cast-out artist. Culture, he says, is the rule, art the exception. "No one speaks the exception; everyone speaks the rule." And then, having whipped himself into a frenzy of despair, he delivers the capper: "It is part of rules to want the death of the exception."

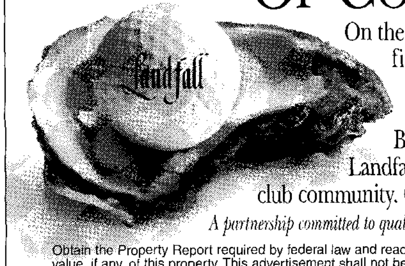
Although the mood of the movie's early scenes is, in its way, lovely—Godard has mastered a kind of dirgelike fluidity—the aura of martyrdom is a little oppressive. Even while you're being seduced by Godard's vision of himself, part of you is saying, "Come off it." What's wonderful about "JLG" is that, as it turns out, Godard is saying the same thing to himself. As the movie goes along, its tone becomes more volatile, its rhythms grow jerkier and more slapdash; by the end, it seems less like a self-composed eulogy for Godard than like a comic demolition of his own stubborn solipsism. Even before other people begin to invade his fortress of solitude, he scatters hints that we're not to be taken in by the tormented-artist act. An offscreen female voice asks him to tell a story, and he obliges with a dopey joke about sharks circling a shipwreck, and punctuates it with a forced, maniacal laugh; the unseen woman who made the request remains silent. In a slow, otherwise reverent pan across his bookshelves, he inserts a sly visual gag that mocks his own pessimism: his set of "The Divine Comedy," sitting by itself at the end of a shelf, conspicuously lacks the "Paradiso."

And in the middle of "JLG" Godard starts cutting up, violating the solemn unity of the self-portrait with long, nutty slapstick sketches. He receives a visit from the Cinema Inspectors, who rummage through his apartment with a brisk air of bureaucratic skepticism and force him to account for his erratic career. They are, obviously, incarnations of Godard's own doubts about the value of his work, spectres of the artist's conscience. Since he *is* the artist, though, he gets to decide how these demons of negativity will be represented: the inspection team consists of three serious-looking middle-aged men in suits and, divertingly, a sexy young woman wearing a tight T-shirt and tiny denim shorts. Soon after this inquisition, we see Godard in what passes, in his peculiar life, for a normal social setting—his production office, where he's trying to edit a movie. Out in the world, he looks like a lunatic, decked out in a white smock and a silly stocking cap; with a cigar jammed into the corner of his mouth, he reminds you of Groucho in the mirror scene of "Duck Soup." The resemblance isn't accidental: with Groucho-like disdain for logic, Godard hires a beautiful young blind woman to edit his film. She tells him that she sees things "in my head, like you." The slapstick turns, suddenly, back into poetry, of a more complex kind than the sentimental, self-absorbed rhetoric that the movie began with. It's as if Godard had shredded the photograph of his younger self and used the pieces for something larger and better—a collage in which his features, rearranged, seem more expressive, less forbidding.

In "JLG by JLG," Godard makes comic self-deprecation into a tool of self-transcendence: it breaks the ice that separates him from his deepest impulses, and from the rest of the world. As the movie winds down, he talks more and more about love (he doesn't say of what), and, despite his reputation as a difficult, entirely cerebral artist, you believe him. His passion is unmistakable; this idiosyncratic diary shows us a man who seems to have rescued himself from a Crusoe-like insularity by reminding himself that in every story someone else is out there. "JLG by JLG," for all its apparent discontinuities and dislocations, is a drama with a clear progression, a story about the pleasure and the necessity of de-unification. In it, Godard slowly opens his eyes and, as he looks out from the chilly isolation of the screen, finally becomes aware of a viewer. "JLG by JLG" plays like the fulfillment of Lemmy Caution's dream: at the end of the picture, Godard has found a way to be two. ♦

HOMES & ESTATES

DISCOVER THE CULTURED CHARM OF COASTAL CAROLINA



On the banks of the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway you'll find one of North Carolina's treasures–Landfall. Golf by Jack Nicklaus and Pete Dye, tennis by Cliff Drysdale, and nearby Wrightsville Beach and historic Wilmington make Landfall the East Coast's most inviting country club community. Call 1-800-227-8208 for a brochure.

1524
Landfall

A partnership committed to quality: Weyerhaeuser Company and Frank H. Kenan

Obtain the Property Report required by federal law and read it before signing anything. No federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. This advertisement shall not be deemed an offering in any state where prohibited by law. 88/16-138/1 NJREC. This project is registered with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission. Registration does not constitute an endorsement of the merits or value of the project. Obtain and read the New Jersey public offering statement before signing anything.

EQUAL HOUSING OPPORTUNITY

HOME FROM HOME
Privately owned London Flats
and Houses for Short Term Lets.
Centrally located. Competitive prices.
TEL: 1-800 748 9783
FAX: 011-44 71 823 8433

KAUAI
SUNNY - POIPU
Beautiful, fully equipped 2000 sq. ft., 3BR, secluded home on lushly landscaped 1/2 acre with 40' pool. Very private, has lanai and sundeck. Walk to beaches for swimming, excellent snorkeling or just plain sunning. Golf and tennis nearby. Sleeps 9. $220.00/day.
• COLOR BROCHURE •
P.O. BOX 842 • LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA 92652

NANTUCKET
- VACATION RENTALS -
Select private homes available in all areas of the Island, including great waterfront properties.
Call our rental professionals at Lee Real Estate.
508/ 325 - 5800
58 Main St., Nantucket, MA 02554

ENGLAND
IRELAND
SCOTLAND
WALES •
• Rental accommodations.
• Enchantingly rustic to simply elegant.
• Cottages, manor houses, castles.
• London and Dublin flats.
• Weekly or monthly.
As You Like It 415/380-9848

DISCOVER
DATAW ISLAND.
GOLF. BOATING. PRIVACY.
Homes on the Carolina Coast
from $160,000 to over $500,000.
Call for our brochure and video.
1-800-848-3838
DATAW ISLAND
Dataw Island Realty, P.O. Box 819, Beaufort, SC 29901. Obtain the property report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. This offer void where prohibited by law.
A community by Alcoa Properties, Inc. ALCOA "Equal Housing Opportunity."

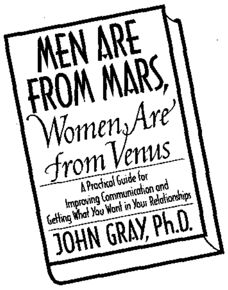
EVERY DAY AT SUNSET NATURE PAINTS A BREATHTAKING SEASCAPE OVER FLORIDA'S PRISTINE TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS.
Just 16 miles south of Naples is beautiful Marco Island on the Gulf of Mexico. Serene, secure and uncongested. Majestic Cape Marco is its premiere residential community and offers all the finest luxuries imaginable–2,3 & 4 bedroom residences overlooking 1200' of private beach, concierge services, a health club, tennis, and Yacht Club.
CAPE MARCO
ON THE GULF
THE FIRST AND FINAL WORD IN LUXURY
Marco Island is easy to reach via Southwest International Airport in Fort Myers, Florida.
Call (800) 6-MARCO-0 Ext.7
PRICES AND AVAILABILITY SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. NOT AN OFFERING TO NY OR NJ RESIDENTS; OR IN STATES WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW.

SIX CENTRAL LONDON FLATS
From $650.00 - Maid and Butler
3 Edinburgh Apartments
6 Cotswold Cottages
Mr. Thomas Moore/The London Connection
Phone: 801-393-9120; Fax: 801-393-3024

NAPLES, FLORIDA
The Gulf Coast Jewel
SALES - RENTALS
Mary Brett
NAPLES REALTY SERVICES
800-370-7082 FAX 813-262-7811

HOMES & ESTATES
is a biweekly advertising feature in
THE NEW YORKER
Please call Cristina Thais at (212) 536-5883
for information on advertising in this section.

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130



BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333

RARE DALI PRINTS
If you own, or are considering purchase of a Salvador Dali print…
Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 400 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we'll rush you a free copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter." ($10 an issue)
1-(800) 275-DALI
Brana Fine Art
542 Palisades Dr., Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

THREE COLORS YOU'LL LOOK GREAT IN.
It's the famous designer tricolor ring in solid 14K yellow, pink and white gold. $149 [illegible] $159.
Call 800-725-1520
Visa/MC - S&H $4 - Satisfaction Guaranteed - Check or M.O. to *Marc Simon Fine Jewelry*, 19500 Rinaldi St., Suite #501, Porter Ranch, CA 91326

LUXURY WALKING TOURS IN ITALY & SWITZERLAND
Tre Laghi Travel
Swiss/Italian Walking Tour Specialists
Call Journeys! (800) 344-8890
1536 N.W. 23rd Avenue
Portland, Oregon 97210

Expedition Cruising
The Arctic & Antarctica
Marine Expeditions
(800) 263-9147

MUSICAL EVENTS

THE MILK-WHITE SHOW

"Harvey Milk" opens in Houston and comes to City Opera in April.

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

In American opera at this century's end, something is happening under a veneer of realism. We know that the realism can't be the whole story: in the real world, people don't sing that much, and a really realistic opera would have to consist entirely of scenes in the shower. Operatic realism is a deception. Italian opera at the end of the last century—verismo—had less to do with real Southern Italian townsfolk than with the kinds of characters and modes of expression that had been dominant in Italian opera for a couple of generations. It was an exacerbation of those norms, and a loss: romantic love, exacerbated and lost, became jealousy. In somewhat the same way, our contemporary realism in opera is a cultural phenomenon. There may be an evocation of the actual in the parading of figures from recent history—Gandhi in Philip Glass's "Satyagraha," the Nixons and the Maos in John Adams's "Nixon in China," and now Harvey Milk in the new opera by Stewart Wallace and Michael Korie—but the very choice of the real, in a genre so distinct from normal behavior, must suggest that these operas will have more to tell us the more we look beyond their documentary aspects.

For example, the arrival of singing politicians on the stage couldn't have occurred if news coverage hadn't already become quasi-operatic in its insistence on the personality rather than the issue, on the image rather than the personality, and on the moment (sound bite as compact aria) rather than the program. We needn't be surprised that the original stimulus for "Harvey Milk" was a television biography. Indeed, the characters in the opera—like the characters in "Satyagraha" and "Nixon in China"—are more closely related to their news-media prototypes and subsequent myths than to those mysterious beings we may still want to imagine as the real people.

MILK
PERVISOR

The singing politician: Robert Orth as Supervisor Milk.

The intangibility of the real is what makes these operas possible; it may also be what makes them poignant. Much of the pathos of "Nixon," in particular, comes out of its suggestion that there are—deep and dark inside the public images we see and hear in the piece—real people who are ill prepared or unfitted for the roles they have to play, who cannot catch up with their own actions. If late-nineteenth-century verismo was about the loss of love, late-twentieth-century operatic realism is about the loss of the integrated self.

Hence the possibilities awaiting an opera with a homosexual activist for its hero: the possibilities of showing someone refusing a self disposed by society, and actively constructing one nearer the heart's wish. This is what "Harvey Milk" might have been, since its story, as conveyed by Mr. Korie's libretto, provides for not just one self-reconstruction but two. In the first act, Harvey Milk is in the closet, living a gray-suited existence as a Wall Street broker while entertaining a colorful assembly of friends—a camp barbershop trio of lovers, a German leather queen, a fag hag—in his apartment. The act ends with his liberation. Unfortunately, this comes about through true love, all the way down to "June-moon" rhyming, but it's a corniness the opera could easily have rendered ironic. The second act finds Harvey on Castro Street, San Francisco, with his June-moon lover, his denims, and his ponytail, and sets him up for a second, final alteration that will carry him, restored to his business suit, into San Francisco's city hall as the nation's first overt male homosexual to win an election, in 1977. In the third act comes his short triumph, which he achieved in only eleven months as a city supervisor, and his assassination.

Mr. Korie's text briskly and effectively maps out the plan, but the serious job of reinventing Harvey has to be left to the music. Sadly for the fortunes of the piece as theatre, it's a job still waiting to be done. "I am Harvey Milk and I am a gay man and I am running for city supervisor of the Castro District Five," declares the hero toward the end of the second act; to which one immediately wants to respond, "No, you're not—you're Robert Orth, and you're singing your damnedest on behalf of a role that isn't helping you any." What was needed here, at this moment of flagrant self-assertion, was not sweet reasonableness but challenge. This should have been the apex of Harvey's career (and I suppose I'm calling the character by his first name because he's just so nice), the point where he claimed his own identity. Music could have brought him to that point. Say, if Juliana Gondek—who magnificently took and differentiated the roles of Harvey's warm, andante Mama and of the smarter Dianne Feinstein—had been portrayng the hero instead, such a defiant affirmation could have been brought off, as it so often is in the cross-dressed heroic roles of Baroque opera.

That this wasn't Mr. Wallace's approach might suggest that for him the opera must suspend belief in Harvey's elf-profession, and grand acts of style are not to be countenanced. Perhaps his way of understanding the material is wiser; certainly it's less dramatic. It's also less obliging to musical definition, since, just as Harvey is left unrealized, so is the score. Mr. Wallace shows himself proficient in a variety of musical manners, from the hit songs of the sixties to the atonal lyricism of the same decade, from hymnlike tunes to echoes—three times—of "Tosca" (the only opera this Harvey ever gets to see), from a revamped "Rite of Spring" to Broadway razzmatazz. But there's no over-all container for these references, and the readiest available container—a chunky, Adams-ish rhythmic motor—is forever being tried out for a few measures and then discarded. The opera is irresolute, and thereby casts doubt on its hero's avowal of resolution.

Being without qualities, it also lacks the means to register difference: there is, most especially, no sense here of homosexual longing and homosexual fulfillment as categorically other. The music can communicate camp—as in the barbershopping and in the tacky glitz of the second-act finale—simply by intensifying the quotation marks it wears all the time, but it can't or won't sustain any feeling that it hasn't learned from other music. One may admire Mr. Wallace's delicacy in the love duet at the end of the first act, or in the bedroom scene placed at the center of the second, but there's bound to be disappointment that Harvey and Scott sound like pale imitations of Pinkerton and Cio-Cio San.

One character, though, is more fully developed. Dan White—the ex-policeman who was Harvey's colleague in the city administration, and who shot him, in November, 1978—might predictably have been represented in the opera as a lowering bass, but Mr. Wallace made a more interesting choice. White is a light lyric tenor, and therefore, as a vocal character, in touch with the Irish roots he sings of. He comes from within a tradition, and seems to feel no cramp in that; he fits perfectly into the world in which he finds himself. Because the opera's authors don't pursue the implications of latent homosexuality in the anti-homosexual and of auto-destructiveness in the social cleanser—implications made inescapable by the fact that this Milk was killed by a White—their White can seem to be acting, as he says, on behalf of society rather than for private reasons of desire and dread. He alone, of all the characters in the opera, has his reasons and purposes lucidly supported by the music: because they're extremely limited reasons and purposes, the music's limitations aren't a handicap, and because they're also extremely conventional reasons and purposes, nor are the music's conventionalities. When he announces himself—"I am Dan White; I come from these streets"—one doesn't for a shiver doubt him.

In the real world of 1978, Dan White spoke and acted as the agent of old-fashioned sexual normality. In the operatic world of 1995, he sings and acts as the agent of old-fashioned musical normality. His role, then, is rather like that of Golaud in Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," but with a couple of essential and disturbing differences. Dan White comes not from outside the charmed circle of his opera but from its center—its center in traditional music and in a thoroughly traditional presentation of character and motivation. Moreover, what he destroys—freedom to change, freedom to invent, freedom to provoke—never existed there.

This dour conclusion is, paradoxically, advocated with a huge show of talent and enthusiasm. Mr. Orth is certainly not to be blamed if his geniality, honesty, and liveliness don't persuade us that he's Harvey Milk; Raymond Very, as Dan White—a part in which effort can, contrariwise, produce effect—sings with marvellous freshness and control, and acts with unerring determination. There are excellent performances, too, from the others in the cast. Christopher Alden's production, in a set neatly designed by Paul Steinberg, lets the piece have its way—even in odd moments of fancy (Harvey floating down like Mary Poppins from an upstairs window) which belong to an opera that might have been. ◆

If you are familiar with algebra and you have to buy 28 stamps at 32 cents each, then a very well known algebraic formula can be used, namely (a-b) x (a + b) = a to the second power minus b to the second power. In this case 28 equals 30 minus 2 and 32 equals 30 plus 2. This results in 30 to the second power (=900) minus 2 to the second power (=4), giving a total payable amount of $8.96.

—Letter in the Los Angeles Times.

Oh, the hell with it—just send a fax.

SHOUTS & MURMURS

ON LOCATION

BY DAVID FREEMAN

> Boston—F.B.I. Agent Garland Schweickhardt . . . [spent] 12 weeks at UCLA studying film production. . . . Schweickhardt was the point man in . . . the F.B.I.'s five-year effort to smoke out organized crime influence over labor unions in the film industry. . . . With a Rolls-Royce at the ready to give him credibility he crisscrossed the country armed with scripts. . . . He waved envelopes of cash. . . . To this day federal law enforcement officials insist the elaborate ruse was well worth the small fortune spent on it.—*Los Angeles Times*

(The following telephone transcripts have been obtained through the Freedom of Information Act.)

– Call 1 –

Agent Schweickhardt: Reporting in, sir.

F.B.I. Boss: I'm listening, Schweickhardt.

Schweickhardt: I've checked into the Chateau Marmont and started calling agents. They haven't called back yet.

Boss: Show off the Rolls. Wear the Armani suit. They'll call.

Schweickhardt: About that car. TV producers, maybe. Feature guys drive jeeps. They wear bluejeans.

Boss: Film school is paying off. Remember, entice but don't entrap.

– Call 2 –

Schweickhardt: I've optioned a script. All-female architecture firm obsessed by hit man. "Little Women" meets "The Godfather." This picture's Foxified.

Boss: Any corruption yet?

Schweickhardt: The agents are calling. Pushing more writers.

Boss: Featherbedding. Good.

– Call 3 –

Schweickhardt: We've hit a little snag. The writer's wedded to the concept. The thing's got too many women in it, and, let's face it, the women don't buy the tickets.

Boss: Is that because of the Mob?

Schweickhardt: I got another writer—they're all over the place out here. The guy's a relationship genius. He's laying pipe for the hit man's backstory, male P.O.V.

Boss: Don't spend any more money.

Schweickhardt: I got him for scale plus ten and a back-end bump. Couple of agent-package attachments.

Boss: What?

Schweickhardt: He's doing a second-act aria to clarify the through line. We're fast-tracking right to the malls.

– Call 4 –

Boss: I've had a disturbing report. Where is the Rolls right now?

Schweickhardt: Let me tell you about this town. You want marquee, you have to pay. Your budget for above the line is a joke.

Boss: *Where is that car?*

Schweickhardt: I have two words for you: Tom Hanks. He has a sympathetic arc. He knows how to give a bum a quarter. At the end of the day, it's who walks through the door.

Boss: Stop talking like that! Do what you're supposed to do.

Schweickhardt: Easy for you to say. You try dealing with agents. They're the ones we ought to investigate. This rewrite genius they stuffed down my throat, he gives me nothing but tits 'n' tires and says they're trailer moments.

– Call 5 –

Boss: Why haven't you called in?

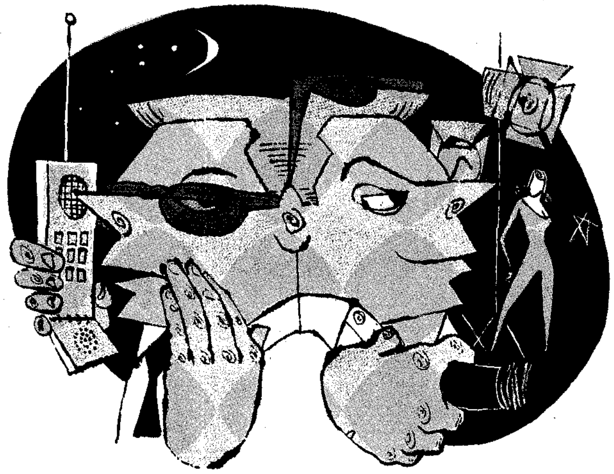
Schweickhardt: Hey! I shoot eight hours, then I have dailies, then it's "I'm supposed to have a trailer." There's elements here. Plus I've got actresses talking about the rain forest.

Boss: You mean you're actually shooting the movie?

Schweickhardt: Pull back your lens. In this town, the only way to make a picture is you start. The majors are nesting.

Boss: I'm coming out there. I'm taking charge.

Schweickhardt: All of a sudden you're the ego wrangler? I'm creating an atmosphere for creativity. You think you can do that? I don't think so.



Boss: I don't want to produce. I want the Mob!

Schweickhardt: This town runs on relationships. The Mob has a part to play. They don't add that many dollars to the below-the-line. They're a buzz machine

Boss: You're off the case!

Schweickhardt: Hey! I'm up against guys that could eat the Bureau for breakfast. You wan to come out? Come on. I'll ge you a part. ♦

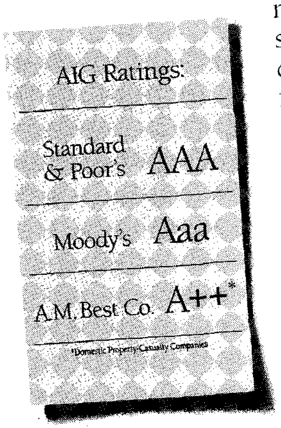
In today's uncertain markets, when are "strength and stability" more than just buzzwords?

When they're backed by an impeccable balance sheet and healthy profits.

If you're concerned about the financial strength of your insurance and financial services organization, here are some questions you should ask.

What's the clearest indicator of financial health?

A balance sheet of impeccable quality, conservatively managed. Look at AIG's financial statements. You'll find $16 billion in capital funds; $18 billion of general insurance net loss and loss expense reserves; and $1.9 billion in after-tax profits in 1993.



AIG Ratings:	
Standard & Poor's	AAA
Moody's	Aaa
A.M. Best Co.	A++*

*Domestic Property-Casualty Companies

How important are the designations awarded by the rating agencies?

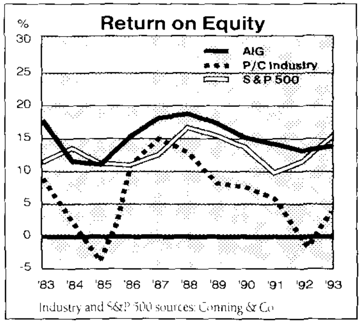
Very important. They provide an impartial, thoroughly researched measure of a company's financial strength. AIG holds the highest ratings awarded by the principal agencies. They are a prized asset, enabling us to capitalize on business opportunities not open to those without these credentials.

Are there substantial differences in the way insurance organizations are managed?

Yes. Take investment and underwriting philosophies. In investing, AIG has an insignificant exposure to high-yield securities and commercial real estate, which have caused so many problems for other companies.

The overall quality of our assets is excellent, with new cash flow invested primarily in investment-grade fixed-income securities.

We also believe underwriting profits are fundamental to the long-term stability and health of a company.



Industry and S&P 500 sources: Conning & Co.

For years these beliefs have produced outstanding results. Including a return on equity that has consistently exceeded the industry average by a wide margin.

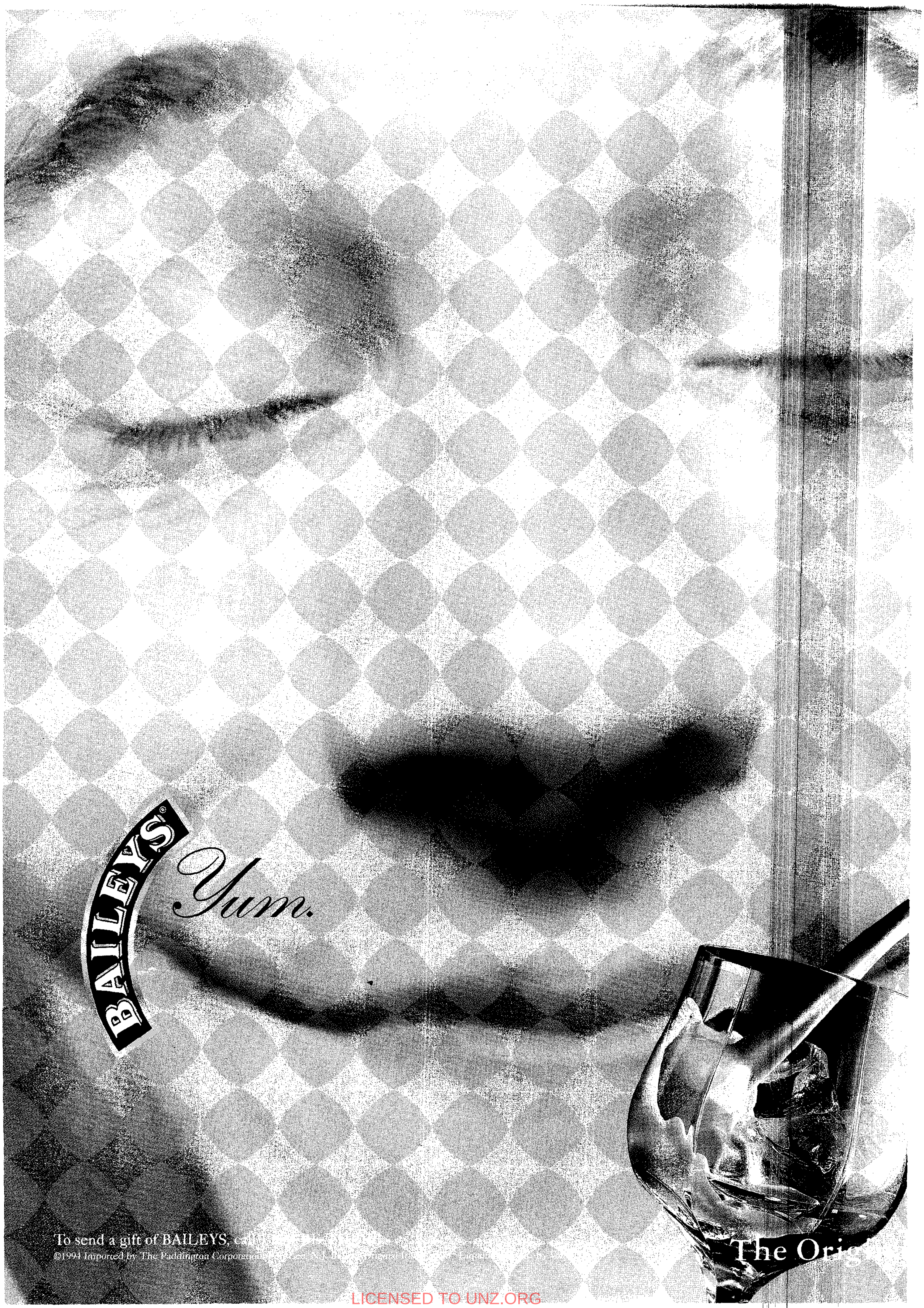
What other qualities should I look for?

A strong commitment to its basic business, a diversified business portfolio and global presence. AIG is the largest underwriter of commercial and industrial coverages in the U.S. We also have an international network second to none.

So if you're looking for financial strength, stability and commitment for the long term, as well as the other qualities AIG has demonstrated for years—creativity, service and a willingness to consider new ways of solving financial problems—we want to hear from you.

AIG World leaders in insurance and financial services.

American International Group, Inc., Dept. A, 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.


BAILEYS®
Yum.
The Orig

To send a gift of BAILEYS, ca [illegible]
©1994 Imported by The Paddington Corporation, [illegible]